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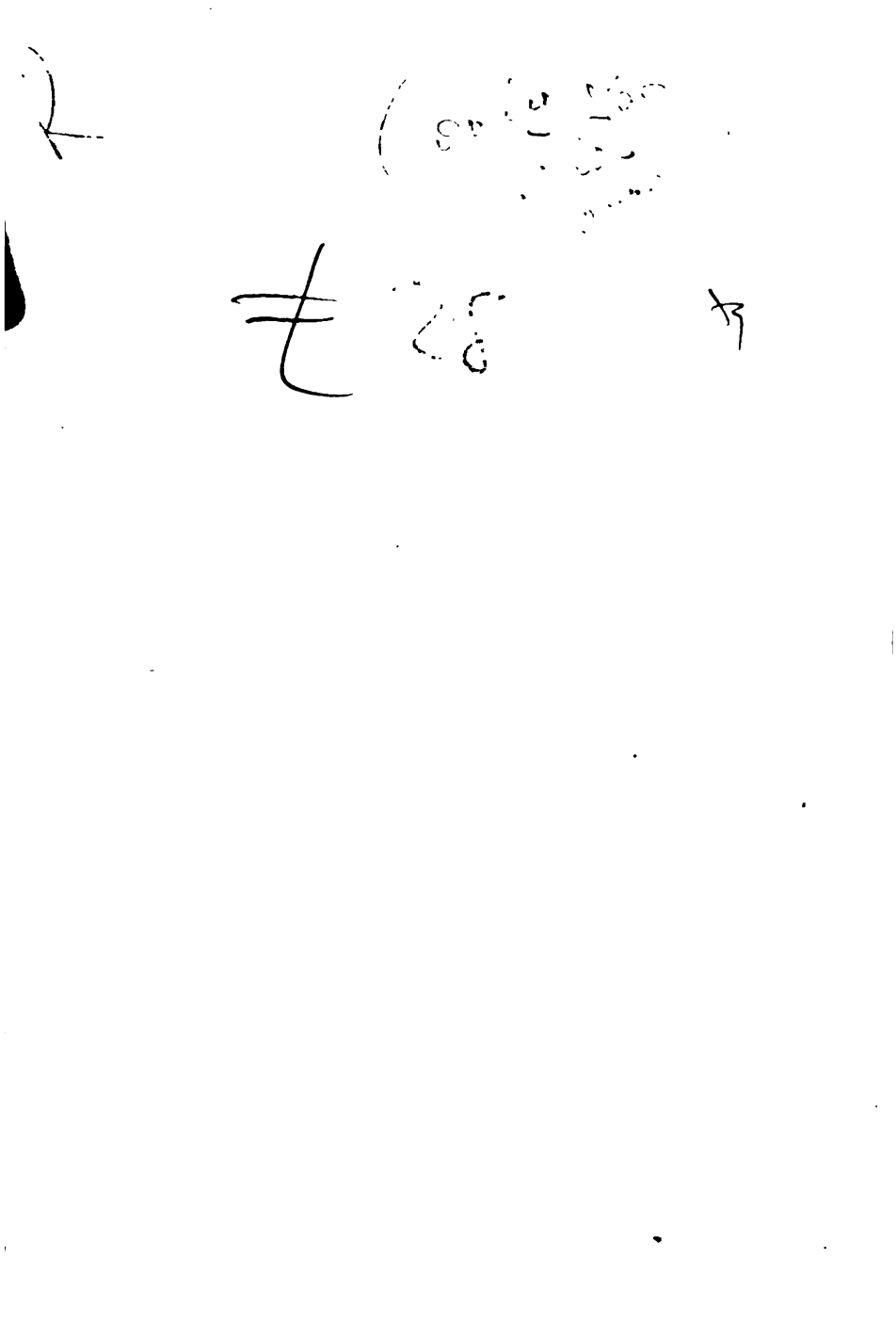
The Writings of Oliver Ormerod



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OF
OLIVER ORMEROD

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THE WRITINGS

OF

OLIVER ORMEROD

WITH

A Memoir of the Author

BY

HY. COLLEY MARCH, M.D. LOND., F.S.A.

Rochdale:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES CLEGG,

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1901.

PREFACE.

HALF-A-CENTURY has elapsed since the publication of a pamphlet, written in the vernacular Rochdale Dialect, served to extend the fame of OLIVER ORMEROD *beyond his native town. Locally entitled "The Felley fro Rachde," it describes the impressions of a shrewd Lancashire lad on his first visit to the metropolis and the Great Exhibition of 1851. The popularity of this brochure, original in its conception and racy of the soil, was immediate and great. The First and Second Editions, consisting of 7000 copies, the Author says "sowd like winkin," and a Third Edition, which appeared in 1856, contained for the first time the delightful illustrations by* FREDERIC J. SHIELDS, *that are reprinted in the present work from the original wood blocks engraved by* ROBERT LANGTON. *The Third Edition also has been long out of print.*

Later, MR. ORMEROD *issued a second narrative in the style of the former work, ornamented with drawings by another artist. The "Rachde Felley," who had married his old sweetheart, took Jinny with him to see the Exhibition of 1862, and their adventures are related with a good deal of humour, salted with homely proverbs.*

The recent erection in the Rochdale Park of a public Memorial to four local dialect writers has revived interest in the works, amongst others, of OLIVER ORMEROD. *No apology therefore is needed for the issue of his writings in a collected edition, which may serve to rescue from oblivion a number of scattered papers.*

The author's pungent criticisms on the State Church, on a former Vicar of Rochdale, on the Yeomanry, and on other burning topics of his time, which have long ago lost their personal sting, may still be read with interest and amusement.

ROCHDALE,
SEPTEMBER, 1901.

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GIGGLESWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Memoir of Oliver Ormerod.

ORMEROD is an old Lancashire name of Scandinavian origin. There were two George Ormerods, father and son, who were tanners and curriers in Settle.

The father, born in 1751, married Mary Beardshaw, who was two years his senior. The son, born in 1777, married Ellen Sedgwick of Wensleydale. Her father, an extensive grazier, was of an old Quaker stock among the dalesmen; but his marriage with a Methodist excluded him from the Society of Friends, though he always retained their principles and wore their characteristic garb.

He seems to have been an austere man who loved discipline, and his daughter Ellen inherited much of his spirit. To the end of a long life she was dainty and trim, and her dignified speech, carriage, and manners were greatly admired. She "thee'd and thou'd," and any of her dear ones she addressed as "my joy;" whilst so much regard was paid to the observance of the Lord's Day that in preparation for it, all work in her household was laid aside at an early hour on Saturday.

These were the parents, and this the environment of a dozen children, one of whom was Oliver the dialect-writer.

Oliver Ormerod was born at Rochdale in 1811, and as time ripened he became first a pupil in the Giggleswick Grammar School and then at Rochdale a helper in his father's business, to which he ultimately succeeded.

In commerce he was a man of unfailing probity, but timid perhaps, and certainly without ambition in his trade. His convictions were held with tenacity, and his beliefs were pushed, as far as he could see, to their ultimate logical conclusion. In ethics he had all the steadfast courage, often called obstinacy, of the Quaker, and in politics all the enthusiasm and thoroughness of the Radical. He followed the liberating movement among the Wesleyans; and became an ardent advocate of teetotalism. Personally he was of middle height, and before his visit to Palestine was clean shaven. His movements were alert and his steps short and quick. His attire, though not like that of the Friends, was no less neat and precise. He dressed in black: wearing a satin-faced frock coat, tall silk hat, polished leather shoes, a flowing scarf with gold pin, and a clouded cane withal.

Nothing disturbed his equanimity; no passionate outburst ever escaped him. He readily perceived and expressed the humorous side of things, and though not witty himself he used and enjoyed the wit of others.

He worked unceasingly for the amelioration of those who were socially unfortunate, daily visiting the sick and the afflicted, and always keeping himself unspotted from the world. His pleasures were pure and simple. Chess and draughts amused him, but naturally cards were prohibited. His chief solace was music. He sang and played the flute. His manuscript scores were begun whilst he was a boy, and were continued till past middle life.

He was a man of sorrows. His first wife, whom he married in 1840, died suddendy within a few weeks of their union. He married again some ten years afterwards, and became a father, but his only child, a boy, lived barely five years, and he lost his second wife of apoplexy in 1865.

A few years before his death, which took place in 1879, he married a third time, and his wife survived him.

He was a loving brother and a warm and constant friend. At the same time he was a good fighter, and waged any just warfare with pertinacity and success. He resisted ecclesiastical dictation, and permitted his goods to be distrained upon rather than pay Church-rates. In this contest he edited *The Vicar's Lantern* and carried the battle for religious freedom into the enemy's camp.

True to his breed, he satirised the volunteer movement and lampooned its authors with a severity that would have been little to the taste of those who lived in the last year of his century. Peace, retrenchment, and reform, were, in his esteem, as they may yet come to be in the opinion of others, blessed words rather than a party cry.

His intellectual activity began while he was at Gigglewick. At sixteen he followed a prevalent practice and opened a common-place book in which may be perceived the working of his mind. "It is always observable," is one of the first entries, "that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find anything to say."

His Quaker-like neatness, tending a little towards the dandy, might lead to a surmise of the fact that he was not insensible to the charms of the fair sex. He quotes a saying of Socrates that "a fine woman is an animal more dangerous than scorpions, because these cannot hurt unless they touch us, whereas beauty wounds at a distance."

In 1832, if not before, he dropped into poetry, and wrote to his sister what he justly called "doggerel verse." But it illustrates his life:—

> "I've written to tell you we're expecting a treat in
> Attending on Friday a Temperance Meeting."

In the following year, however, he joined some of his comrades in setting up a Literary and Philosophical Society which met in Lord Street.

After a while, too, he began to give lectures. He took up the subject of Phrenology, for which he procured a long series of casts of the skulls of malefactors, and of persons otherwise eminent. He followed Gall and Spurzheim in the main, but was able to escape from their narrowness. "To divide the brain into organs," he argued, "laying down one part as the seat of firmness, another of wonder, a third of self-esteem, seems to be as senseless as to suppose that the stomach instead of acting as a whole, has a separate corner for digesting each kind of food." A lecture on "Knowledge as Promotive of Human Happiness" dealt largely with the mischief of astrology and witchcraft, that only ignorance made possible.

In 1844 he became the editor of a political paper called the *Rochdale Spectator*, which discussed such questions as the Corn Laws and the Ten Hours' Bill; and he retained an active connection with the journalism of his native town until 1865.

He was Secretary to the Rochdale Cotton Famine Relief Committee, and later, a director of the Rochdale Public Coffee House Company. In Church affairs, he became a Sunday School teacher in 1828, took the first Women's Bible-Class, and was a respected Class Leader for thirty-one years.

He was the first Secretary to the Trust Property of Baillie Street Chapel, and remained a Trustee until his death. He was a Circuit Steward, and was officially connected with the Bible Society, the Tract Society, Temperance and Missionary Societies, and the Ministers' Superannuation Fund.

His last public service was to the Infirmary. That institution in its early days passed through a time of storm and stress, and it may be truly affirmed that by his efforts more than by those of any other man were wreck and disaster averted.

Perhaps the most exciting event in his life was a visit to the Holy Land. His companions were ten in number, and he says of them: "two were members, and one a priest of the Anglican Church, four were Wesleyans, three belonged to the Methodist Free Church, and one was a Congregationalist." The clergyman confided to him that he could not accept office again in the Church of England, which was in a parlous state, being undermined with universalism, unless something were done to remedy this pernicious evil. They all resolved to unite, whenever it should be possible, in joint devotional exercises before retiring to rest.

The arduous excursion was "personally conducted," and was the first and most adventurous, as it was assuredly the most extraordinary of its many successors that still have an attraction for the untravelled. His diary records "Reminiscences of a Tour in the Spring of 1868 through portions of France, Italy, Egypt, and Palestine to Damascus; from Beyrout to Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, and Athens; through the Dardanelles to Constantinople; returning to Paris through Hungary and Austria."

The original note-book and its extended revision contain a daily account of the *menu*, and of the order of devotional service; and the extracts that follow may illustrate the strange union of the carnal and the spiritual which seems a part of human nature in "a combined tour," and which has now culminated in a compost of luxury, divinity, and learning: the steam yacht, the subsidised bishop, and the retained professor.

At the Hotel d'Estrange, Dijon, the host quietly left the dining-room when the guests began to sing "Be present at our table Lord," but a pleasant-looking and lively female, who attended to their wants, remained to hear the hymn which concluded their repast, "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss."

The story of their climb over Mont Cenis is interesting to those who now slip through the tunnel. The night was intensely cold, with keen frost, and the mountains were deep with snow. They proceeded on sledges drawn by one horse and six mules to each, no fewer than a hundred of these beasts being required.

At the various inns where they rested throughout their journey, they assembled in the most commodious bedroom and engaged, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, in a religious service, singing one hymn and sometimes two. The consternation of their neighbours is not recorded.

The way was beguiled by argument, dissertation, and anecdote. The restoration of the Jews and the orthodoxy of ecclesiastical persons were topics of conversation; and the question of the qualification of "local preachers" led to a tale of one who, with respect to the "gross darkness that covered the people," explained that since a gross was twelve dozen, the meaning of the passage was that the people referred to were 144 times more sunk in ignorance than the rest of the population.

At Ancona, as elsewhere, he saw "in a small Chapel, thirteen priests chanting some Latin service in Cathedral style, driving away with their work at a good speed."

At Brindisi, one of the party, unable to make some children understand him, began to sing "Oh! come, come away!" at which the little, dark-eyed, swarthy brats shook their sides with laughter.

While crossing the Mediterranean, they assembled in their cabin and sang "God moves in a mysterious way," when they were joined by "two Americans, a newly-married couple;" and on the following evening they sang "How sad our state by nature is." The next day was Sunday, and the tempestuous waters kept most of them from the well-provided tables. Nevertheless their mid-day service was sustained for an hour. Dinner was at four o'clock, of vermicelli soup, Bologna sausage and pickles, fried brains, slices of beef and potatoes, larks and green peas, stewed fennel, turkey and celery, sweet cake, cheese, apples, oranges, prunes, and coffee. After this they sang "Before Jehovah's awful throne" and two other hymns, and listened to a discourse on the words "Examine yourselves." At the close of the opening prayer, which perhaps referred to a rising generation, the newly-married couple stole away, never to return.

From Cairo the Great Pyramid was visited and on its summit they sang "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun;" when some Arabs, thinking it was a patriotic display, cheered with Hip, hip, hoorah! On the way back, unaccustomed to riding, their saddles became uncomfortable, and they urged their donkeys at full speed in order to catch a train on the Gheza line, and so lessen their fatigue from the journey. Unfortunately they were just five minutes too late. So, having no alternative, they dismounted and led their donkeys several miles, preferring to walk for a little ease to themselves. Their design was to strike the Nile and engage a boat; but it grew dark before they effected their purpose. Having embarked, riders, donkeys, and boys, the exhausted travellers lay down in the bottom of the vessel. This however, presently stuck fast on a mud-bank, and was not cleared without much

labour and delay. It was nearly midnight when they reached their hotel, and this was almost the only occasion when they hurried unceremoniously to bed.

At Jaffa they "went to the house of Simon the tanner, by the sea-side. It was unoccupied. In a yard outside was a stone trough and a well which would be a requisite for the tannery, as salt water would not be suitable for all the purposes of his vocation." On leaving Jaffa "a terrible commotion ensued. Passing along a soft and difficult road, the horses became unmanageable and galloped off in various directions, throwing some of the riders, and giving no little trouble before they were recovered." The caravan consisted of thirty animals, nine muleteers, three servants, and the dragoman; with four tents in which the travellers slept twenty-two nights. Their retinue comprised "one Nubian, one Turk, one Copt, three Maronites, one Armenian, four Arabs, and two Syrians."

At their camp in the valley of Ajalon it was discussed whether or not they should journey to Jerusalem on the following day which was the Sabbath. They decided to rest, though to do so involved an additional outlay of £15. Accordingly they rose in the morning at half-past seven and had breakfast of tea, coffee, bacon, eggs, mutton chops, and fried potatoes. After this they ascended a neighbouring hill and obtained an extensive view of a stony and barren country on which grew a few clusters of olive trees. At twelve o'clock hymns were sung in a tent, and the Scriptures were expounded. Lunch followed at one, and the afternoon was spent in repose. Dinner, announced at five, "was of soup, excellent roast mutton, roast fowls, vermicelli pudding, oranges, and figs." Then came a full devotional service with a sermon, and tea at nine.

By two o'clock next day they came in sight of Jerusalem. His first impression differed from what he had anticipated. "A large and beautiful Russian convent rose to the left, and to the right a substantial edifice owned by Germans; whilst in front the Holy City presented a lively and modern appearance." But they dined at six, and sang "Jerusalem my happy home."

The Gaulish bishop, Arculf, who visited the Holy Places twelve hundred years ago, and himself included in his tour Egypt and Constantinople, saw some things that are not now visible; such as the Sangrael, the Cup of the Lord, a silver amphora, which he kissed through an aperture in the shrine; and the Sudarium, the cloth taken from Christ's head after his resurrection, of which the length was eight feet.

It would be too great a digression to follow either traveller throughout his journey. They both went to Bethany, and to the tomb of Lazarus, the identity of which Ormerod "felt no disposition to doubt."

Arculf saw the house of Rahab, which on account of her faith, was the only one left standing in Jericho; and the tomb of Rachel with her name placed upon it by Jacob her husband. Ormerod crossed "the brook Cherith where Elijah sat when he was fed by ravens," and beheld "the summit of the rock where Abraham offered up his son."

They both visited the Asphaltean or Dead Sea, and "the muddy, shrubby banks of the river Jordan." Arculf swam to and fro in the turbid stream; Ormerod "was contented with a wash, and a few sticks and stones as memorials of the place;" whilst Sigurd, according to the Saga, swam to the farther side and twisted there a maleficent knot in a bush of willows, though the plant was doubtless the oleander.

Ormerod saw the field where angels, bringing glad tidings, appeared to the shepherds watching their flocks at night. The Church there, memorial of this event, which Arculf beheld, must have vanished. He also saw the stone on which the cock was roosting when awakened by Peter's denial; and Arculf the grave of Adam.

Arculf found a cruciform Church over Jacob's well, then forty cubits deep, and drank of its water. Ormerod and his companions found the well unenclosed, though "it seemed to him there was formerly some edifice over it; and first trying with pieces of string, they at last with a rope drew up water in a pitcher, the while a few Samaritan women stood by admiring the enterprise."

It could hardly have been without a sense of relief, though unuttered and perhaps unutterable, that these later travellers left behind them the vain shows of a sacred story, the bewildering inconsistency of tradition, the rival rapacities of Turk and infidel.

Already they were approaching the silent fields of the proto-gospel; the lake, thrice forty fathoms below the level of the Mediterranean, where the Disciples cast their nets; the desert places where "the dynamy," the psychic force, gathered strength, and gained a potential competent to shatter the powers of darkness; the volcanic plains of Chorazin, and Capernaum, and Bethsaida, in which the mighty works, *αἱ δυνάμεις* were done, that were not for Tyre and Sidon; the tremulous hollows of the Gadarene mountains where the mystery of a divine origin deepens. All through a long and lovely day, till the shades of evening fell, they sailed on the Sea of Galilee, singing their saddest and sweetest songs with torn hearts and streaming eyes.

The diarist reveals on every page his power of observation. As already mentioned, he detected the remains of a structure at Jacob's Well, though he surmised only that it had been a resting-place for travellers. He records what were indications of the practice of "dual interment" at Bologna and at Smyrna, though he knew not their import. He was struck with the beauty of the women of Nazareth, though he was unaware that in the seventh century St. Antoninus had noticed a similar fact. "Taking my seat on a low wall," the diary runs, "I had a good opportunity of seeing the women who came out in great numbers with their pitchers to fetch water. I admired their neat dressing, some of them in showy colours, with full pants tapering to the ankles. Several of them had frills of silver coins round their foreheads and cheeks, and, on being permitted by one of the damsels to count the most conspicuous of these ornaments, I found that it contained about two hundred pieces, each of the value of a florin. She had also a gold coin on her breast worth about four dollars. These were her dower. I saw nothing to warrant the opinion of some writers that the women of Nazareth were bold and immodest; still less that a further acquaintance with them would justify the very question of Nathanael."

At the well of Beth-horon, too, "a number of girls came down to fill their pitchers which they carried away with remarkable steadiness on their heads. Some of them had their faces slightly tattooed; one with spots on various parts of the face, and another with a row of small dots below the under lip."

He was a visibly older man when he returned from his pilgrimage. He wrote out with much fulness the story of his travels, and interested many audiences by its recital.

For ten years more he spent his waning energy in the service of the humble and the meek, and at last his strength failed. He had got it into his head that baths at Harrogate in October would invigorate him, yet one of his last letters from that watering-place took him three days to write. "It seems quite certain," he said, "that I shall be laid up for the winter somewhere, unless there comes a summons to the Better Land; life, however, is very desirable, for many reasons." Now drew near the final, inevitable tragedy—a divine submission, but with it, the old human cry of distress—if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.

Within a month of his home-coming he had found the pearly gates and heaven-built walls "better" than all the cities of Palestine. Among his own people he had lived; in the faith of his fathers he died.

The verdict of this people has been given in favour of his dialect writings. All "Johnny Butteruth's lads" approve them. On the 27th October, 1900, the Dialect Writers' Memorial erected on the Rochdale Park Slopes, was unveiled. It bears the bronze medallion-effigies of Edwin Waugh, Oliver Ormerod, John Trafford Clegg, and Margaret Rebecca Lahee; the dates of birth and death of each, and a typical quotation from their folk-speech. But that of others ought not to be quite forgotten; of John Collier, John Byrom, Samuel Laycock, and Ben Brierley.

An outside but competent critic, while professing that he was "not blind to the humour embodied in Mr. Ormerod's books, or to its general truthfulness as a picture of local character in its rougher and ruder aspects, could not see why folk should be written "foke," or railroad "ralerode."[1]

[1] J. H. Nodal, Editor *Manchester City News*, in a letter to the late James Booth.

MEMORIAL TO DIALECT WRITERS IN ROCHDALE PARK.

[Photographed by Messrs. Henderson & Co., Rochdale.]

A more sympathetic reviewer found it "a pleasant thing to take up a book in which the author fulfilled an imperative literary canon and *thought* in the language he used."[1]

A great statesman, himself a native of Rochdale, has said, "Our dialect, now vanishing into the past, will be preserved to future times, partly in the works of 'Tim Bobbin,' but in a very much better and more instructive form in the writings of Oliver Ormerod."[2]

The author of a *Rochdale-with-Rossendale Glossary*, 1886, was of opinion that "excepting the late Oliver Ormerod, whose elevated and pure style was unequalled, no writer in the local dialect had cared to cultivate consistency and striven to attain perfection like 'Tim Bobbin.' Every word Tim put into a swain's mouth was such as a swain habitually used, and Tim preferred it to its literary synonyms, although these, as better understood, might have seemed more effective to a majority of his readers. This was the true art of dialect writing, and neither humour nor any other specious substitute could atone for its neglect."[3]

"Tim Bobbin," born in 1708, was the son of John Collier, schoolmaster of Flixton and curate of Eccles. He was apprenticed to a weaver. He did not remain many months at the loom, but became an itinerant teacher, going about from one small town to another, where in day schools as well as by night, he taught reading, writing, and reckoning. He painted altar-pieces and signs for inns, as well as portraits of a whimsical kind. He thus became

[1] H. M. Ashworth, *Manchester Quarterly Journal*, October, 1886, p. 332.
[2] John Bright, at a meeting in the Rochdale Public Hall, in 1863, reported in the *Rochdale Observer*.
[3] Henry Cunliffe, *op. cit.*, p. IX.

fully acquainted with, and it would seem, fond of, the common folk, their lore and their language.

Ormerod's intimate knowledge of the people was gained in the Sunday School and in the stricken home. It is interesting therefore to compare the tavern-talk of Milnrow, where Collier lived, in 1746, with the prattle of Rochdale in 1851.

Both Collier and Ormerod wrote in the character they assumed; as Tummus, as Bob. It was for both of them a pre-scientific period, before the days of Ethnology and the Dialect Dictionary; and there was no critic to require them to spell folk with an l. "A deeol o' foos," said Tim Bobbin, "thout'n ot when th' war wur o'er [with the French] ther wud be no new takses, boah they'r plaguely mistane; for t'other dey I fund foak knokink ther heawse-side e peeses for t' mey two windos int' one."[1] And the Felley fro Rachde said "Wen wer'ne havin o doo we th' Rushuns, foke were welly fit fur to poo yo're yed hoff bekose yo'rn ogen feightin."[2] Even William Barnes, the prince of dialect writers, told of the "vo'k a-comen into church;"[3] and Byrom gave "tauk" for talk.[4]

Collier wrote, "I cou'd naw gawm,"[5] and Ormerod "Aw connot gaum,"[6] though it now seems that the word should be spelt "goom."[7]

Ormerod's proverbs and saws are all of a contemporary kind, but some of Collier's disclose a still earlier speech of which one characteristic must have been an entire

[1] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part II., p. 7.
[2] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 1st Book, 3rd Edition, p. 6.
[3] *Poems of Rural Life*, in the Dorset Dialect, 1893, p. 298.
[4] *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1773. I., 150.
[5] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part I., p. 27.
[6] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c., p. 79.
[7] *The English Dialect Dictionary*. II., p. 578.

absence of the *th* sound; "Theaw's hyeard 'em say," observes Whistle-pig,[1] "ot 'teeor's non so deeof oz tooz ot winnow hyeor'" (there's none so deaf as those that will not hear).

"Aw went fro this plaze," says Ormerod, "un sum tyert aw wor;"[2] and Collier, "I'r ill tyart o that pleck."[3] The same word for place was used by Byrom in 1773:—[4]

> "When a bell-wether leaps but o'er a stray,
> At that same pleck au th' rest mun jump away."

The Lancashire dialect does not readily lend itself to verse and rhyme. The poetry of Waugh is pretty and is well bestrewn with suitable phrases, but it widely differs from the talk of the people as preserved by Collier and Ormerod. In the touching song "Come whoam to thi childer an me" some lines have hardly the true ring. For "Iv thae'll feel i' my pocket thae'll see,"[5] Tim Bobbin would have said "Iv theaw grope eh mey stop."[6] Waugh "kissed her again,"[7] but the Rachde Felley "gan hur o bit ov o smeawch,"[8] and Tummus asked Meary to let him "ha one smeawtch ot parting."[9] The poet's dilemma is evident. When a folk-word conflicts with his æsthetic sense, the former must yield. Poetry gains, but dialect loses.

In his introduction to the *Pertikler Okeawnt*, 1864,[10] Ormerod pointed out several terms that had become obsolete since Collier wrote; and one of them was *yammer* "to

[1] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part II., p. 20.
[2] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 1st Book, 3rd Edition, p. 28.
[3] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Pt. I., pp. 41, 46.
[4] *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1773. I., 154.
[5] *Poems and Lancashire Songs*, by Edwin Waugh, 1859, p. 55.
[6] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part I., p. 40.
[7] *Poems and Lancashire Songs* (Waugh), 1859, p. 54.
[8] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 1st Book, 3rd Edition, p. 82.
[9] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part I., p. 59.
[10] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 2nd Book, 1st Edition, p. v.

eagerly desire." But assuredly this remains in common use. Many a Rochdale mother still says of her child's food, "He fair yammers for it;" and Waugh, in his "Tickle Times"[1] speaks of "th' little things yammerin reawnd. Nevertheless, the change of dialect in a hundred years was profound, though its apparent abruptness is due to the absence of transitional writers. "By th' miss," or "by the Mass," was become "bith mon;" and few Rachde felleys, when Ormerod wrote, could have understood Tummus's "Whot strushon hav I mede here! Ist naw hav one boadle t' spere o mey hoyde silver; on neaw I'r in os ill o kele os meetshad."[2]

The interest in Ormerod's books was increased by their copious references to local men and affairs. For example: "O bit fur on aw seed Mestur Mowlswurth us preychus e Spotlun. E wed sumboddi fro Manchesstur aw thynk. Th' Viker's his faythur; him wats ad so mich law ogate, but E's raythur quoitur just neaw, toime for im."[3] Oddly enough, seventeen years afterwards, his diary, under date Jerusalem, March 8th, 1868, records another meeting with the Rev. W. N. Molesworth and his son, who hoped to pass the night there in a tent. It was blown down, however, by a storm, and the pole fell upon them; but they escaped unhurt.

It suited Ormerod's humour to conceal for a time the authorship of his books. He delighted to bewilder his neighbours, and to this end mention of himself was made by Bob.[4] "Us aw wor gooin deawn th' stares ogen, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Ormurt un his woife,

[1] *Poems and Lancashire Songs*, by Edwin Waugh, 1859, p. 75.
[2] *Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.*, 1818. Part I., p. 40.
[3] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 1st Book, 3rd Edition, pp. 22, 24.
[4] *Op. cit.*, 1st Book, p. 65.

lethur-sellur. E ax'd me heaw aw wor, un sich loike, un kept me gooin fur to onsur im, welley us fast us ony wummun cud tauk. His faythur un maw faythur wor bwoth Methodis. Im un Doktur Cotes, un Mestur Sam Yep, o wed thre sisturs, iv aw'm noane mistaen. Ther raythur o Raddikil set us gwos tuth Sosiashun Chappil; aw dunnot thynk us thers o Tori i'th whol lott."[1]

A sentence from the earliest of his writings[2] may fitly conclude this imperfect memoir. "Un so neaw auv ritten thee o meterly lung letter, un auv towd thee bwoth bettur un wor, un aw welly thynk us aw shol drop this mak o wark, fur awm hoff we it."

[1] *O Pertikler Okeawnt*, &c. 1 Book, 3rd Edition, p. 45.
[2] *The Spectator: A Rochdale Miscellany.* No. 8, Oct. 1st, 1844, p. 61.

HY. COLLEY MARCH.

February, 1901.

AW GELT FARE FUTH DUR UTH KRYSTIL PALUS, UN SUM GLOPPENT AW WOR.

O FUL, TRU, UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT

O BWOTH WAT AW SEED UN WAT AW YERD

WE GOOIN TOO

TH' GREYT EGGSHIBISHUN

E LUNDUN,

UN O GREYT DEYLE O HINFURMASHUN BESOIDE,

WELE KALKILATUD FUR TO GIV THOOSE FOKE O GRADELY HINSEET HINTO THINGS, US HASSENT AD NOTHUR TOIME NUR BRASS FUR TO GOO UN SEE FUR THERSELS;

KONTAINING LOIKEWOISE

O DIKSHUNAYRE

MANEFAKTURT FARE O PURPUS FUR THOOSE US UR NOAN FUR LARN'T.

BE

O FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

THURD EDISHUN.

WE O ROOK OV US PRATTY PIKTERS US EVUR ONY MON CLAPT HIS EEN ON, DUN OPPO PAPPUR BE MESTUR SHIELDS, UN MESTUR LANGTON DID UM OPPO TH' WOOD.

" Englun expekts evuri mon fur to doo is duti."

1856.

DEDDYKASHUN.

TO

MESTUR JOHN BRIGHT, HESQUIRE,

MEMBUR O PARLEYMENT FUR MANCHESSTUR.

NEAW, us aw'm beawn fur to print o rook moore o maw bukes, its just comn hinto me yed us aw shud loike fur to deddykate um (us they koen it) to yo, oppo keawnt, yo noane o yo bein bred un born ut Rachde. Aw'l warrunt yo us we're meterly preawd us Rachde con fit op o greyte teawn loike Manchesstur we o Parleyment mon; summut to be preawd on, isn't it? Chaps loike yo connut be pyk't eawt ov ony nook, con they? fur ther isn't o mon in o hundurth us dar ston op too 'um us yo dun ith Parleyment Heawse. They wanten sumboddy fur to luke aftur um, dunnut they? ur elze they're welley shure o gettin rang sum rode. Aw'v bin verry sewry fur to yer us yo'ne noane bin so wele latly, un oppo keawnt o that, cudn't luke after yo're Parleymentin; but aw'm fain, verry, fur to yer us yo're bettur neaw. Aw seede it ith news us yo'd bin fishin o bit wen yo'rn e Scotlun, un wen they sed'n us it did yo o vaste seete o gud, sum plest aw wor, pertikler wen they towd'n obeawt yo catchin sum snigs, un greyte fish o sum mak. Aw dar say us yo'n be welley fast heaw to tak kare o yorsel wen yo gwon op to Lundun ogen, ther's sich o vast seete o neet wark, toime wen o mon shud be foin fast oslepe e bed. Heawsumevur, yo mun doo us wele us evur yo con wen yo gwon op ogen, fur we cud sanner doo beawt ony on um, nur yo. Wel, yo sin, yo'rn reete wen yo sed'n so mich ogen feightin, toime theere, wen wer'ne havin o doo we th' Rushuns. Foke were welley fit fur to poo yo're yed hoff bekose yo'rn ogen it, un neaw, they'dn kik op o bonny shindy iv ony boddy haws'd fur to set us o feightin ogen. They'rn us wele plest us yo we'rn, for us to giv o'er feightin, wern't they?

Un so neaw, we theese tuthre loines aw'm wele plest, verry, fur to deddykate maw buke to yo; un aw kalkilate us yo winnut foind mich faut we me makin so bowd, bekose yo noane us yo are saime loike us mysel.

O FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

PREFFUS TO TH' FURST EDISHUN.

Aw gues, iv aw mun be loike uther foke us roites bukes, aw mun av o preffus, fur aw'v ardly evur sin o buke ony toime (un aw'v sin o greyte deyle), but wat has ad o preffus o sum mak; saime toime, aw connut see us preffusses dun mich gud; fur wat use is it fur to start o buke we tellin foke wat ther is in it? Let 'um rede fur thersels, un then they con beleeve ther oan een. Besoide, iv aw wor fur to tel foke ut startin wat it wor O obeawt, they met sa, e that wor O us ther wor in, they kared naut obeawt it, un aw met loyse o custumer. Uther sum met sa, us aw'd promist moore nur they fund, un aw wor chettin foke, wen, uth saime toime, aw wor dooin O us evur o mon cud doo fur to plez um.

O us aw getten fur to sa, then, is, us aw shol nevur hause fur to roite o preffus ut O, nobbut this littul un us aw'm dooin neaw; so noboddi con foinde no faut, oppo keawnt o that, obut thoose us win foinde faut watevur o mon dus. To maw thynkin, evuri boddi us reeds maw buke ul loike it, un e they dunnut, aw connut elp it; saime toime, iv aw'm reet, mony o won ul reed it twoice o'er, un then it ul nobbut kost um thripunze o toime.

E conklushun, aw nobbut this fur to sa, us aw shud loike evuri boddy fur to reed maw buke; but thoose us winnut, con let it o be; un thoose us reeds it, un dusent loike it, shol ha' ther brass bak, e they'n bring it to me wi' th' levs noane cut oppen.

TH' AWTHUR.

RACHDE, Desembur 1st, 1851.

PREFFUS TO TH' SEKUND EDISHUN.

Aw'm wele plest, verry, us sich o rook o foke un bin reedin maw buke; aw towd yo us it wod be so, didn't aw? Un fur aut us aw con yer, thoose us reeds it loikes it, fur aw'm obleeght oreddy fur to hav o lott moore printud. Aw bin towd us sum foke sen us they dunnut eggsaktly understond O us ther is e maw buke; but that's noane o maw faut, is it? Aw connut fit foke op we bwoth bukes un branes, con aw? They sen us o deyle o foke wanten fur to kno iv its me, ur sumboddy elze, wat's ritten it; un us they kepen botherin ther yeds obeawt it so mich, ol just sattle that poynt, wonst fur O. It is me, un noboddy elze, fur aw dun it O mesel. Aw gues neaw yo'l be quoite oppo that questin; fur iv ony mon livin, besoide, ses us E's had aut to doo we it, E dusn't tel tru: that's wat aw getten fur to sa. Ax Simon Pike; E noes.

Yo'l see us aw'v made th' Dikshunayre raythor bigger nur it wor, bekose aw'm towd us foke arn't hauve us fur larn't us aw thaut they wer'n, moore shaime fur um, neaw us we'n getten so monny skoos, bwoth Sundy un warty, us levs foke beawt ony 'scuse ut O.

No mon con get larnin beawt labber; aw hannut dun; un e foke winnut lay thersels gradely deawn too it, they'n no moore get larnin hinto ther yeds, nur they wod'en we scrattin 'um uth eawtsoide. Wat aw getten fur to say is, get O th' larnin us evur yo con, fur yo mun be mad ut yorsels wen o mon loike me mays o buke kalkilatud fur to plez ony boddy, un uth saime toime yo connut understond it, just mete bekose yo're beawt edikashun, us ony mon con get neaw fur th' valerashun o tuppunze ur thrippunze o weke.

E konklushun, aw'm mich obleeght to yo O fur reedin maw buke, un wele plest fur to yer foke say us aw'v elpt fur to may 'um hav o merri Kerzmus; un so neaw aw wish evuryboddi, evuryweere, o appy nu yer, un th' saime loike fur mesel.

TH' FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

RACHDE, Janewayre furst,
Eightene hundurth un fifte-too.

PREFFUS TO TH' THURD EDISHUN.

WEL, yo sin, aw'm printin sum moore bukes for yo. Aw'd dun, fur aut us aw knoed, wen aw printud me tuther; but aw wer mistaen, us it turns eawt. Foke gwon on so obeawt maw bukes, aw nevvur seed naut loike it, nevvur! Thoose us aw printud ofore sowd loike winkin, dun e no toime welley, sevun theawsun on 'um Otogethur.

Auv bin bothert ov O ends un soides we foke seechin maw bukes, wen ut th' saime toime they'rn noane for um; heaw cud ther be, wen they'rn O sowd? One Lady, us wantud one, sed us hoo'd gan hurs to Mistris Nightingale, to tak we hur to Skewtayri, us they koen it; un hoo sed in o lettur us aw geete fro hur, we o penny stamp on, us hoo wantud o buke verry ill, un so oppo keawnt ov hurs bein sent fur to cheer op th' sodiers o bit, us th' Rushuns ud pown, aw maide o seete o labbur fur to get hur one; but aw cudn't o getten hur onuther if hoo'd o gan me o ginney for it.

Hoo sed us hoo wish'd aw'd get sum moore bukes maide, bekose hoo wantud sum verry ill; un mony o one besoide hur, hoo sed, did, us hoo knoed on. Onuther mon sed iv E wer me E'd hav o lott printud, iv it wor fur naut but to plez posteruty we. Wel, aw sed, posteruty, us theaw koes it, nevvur did naut fur me us aw kno on; saime toime aw sed, aw'm noan ogen dooin aut us ul plez um. Heaw-sumevvur, aw sed, ol ax Simon Pyke, un see wat E ses. Simon sed, be O meyns aw mut ha sum moore printud; aw wor o foo, E sed, iv aw didn't, fur E sed they'rn sich o seete o rubbitch printud neaw, whol iv o daysunt chap loike me didn't eych neaw un then fit foke op we o gradely buke, it ud sune kom to this, us they'd ardly tel o shepe yed fro o carrit. Ther's bin o vaste deyle sed latly obeawt eddikating foke, un sum labber ther's bin maide on 'um, one rode ur onuther; un oppo keawnt o that, yo sin, they con understond o clivver buke loike moine bettur be th' hauve nur they cudden wonst ov o day; saime toime, ther's sum stok o gawkies op un deawn th' kuntry yet, us ardly knoes aut ut O; un iv yo'rn fur to set 'um o reedin maw buke, they'dn splutter un stut worr nur o chylt wat's nobbut bin ut o tuppuny skoo.

This toime, yo sin, aw'v getten yo sum pikters dun, un pratty uns too, us evur onny mon clapt his een on, un sum gloppent yo'l be, aw dar say, wen yo'ne sin 'um. Aw'v ad o vast o labber we gettin 'um—un sum stok o brass they'n kost, ol warrunt yo. Heawsumevvur, aw kare naut ut O obeawt that, not aw, e they nobbut plezzen yo; its O reete to me. Auv getten o greyte rook on 'um printud this toime, o purpus fur to fit yo O op we one o pese.

Neaw, rekillekt us th' furst comn ul be furst sarv'd; un aw dunnut want fur to be bothert we o rook on yo seechin um, saime loike us yo diden ofore, wen they'rn O sowd. Un so neaw aw'v naut moore fur to say, nobbut us yo han um omung yo, un yo mun may th' best on um.

RACHDE, Desembur,
Eightene hundurth un fifte-six.

O FELLEY FRO RACHDE'S

TRU UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT O BWOTH WAT E SEED, UN WAT E YERD, WE GOOIN TO TH'

GREYT EGGSHIBISHUN

E LUNDUN.

CHAPTUR FURST.

Obeawt gooin fro whome un nevur goo into popshops.—Startin fur th' Greyt Eggshibishun.—Loike fur to bin taen in we o cab chap.—Gettin to Mestur Simon Pike's, e Lundun.—Loike to bin taen in we o Ladi.—Seein rooks o cabs un foke.—Taen in we o homnibus felley.—Gooin tuth Krystil Palus.

TO maw thynkin evury mon us con foind toime un brass, shud neaw un then goo fro whome, fur iv o mon keawurs deawn uv his oan durstoane O his loive, E dusent kno naut o wat's gooin on in his oan nativ lond, heaw con E? un ut tis presunt toime to maw thynkin, aw'd eldur goo fur o sodier, nur olis stop wheere aw wur born, just mete saime us o moile stoane ur o turmit. Wen o mon's bin o travillur, un ad o deyle o diskoarse we his felley kraturs, E con goo hinto ony mak o kumpany us E appens fur to be ax'd fur to goo hinto, beawt lookin sich o foo. It mays his moind grew biggur, un saime toime iv it wor fur to grew biggur evury day, E nevur needs his clewus lettin eawt. Us soune as aw yerd uth Krystil Palus, un wat foke sed us ud bin theere, thynks aw to mesel, "that's the ticket," un aw startud o studyin obeawt it, un ofore lung aw 'greed wi mesel us aw'd goo, othur be hooke ur be krooke. Aw'd saift o bit o brass, un we that aw'd no sanner komn too o konklushun fur to goo, nur aw wor welley reddy fur to "kut me blessed stik." Iv aw'd had no brass, aw'd nevur o dun us aw bin towd o deyle o chaps han dun. Waw! they sen us mony o won us popt bwoth watchus un clewus o purpus fur to raze brass fur to goo we.

Aw nevur popt naut e O me loive, un, bith mon, aw'd raythur clem nur send aut op th' speawt ut me unkle's, fur aw nevur noed o chap us went mich too o pop shop, us geet on, un no mon livin con, to maw thynkin.

Ofore aw seet hoff, aw spirr'd ov o felley us ud bin, us aw kepe kumpani wee, obeawt wheere aw met stay O neet un sich loike; un wen aw'd maid streyte we mi wark, un getten me maistur fur to sa us aw met goo, aw geet op soune won mornin, fur aw cud slepe noane that neet, not aw, un aw donn'd me hallida clewus on, un wen aw'd getten me breykfust (fur aw con olis heyte iv aw connut slepe), aw startud hoff, koed un shook honds, un sich loike, we Jinny, un laft fur Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete, Lundun. Aw tuke we me o lott o stuf fur to kepe me gooin ith heytin loine, til aw geet tuth fur end, us aw cuddent be himpost on oppo th' rode.

Wen aw fund mysel e me shet ith ralerode carrige un gradely startud fro Manchesstur, aw cud ardly beleeve me oan een, saime toime it wor so, us ony boddi met see us noed me. Aw dunnut kno us it wod be ov ony mak o use fur me to roite mich obeawt wat aw seed oppo th' rode, fur we wenten so sharp whol aw cuddent see mony thyngs us aw'd ony mak o skil on, obut neaw un then tuthre keaws un orses us wor freetunt un cut hoff wen they seed th' trane comin.

Aw seed sum foriners get eawt uth trane e won plaze, aw gues fur to get summut fur to heyte un sup, un wen aw seed um goo hinto o plaze us wor fine enuf fur o Parley-ment mon fur to heyte in, thynks aw to mesel, yo'l ha to pay fur yor wissuls, owd lads. Eh! wat o chin won on um ad, O cuvert we ure, aw cuddent but studdi heaw E cud foinde th' rode hinto his meawth, aw gues E wor o Frenchmun o sum mak. We pood op ut o plaze koed Staffurd, un ut won koed Wulvurtun, un o deyle moore plazus besoide us aw connut rekillekt ut tis presunt toime, but thoose o maw reedurs wat's bin theere, ul unbethynk um, aw dar sa. Ut last uv O, we koome to Lundun, un th' furst thing us aw did wor to see e me brass wor O reet, un fur to butten op me breechus pokits, feyrd ut sumboddi met rob me, fur aw'd bin towd us Lundun wor welley ful o pickpokits.

Wen aw geet eawt uth carrige, eh! wat o lott o coachus

aw seed, oboon o hundurth to maw thynkin. Won chap koome op to me un sed, Waunt o cab, Sur? Roidin e cabs wor otogethur eawt o maw loine, saime toime us it wur gettin lat, aw thaut aw'd av o doo fur wonse e me loife, iv aw cud com at it meterly chep. Aw'd yerd us theese cab chaps olis ax'd o greyte deyle moore nur they shud doo, un so aw sed, Aw'm fro Rachde, un aw'm gooin to Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete, wat win yo tay me for, if yo plez? Fur too un sixpunze, Sur, E sed. Aw sed, ol gie thee sixpunze e that ul doo, un bith mon, E cut hoff loike leetenin, un aw nevur seed naut no moore on im, so aw hook't me parsel oppo me umbrel, un startud hoff oppo foote, fur aw wur noane beawn to be dun. Aw'd getten derekshuns oppo o pese o pappur, un we furst spirrin o won poleese, un then uv onuther, aw koome ut last ov O to Mestur Simon Pike's dur, un sum fane aw wur. Aw seed o nocker on his dur, un aw'd no sannur letten it hoff, nur o yung ladi koome tuth dur, un aw sed, Iv yo plez, aw'm fro Rachde, its me wat sent o lettur obeawt stayin O neet heere, un wi that, hoo sed, Wauk in, Sur. Aw wor meterly wele plest we th' reawm us hoo show'd me hinto, fur it loukt clen un dasunt. Wen aw'd keawert me deawn tuthre minnits, Mestur Pike koome in, un ax't me heaw aw wur, un sich loike, un iv aw dident want summat fur to heyte, un aw sed, Aw doo, iv yo plez, un aw'l oathur ha porrich ur tay, us soun us evur yo con. E sed, Wat did u say, Sur? Aw sed, aw'l ha oathur porrich ur tay, but aw'd no sanner spokken, nur aw unbethaut me us E mettent kno wat porrich wor, un aw sed, Ol tak tay if yo plez, un oathur ard brade ur o loafe butterkake we it. Wen aw'd getten me baggin, hoff aw startud fur to see the greyte Sitty o Lundun, furst ov O takkin greyte kare us me breechus pokits wor buttent, us noboddi met pik um.

Aw ax'd me rode too o plaze koed Pikadilly, un wen aw geet theere, aw seed sich o rook o foke un carrigus us aw nevur seed e O me loife ofore, nevur; thynks aw to mesel, th' Quene mun be comin, un wi that, aw ax'd o poleesmun wat th' prosesshun wor for, un heaw sune it ud be gwon by, us aw met cros oer th' rode, un' to maw greyt gloppunment, E towd me us it wur nobbut wat wor reglar gooin on e that plaze; aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, obut wen they wenten we Clemunt Royds tuth Blupits,

toime us he wor hi-sherifin. Us aw wor stonnin theere hadmyrin wat wor gooin on, o Ladi koome op to me un sed, How doo u doo, Sur? Aw sed, Yo'ne th' advantige on me, iv yo plez, aw nevur seed yo ofore us aw kno on, aw nobbut koome fro Rachde to-day. Indeede, hoo sed, I've seen u in Rochdil many o toime; is your mothur livvin now? Thynks aw to mesel, aw sum deawts oppo that questin, un O ut wonst it koome hinto me yed, us hoo wur no bettur nur hoo shud be, un us hoo dident kno naut obeawt Rachde. Aw sed too hur, Yo noane Rachde, dun yo? Hoo sed, sertinly. Wel, then, aw sed, con yo tel me heaw mony steps ther is op to th' owd church? Aw seed in o minnit us hoo wor fast, but just ut tis presunt toime o poleesman koome op, un aw sed, Iv yo plez, this Ladi ses us hoo knoes me, un to maw thynkin, hoo's umbuggin me. We that E sed, Com moove on, un hoo kut hoff loike leetenin, e no toime. Aw wor noane sich o foo us hoo tooke me fur to be. Aw went forrud obeawt o moile fur, un wat we th' din o carrigus un foke, aw wor welley gawmles. Rachde rushbarin wor o foo too it, aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, nevur; un us aw wor feyrd o missin me rode, bekose it wor grewin dark, aw turnt me reawnd ogen un geet saif un seawnd bak to Mestur Simon Pike's, un geet to bed. Nesht mornin, aw startud hoff to th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un, to maw thynkin, ther wer moore foke un carrigus nur aw seed th' neet ofore, aw nevur seed naut loike it, nevur. Aw felt e me pokits wor buttent un me brass O reet, un oway aw went us ard us ony on um us wor ofoote.

Aw seed o plaze koed Hide Park cornur, wheere th' Duke o Wellintun livs, him us lethurt Boneypart; E's getten o owd felley neaw. Aw bin towd us won neet, wen E wor ut o parti us th' Quene gan, us th' owd fellev dropt oslepe in is cheer, un wen th' Quene seed im, hoo went un tikelt hiz faze, whol E wakent. Eh! heaw aw shud o stayrt iv hoo'd o dun it be me. Th' owd chap drest knots hoff Bony, dident E? But aw'm hoff we feightin; aw'm O fur Cobdin un thame us wanten fur to doo oway we it otogethur, fur ther wod'ent be hauve us mony kilt e ther wor no feightin. Oeronent th' Duke's heawse, uth top o wot they koen Konstitushun Hil, aw seed o kast iron likeness on im oppo orseback, us big us loife, un biggur. He'd o kloak on un o rowlur pin e won hond, saime us wimmen

[Who ax'd thee fur to roide?]

usen, wen they maen mowfins. Aw nevur noed ofore wat E wor koed Iren Duke fur. Ut tis presunt toime it startud o raynin, un so aw thrutch'd me rode us fast us aw cud goo in o greyt creawd o foke, un us aw wor gooin on, o homnibus koome past, un o chap us stoode uth bak soide on't bekont on me fur to get in; thynks aw to mesel E's o gud naturt chap; aw gues E sees us aw'm gettin me Sundi clewus deetud. E koed uth droiver fur to stop, un ax'd me iv aw wur for th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un aw sed, ah—un we that E towd me fur to get in, un in aw geet. We soune koome tuth Krystil Palus. Eh! wat o rook o foke ther wor theere, aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, nevur. Aw geet eawt uth homnibus, un aw sed tuth felley us leet me ride, Aw'm verri mich obleeght to yo aw'm shure, un aw con but thank yo, un aw wur turnin reawnd fur to goo hinto th' Palus, wen E turn'd on me as savidge us iv he'd o hetten me, un ax'd me fur forepenze. Forepenze, aw sed, wat for? Un E made onsur, Fur ridin, to be shure, Sur. Waw, aw sed, who ax'd thee fur to roide?

Dident theaw koe on me fur to get in? But O us aw cud sa wor o no mak o use watsumevur, un th' powsement sed us iv aw dident pay theere un then, he'd koe o poleese us wor uth tuther soide uth rode, un, bith mon, wen aw yerd that, aw deawn wi me brass in o minnit. Aw seed us aw wor taen in; saime toime, it wor a deyle bettur fur to sattle we th' powsedurt, nur get hinto o Nu Baley so fur fro whome. Thynks aw to mesel, iv aw'm dun ogen e this rode aw'm o Dutchmun, un we that,

Heere endeth th' Furst Chaptur.

CHAPTUR SEKUND.

Obeawt wat aw seed ith Krystil Palus.—The greyt Dimun.—Grand cheers un tabuls.—Sum stuft cats, un o frog bein shav't.—O deyle o foke fro forin parts, won chap we o chin loike o billy gote.— Obeawt 'freshment reawm, un foke heytin ice.—Seed sum wull felleys fro Rachde, un o deyle o thyngs besoide us yo'l reed obeawt wen yo comn too it.—O presarvt pig too, us aw'd loike to furgetten.

Aw waitud o greyt whoile ofore aw cud get oer th' rode tuth Palus, beawt bein run oer, fur ther wor sich carrigus un foke, aw nevur seed naut like it ofore, nevur. Ut last ov O, aw geet fare tuth dur uth Krystil Palus, un sum gloppent aw wor, aw cud ardly beleeve me oan een; aw stay'rt un stay'rt ogen, whol foke met thynk us aw wor noane reet e me yed, heawsumevur we o greyt deyle o thrutchin aw geet fur to pay me shillin, un in aw went. Us sune us aw'd getten gradely thru th' dur ole, o gentelmun ax'd me iv aw'd hav o katalog, un aw sed om mich obleeght to yo, om shure, un ol tak kare fur to lev it yo ogen wen aw'm gooin eawt. They're o shillin eech, E sed. O, aw sed, that's onuthur kaze, it ul be o no mak o use to me wen aw get whome ogen, obut sellin it fur to lap shugur in, fur o deyle less nur hauve o wat yo axen for it; aw sed ol gie yo tuppunze fur to let me ha th' use on't till neet; heawsumevur E'd yer naut o that, un so aw went forrud. Aw wor noane beawn fur to be dun twoice e won day. Un neaw fur the Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed. Bith mon, aw con ardly tel heaw fur to start o tellin th' gentul reedur wot ther wor ith Greyt Eggshibishun, aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, nevur, un to maw thynkin, aw nevur shol ogen. Aw seed foke fro O quarturs welley, fro Frans un Yorkshur, fro Owdum un Jarmuny, mesel fro Rachde, foke fro Inde un Scotlun, un fro Omerika un Bakup, un Chiney, un fro Yeywud, un o deyle moore plazes us aw'v no mak o skil on.

Ther's o plaze ith Skripter us aw'v just unbethaut me on, wat tels ov o greyt lott o foke us wor wonst ut Jeru-

solum. It ul be fund ith sekund chaptur o th' gospil akwording to Acts, startin uth nynt vers. Yo mun foind it fur yorsels, un wen yo'ne sin it, un aw tel yo us ther wor moore maks o foke ith Greyt Eggshibishun, toime us aw'm speykin on, yo'l oppen yor een, aw kno.

Aw shol nevur hawse fur to tel obeawt O us aw seed, heaw con aw? un noboddi e Rachde cud, aw'm shure, saime toime aw mun do me best hindavur fur to insens yo hinto it, us aw con. Aw geet in ut wat they koen seawth entruns, un, bith mon, e ther wer'nt sum trees grewin, un gradely big uns too, its tru, fur shure. Aw wor wele plest fur to see th' Quene, un Prins Halburt, oppo orsebak, us natteruble us loife, un us whoite us chauk; they'rn wele dun, verri. Close osoide on um, aw seed o greyt glas thyng welley th' shap ov o umbrel, un waytur comin eawt uth top on't, un us aw wor studdyin obeawt it, thynks aw to mesel, it mun be th' greyt dimun us aw'v yerd so mich on, un aw'd loik'd fur to made o foo o mesel we axin o gentelmun iv it wor so, but o wummun just sav't me, we axin im just mete saime questin ofore me. E made onsur un sed, No, my gud wummun, this is th' krystil fountun. Whol hoo wor taukin too im aw seed o chap showin onuther felley weere obeawts th' Ko-e-nure wor, un so aw turnt me reawnd un aw sed, Mistris, the greyt dimun us theere, under that brass kage. Ther's naut loike o chap avin his wits obeawt im, is ther? O poleesmun wor takkin kare uth dimun, un it wor in o kage loike o pol-parrut. Aw dar sa us yo'l thynk us aw'm umbuggin yo, wen aw sa us this greyt dimun koed Ko-e-nure, us ther's bin sich o greyt din obeawt, us no biggur, nur ardly us big, us o bo o coblur's wax ur o kidney pottato, un, fur O that, they sen us its wurth too milliuns o peawnds. Waw, fur ony mak o use us it ud be to me, aw wodent potter eawt foive shillin for't. Gooin streight deawn fro theere, aw seed o greyt deyle o wat they koen stattews, diferunt shaps o thyngs, orsus un felleys, sum on um sittin e cheers, un dogs, un lyons, un O maks o thyngs us ony boddi con thynk obeawt, O us big us loife, un sum biggur, un sum wele they loukt, aw nevur seed naut loike um ofore, nevur. Aw turnt hinto o plaze koed Spane, un seed sich o rook o grand swerds un pistils un sich loike, thynks aw to mesel, e Rachde Yomunre ad o rook loike thame th' enemie ud be welley flay'd

eawt ov his wits wen they wenten ogen hinto forin parts. Us aw wor turnin eawt ogen whoo shud aw see but Sam o Jack's o Dik's o Mikel's. Ello, Sam, aw sed, whoo'd o thaut o seein thee heere? Waw, E sed, aw shud us sune o thaut o seein ony boddi us thee, Bob. Aw sed, Heaw's thee faythur, owd lad? Waw, E sed, he's poor un harty, un we that we shook honds un partud, fur E wor gooin up, un aw wor gooin deawn. Next us aw seed wor o lott o th' moyst splendashus cheers un tabuls un cubburts us evur ony mon seed, aw'm shure. Aw wor towd us they koome fro a plaze koed Ostrea. Eh! heaw grand they wer'n; noboddi e Rachde has naut loike um, aw'm shure; aw dunnot thynk ut th' Quene hersel has, fur, to maw thynkin, no mon livin cud may aut moore grander. Aw shud o bin feyrd o sittin oppo thoose cheers, aw'm shure, e they'rn mine.

Aw geet hinto sum part o Jarmuny next, un aw seed th' shap uth plaze weere Prins Halburt wor bred un born; it loukt wele, verri. O noice heawse oppo o hil soide, we treese reawnd it, un noane so fur hoff, o greyt rook o foke fiddlin un doancin, un sich loike, osoide uv o aleheawse; aw gues it wor th' shap uth gooins on wen they yerd us th' Prins wor gooin to wed th' Quene o Englun. E cuddent o dun us wele ony weere elze, cud E? It wor o rare day's wark fur im, wern't it? saime toime E disarves o gud woife us wele us ony boddi, fur E olis moinds his oan bisness, un let's uthur fokes's o be, un that's wat mony o won dusent. Aw gues E's o farmur be trayde, fur aw seed corn un stuf ith Eggshibishun up stares, us wor derektud "fro Prins Halburt farm." O bit fur on aw seed summut us tikkelt me oboon o bit; aw dunnut thynk us ony mon livin cud foind eawt wot it wor, but aw'l tel yo. Ther wor obeawt hauve o duzen stuft cats sittin e cheers avin o tay baggin, reawnd o tabul, un won on um stoode uth bak uth tuther, hawsin fur to wate on. Sum on um wor howdin ther sawsurs e won hond un wor suppin eawt uth cups we'th tuther, just mete saime us qualluty foke dun. Oeronent um aw seed onuthur on o cheer, we it frunt legs oppo o peanno, howdin it yed op, un it meawth oppen loike foke dun wen ther hawsin fur to sing un pla. Osoide o thame aw seed a frog tryin fur to shave onuthur frog us wor in o cheer, un in onuthur nook, bith mon, e ther wer'nt o frog

[Aw laft whol aw wur welley feyrd o brastin.]

stonnin oppo too legs un howdin o umbrel. Eh! heaw quare it did luke. Besoide O theese, aw seed o bantum kok un o fox bwoth stonnin we bukes ofore um, un lukin us fause us fause cud be, un o weezul roitin ogen o desk, un it wo· set oer it e roitin, o atturney. Thynks aw to mesel, that's o gud un, fur turneys ur us fause us weezuls un wor to katch, but e they getten howd ov ony boddi they'l seawk O th' blud eawt on um, saime loike us weezuls dun. Aw wondert mony o toime heaw th' chap us stuft um geet it hinto his yed fur to put um e that rode, aw lafft whol aw wor welley feyrd o brastin, aw wor so tikkelt we um; aw dar sa us sum foke us stoode theere met thynk us aw wor o bit sauft, saime toime aw noed wat aw wor dooin us wele us ony on um. Us aw wor turnin fro theere, o chap us to maw thynkin wor nevur shav't sin E wor born, fur E'd o chin loike o billygote, koome to me un ax'd me summut; but E taukt so quare whol aw cud nothur may end nur soide on him, nobbut us E koed me Monsheere osted o Bob. Aw cud may naut ut O on im, un we stayr't ut won ounther loike too foos. Aw sed, Iv yo plez, aw com fro Rachde, un we dunnut talk e that rode weere aw com fro, un aw connut understond yo. Thynks aw to mesel E appen wants fur to kno weere th' greyt dimun is; so aw

geet howd ov is arm, un pood im hinto wat aw ko th' turnpike rode uth Eggshibishun, un bok'd we me fingur weere it wor; but E wag'd his yed, un aw seed us aw wor mistaen, fur E spluttert eawt sum mak o gibberish, un laft me. Foke met ha no sens, larnin fur to tauk e that rode. Soune aftur, aw seed o mon we o faze welley us blak us o kole. Eh! E mut ha bin sum brunt sumweere; aw gues E koome fro sumweere ith Indis. Aw wonse yerd o mon say us E'd o unkul us wor o sodiur theere, un it wor so wott e sum plazus, whol they ad fur to goo o ther honds un neese fur to kepe ther baks fro tutchin th' sun. It met be so fur aut us aw kno, but it wor quare iv it wor. Aw kept gooin in un eawt, furst hinto won plaze un then hinto onuther. Eh! wat lotts o thyngs aw did but see; aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, nevur. Its no mak o use me troyin fur to insens yo hinto O us aw seed, aw's nevur hawse, aw shud be o foo iv aw did. Aw seed O maks o wat they koen shandeleers un lamps, un grand boxus un jewilury, un then aw koome to o greyt rook o carrigus, gradely honsum uns us evur o mon clapt his een on; two on um ud wudden orses in. Eh! heaw natteruble they loukt, un aw'm shure us ony boddi, uth furst seet, mun ha thaut us they'rn wick. Ut last ov O, wen aw wor gettin wele tyert, aw koome O ut wonst hinto o plaze ful o heyten stuff us they koed 'freshment reawm, un th' furst thyng us aw seed wor sum veyle pyes; thynks aw to mesel thoose ur the jokeys fur me, un aw keawert me deawn omung o greyt rook o foke, un aw sed too o chap us wor waytin on, Ol thank yo fur won o thoose pyes, iv yo plez, un we that E braut me won in o minnit, un aw pade im for it furst goo hoff, un sum noice it wor, raythur o smo pese too fur sixpunze. Us aw wor heytin it, o gentlemun us wor osoide o me sed, I s'pose u com from th' kuntry. Aw sed, Aw com fro Rachde; yo ma ko it kuntry, but we koen it o teawn, un we senden o member to parleyment. Sharmun Crawfurd gwos for us; dun ye kno Sharmun? aw sed. No, Sur, E sed. Dun yo kno Tom Livsey, then, aw sed. I kannut sa that I doo, E sed. Waw, aw sed, aw'l be sunken e yo noane aut; dun yo nevur reed th' news, fur ther's welley olis summut in obeawt Rachde; un as fur me comin fro th' kuntry, yo met tauk e that rode iv aw koome fro Smobridge, ur Mildro, ur fro sich o spot us Owdum. We

[Win yo tel me wat that is us yo'ne bin heytin eawt o that glas?]

that, E pood in his horns o bit, un sed us E dident meyne ony ofens, un aw sed, Its O reet, e yo'l be quoite, aw wil, un we geet quoite thik. Aw sed too im, Iv aw ma be so bowd, e yo plez, win yo tel me wat that is us yo'ne bin heytin eawt o that glas? O, E sed, its an ice, my gud fello. Waw, aw sed, dun they heyte ice e this kuntry, then? O yes, E sed. Wel, aw sed, bith mon, its quare; we usen it fur skatin on weere aw com fro; heawsum-evur, aw seed us ther wor summut put in, un thynks aw to mesel, aw'l spekilate fur wonst, fur aw's appen nevur com e these parts ogen; so aw sed tuth chap us wor waytin on, Aw'l thank yo fur o glas ful o that ice, iv yo plez. Wen E braut it, E sed, Sixpunze, iv u plees. Com, aw sed, dunnut be mayin o foo on me; yo dunnot meyne us yo sen. That's the prise, sir, E sed, un E show'd me o ticket us wer oppo th' wole wat sed—Ices sixpunze eech. Thynks

aw to mesel, it ul do noane fur me to liv heere, saime toime aw gan im his brass, fur aw cud olis get hoff we payin. To be shure, aw nevur tastud naut loike it ofore, it wur kowd un culert, un wor meterly gud, but, bith mon, it wor dun e no toime, un evury meawthful us aw swollud, thynks aw, theere gwos onuthur penn'urth. Wen aw'd dun heytin, aw startud fur to goo op stares, fur ut tis presunt toime aw'd nevur bin theere. Us aw wor gooin aw seed sum wull felleys fro Rachde — won wor Mestur Roburt Taylur Yep; E wares spektekuls; E fot his woife fro Berry. Aw sin hur faythur mony o toime, un o foine owd chap E is, olis we blak clewus on, un leggins, saime loike us o preychur. Aw noed Mestur Yep's faythur too, E wor o justis, saime mon. Me unkul Dik us ad mony o shillin on im ut toime un toime. To maw thynkin it wor moore splendayshuser op stares nor deawn. Aw seed orgins, un peeanus, un trumpits, un kordians ov O maks un sizus, un fidduls un O. They'rn sum uth grandist karpits us evur aw clapt me een on; aw wondur heaw foke cud foinde e ther harts fur to set ther shune on um; aw seed won fro Mestur Bright's, eh! it wor o bonny un, un won ut o hundurth un fifte ladis ud made fur to be gan tuth Quene. Dunnut yo thynk us moore gud wod o bin dun, e thoose ladis ud dun sum wark fur o poor chap loike me? Aw shuddent loike, we me sayin so, fur ony boddi fur to get it hinto ther yeds us aw'm noane fur th' Quene un Prins Halburt, fur iv aw seed ony boddi tutch oathur on um, aw cud ardly howd me honds hoff um, iv it wor me oan faythur. Wat dun they want we foke givin um stuf? Waw, th' Quene un hur husbun mun av o greyt deyle moore brass nur they noane heaw to get shut on, fur O us they gwon o seet seein so mich. Aw kno us hoo shuddent be fund faut we e foke win send stuf to hur. Waw, o whoile sin o owd wummun e Yorkshur sent th' Quene o kitlin, un wen hoo yerd us it wor fro o poor owd cratur us ad naut mich, th' Quene sent hur o foive peawnd note. Aw'd send hur o waggin lod o grewn op cats ut that proice, un gie tuthre kitlins in uth bargin. But us aw wor sayin, aw wor sum gloppent we wat aw seed ith Eggshibishun op stares. Ther wor o lot o stuft craturs o diferunt maks, brids, un sich loike, un aw'l be sunken e ther wern't o greyt pig presarv't whole, just mete saime us iv it wor

[Wat o yed E ad ! un wat ure E ad uppo his faze—eh !]

gradely wik. Just wen aw wor turnin o korner, aw'd loike to bin freetent, fur aw koome oppo th' suddin oeronent o felley, eh ! wat o chap e wor, eh ! wat o yed E ad ! un wat ure E ad oppo his faze—eh ! wat o felley, un sich quare clewus—eh ! wat o chap fur shure. Aw wundur't mony o toime weere E koome fro, aw cud noather may end nur soide on im, saime toime aw rekkon E mut com fro sum-weere. Wen aw'd dun stayrin ut this rumgumshus chap, aw turn't me reawnd fur to luke ut sum payntud windus, us bonny thyngs us evur aw clapt me een on ; eh ! they wor sum grand. Won wor th' shap ov o ladi lukin eawt ov o windo, us natterable, whol aw cud welley o spokken too hur. O bit fur on aw seed Mestur Mowlswurth us livs un preychus e Spotlun. Th' Viker's his faythur ; him wats

ad so mich lau ogate, but E's raythur quoitur just neaw, toime for im. Wat o row we wonst ad we im obeawt church rates, but E wor gradely beytten. Ofore aw'd o made sich o doo, aw'd o wesh'd me oan geawn un clen't th' church op mesel it neet toime, wen aw'd dun me tuthur wark. But aw bin towd us th' Viker o Rachde has oboon thre theawsun peawnd o yer comin in, un us E dusent preych us mich, nur hauve us mich, us mony o won us nobbut has o hundurth un fifte o yer. Waw, mony o won ud preych evury day ith weke, Seturda un O, fur hauve o that brass, oather ther oan sarmuns ur th' best us they cud leet on. Iv aw wor o churchmun e Rachde, we O that brass comin in, aw cuddent for shame o me faze ax ony boddi fur o haupenny, nobbut we o kollekshun, saime loike us Methodis un othur foke dun. Luke ut th' Ranturs, wat o noice chappil they han, o lot o poore foke us kepes oathur too ur thre preychers, aw dunnut eggsaktly kno wich—did they evur ax ony boddi fur o church rate?—naut ut soart. Heawsumevur aw'm fane us th' church foke ur hawsin fur to mend. Mestur Samul Brelley, they sen, us dun it. E's bin gooin obeawt his oan sel, axin fur o church rate, un tellin foke us they met oathur pay ur let it o be, just to ther oan likin. Aw connut see us ony boddi con foind mich faut we that, con yo? Samul us Mestur Abrum's bruthur, him wat's made so mich brass we cottun spinnin un weyvin. Eh! wat brass E mun ha made? But O traydes un bin gud e ther toime, hannut they? We'n o chap e Rachde wats made his fortin we sellin haupurths o toffe, un neaw un then o penn'urth too o wholsale custumer. Aw cud tell hoo it wor, but us E's toffee'd hissel hinto o hindependunt gentulmun, aw gues E woddent loike me fur to put his name deawn e maw buke, saime toime, aw cud 'mortulize im, iv E'd nobbut let me, un, bith mon, aw wil doo e me nesht edishun, iv E'l send me wort. Eh! heaw aw'm gettin hoff me Krystil Palusin, but aw'v sich o yed, fur iv aut stroikes me, us aw dunnut put deawn just theere un then, aw'm us shure o loysin it, us iv it wor vikerage lond. Let's see, wheere ad aw getten too? O, aw'd just sin Mestur Mowlswurth fro Spotlun. E wed sumboddi fro Manchesstur, aw thynk; to be shure E did; E wonst wor o preychur theere. Ut tis presunt toime aw wor gettin so ill tyert we seein so mony splendashus thyngs,

whol aw nobbut stopt fur to av won moore luke, un aw'l tel yo wat it wor at. Yo'ne yerd tel uth Lillypushuns, aw dar sa, un obeawt o mon us travelt omung um. It wor th' loikenes o thame. O mon wor lade deawn oslepe, un o greyte lot on um obeawt th' mickel o me littul fingur wor gettin onto his balley we littul laddurs, un wor tryin fur to fasten im deawn we bant, un fur O us lots on um wor waukin oer im un mayin ther wark, E nevur seem'd fur to fele um, no moore nur e they'd bin us mony eddicrops. Iv E'd bin o livvin mon, aw'd o stay'd O neet ofore aw'd o mist seein im wakken—eh! wat cuttin they'd o bin. Waw! E met o crom'd hauve on um hinto his breechus pokits. Thynks aw to mesel, its o quare consarn, fur shure.

Sekund Chaptur gies oer heere.

CHAPTUR THURD.

Stoppin ut th' Krystil Palus til givin oer toime.—Loike fur to bin dun we onuthur cab chap.—O do we th' homnibus felley ogen.—Seed Jonny Barun fro Rachde.—Trafalgur Square. Onuthur pikpokit.—Nelsun Moniment.—Nashnul Galury, un obeawt Bowtun Trotturs, un th' Brytish Mooseum.

It wor neaw welley gettin givin oer toime, un us aw wor detarmint fur to av us mich us evur aw cud fur me shillin, un bein ill tyert, aw unbethaut me us aw'd keawer me deawn, un luke eawt uth loft ut th' greyt rook o foke us ther wor e th' botham. Eh! wat lots o foke aw did see to be shure; t'one haufe on um, to maw thynkin, wor fro forin parts. Aw dunnut meyne thoose forin parts us Rachde Yomunre gwon too, Owdum un theere, but aw meyne gradely forin parts, eawt o this kuntry otogethur. Aw noed um in o minnit we avin so mich ure oppo ther fazes, beyrds ov O mickels un shaps, sum on um welley o shaime to be sin, moore loike wild craturs nur aut elze.

Us aw wor studdyin obeawt foke mayin sich foos o thersels, O uth suddin aw yerd sich o ringin o bells us aw nevur yerd ofore. Eh! wat o din ther wor to be shure, un aw seed th' foke O gooin eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, ther mun be summut fur to doo, o foire ur summut. Aw geet op us sharp us leetenin, un wor deawn th' stares e no toime. Aw koed eawt too o poleesmun, Watevur is ther to doo? O, E sed, take yor toime, my gud man, ther only givin notis for the peepul to go, we klose at six o'klok. O, aw sed, is that O? Eh! wat o swat aw wor in; heawsum-evur aw tuke me toime then, un went eawt we th' creawd, un th' bells made sich o din whol aw wor welley gaumles.

Wen aw geet to th' dur, o chap koome to me un sed, Want o cab, Sur? Aw sed, Doo aw be hang'd us loike, dus to thynk us aw'm made o brass, thee moind thee oan bisness, un aw'l luke after mesel. O bonny chap aw shud o luke't roidin in o carrige, shuddent aw, o poore felley loike me? Iv ony boddi ud sin me us aw noed, aw shuddent o noane weere to put me yed. Wen aw'd getten

farely hinto th' strete, eh! wat carrigus un foke aw did see; it wor wurr be th' hauve nur wen aw wor gooin, aw wondert mony o toime us noboddi wor kilt. But stop, aw'd loike to furgetten fur to tel yo us aw went ogen to th' Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed un yerd then, aw'l tel yo o bit fur on e maw buke, un e yo'l nobbut ha toime un payshuns yo'l com too it, ol warrunt yo. Wel, us aw wor sayin, aw geet fro omung th' carrigus us wor ut th' Palus dur us sune us evur aw cud, un went deawn th' rode op ogen to Pikkey-dilly, un, bith mon, aw welley thynk it geet thrunger nur evur, aw nevur seed naut loike it ofore, un nevur mun doo ogen, to maw thynkin. Us aw wor gooin on, o homnibus

[Go luke! theaw rapskallion.]

koome op, un whoo shud aw see uth bak on't but th' saime powsement us axed me fur to roide us aw wor gooin ith mornin, un wen E seed me, E pood his faze, un koed eawt, Benk, Benk, Chingcros. Aw wor sum mad at im wen E axed me fur to get in ogen, un aw raythur forgeet mesel, un koed eawt, Go luke, theaw rapskallion, un, bith mon, aw thaut E wor beawn to lethur me, un aw hud mesel omung th' foke us sharp us evur aw cud, un geet eawt ov is rode. Us aw wor gooin on studyin wat o greyt creawd o foke ther wor, whoo shud aw see ut th' tuther soide uth rode, but Jonny Barun, shumakur, fro Rachde, nockin oway loike o gud un. Aw koed eawt us leawd us aw cud, but aw met us wele o bin sheawtin too o

moile stoane, ther wor sich o din, un aw dursent cros oer too im fur th' loife on me, feyrd o bein run oer, ur elze aw shud o dun, fur aw'd o spokken too o dog iv aw'd sin won fro Rachde. Aw wor raythur pottert obeawt it, saime toime wat cud aw do? Aw noed Jonny's faythur, un his unkul Jefury us wor o drawin mestur. E's deyd neaw, un iv aw'm noane mistaen, e laft Jonny sum brass us wod be raythur yesier getten nur we wax ends. Aw noed his unkul Sam too; E wor o teetotuler, un went too Omerika we sum brass us Jefury laft im. Aw bin towd us E's deyd neaw. We mun O dee sum toime, suner or laytur. Aw furgetten whoo Jonny wed, saime toime aw kno us E is wed, bekose aw sin his childer, un aw gues E dident win thame in o rafful.

Aftur o deyle o thrutchin un squeezin, aw koome ut last too o plaze koed Trafalgur Square, o plaze we fore soides un o middul, aw gues that's wat they koen it o square for. Oppo won soide ther's o greyte fyne plaze koed Morlis Otel, wheere qualuty foke stopen at, o grand heawse, veri; it mun kost thame sum brass us gwos theere. Oppo o nuthur soide aw seed o greyt bildin koed th' Nashnul Galury, us has o deyle o pikters in, us aw'l tel yo obeawt sum toime elze. Oeronent botham uth square, ther's o greyt plaze koed Northumberlun Heawse; yo ma tel it be lukin fur o greyt lyon us stons uth top on't, we o kast irn tale stonnin op us stif us o poker. E too plazes aw seed watur fizzin op, un they koen um fountuns, iv aw'm reet, un sum wele they luk't to maw thynkin, fur O us o mon towd me us Mestur Punsh wor olis taen um hoff. Whol aw wor stonnin theere studdyin obeawt um, o chap koome op to me un startud o taukin. E sed, I presoome, Sur, u're com to see the Eggshibishun? Thynks aw to mesel, o pikpokit, bith mon, un aw'd me honds e bwoth o me breechus pokits e no toime, un aw sed too im, Wat bisness han yo to presoome aut obeawt me, it's naut to yo wheere aw com fro, is it? We that E sed, I aint meenin no ofense, old feller; I zay, me cove, dus yer mothur kno yer out? Aw sed, hoo noes us aw'm noane in, theaw sausey powsedurt theaw, un us aw wor turnin fro im, aw thaut aw'd put im won in, un aw koed eawt, Dus thaw mothur kno us theaw gets thee livvin we feelin wat uther foke han e ther pokits? Eh! E wor us mad us o wasp,

[It's naut to yo wheere aw com fro, is it?]

but didn't aw sarve im reet? Ther noane O foos us coms fro Rachde.

Aw hadent laft that chap mony minnits ofore aw seed Mestur Twedil un his woife. E sels meyle un fleawr, un as o mill fur to grind it wee, saime chap. E wed Mestur Yep's dauter, th' justis us aw towd yo obeawt ofore; aw noed hur ofore hoo wor wed, saime ladi. Wen Mestur Twedil wor th' Mare o Rachde, fur E wor koed so then, fur O us we nevur haden o gradely mare, E went o gettin his dinnur we Prins Halburt, we o lot o moore mares fro uther plazus. Aw wondert iv E'd ko o seein th' Prins ogen, E met o bin wen aw seed im, fur E'd his hallida clewus on, wele drest, veri. But aw'd welley furgetten fur to tel yo obeawt o greyt stone pillur us ther is e Trafalgur Square, koed Nelsun Moniment, we th' shap o Nelsun stonnin uth top on't, us quoite us o meawse. Aw'm towd us it kost oboon twentieight theawsun peawnd, o deyle o brass, veri, but Inglish foke con welley doo aut, connut they? Aw went fro this plaze streyte to me lodgins e Gumshun-strete, un sum tyert aw wor, nevur worr e maw loive. Wen aw'd ad me suppur, aw towd Mestur Simon

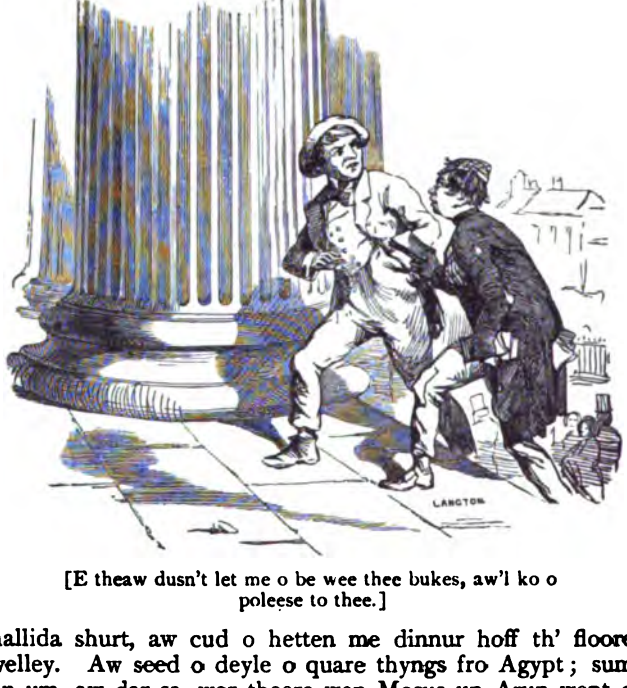
Pike wat aw'd sin, un O us aw cud rekillekt, un sum plest E wor; un wen aw towd im heaw aw'd bin taen in we th' homnibus chap, un heaw aw'd loike fur to ad me pokit pikt, un heaw aw sarvt im eawt, E lafft whol E wor welley fit to brast. Wen aw went to bed aw wor oslepe e no toime, un nevur wakkent til aw geet op, un, to maw thynkin, aw wor moore tyertur ith mornin nur aw wor th' neet ofore, us stark us o krokodile welley.

Wen aw'd ad me breykfust, hoff aw startud o seet seein, fur aw'd no toime fur to loyse, un aw went o seein sum pikters e wat they koen th' Nashnul Galury, e Trafalgur Square, weere aw seed that pikpokit. Un neaw aw'l gie thoose o maw reedurs us hannut bin theere o cawshus, fur aw'd o greyt misfortin we gooin in uth rang dur, fur aw'd o shillin to pay, un o shillin's o shillin too o poore chap. Heawsumevur aw pade me brass un geet in, un fund us aw'd getten hinto wat they koen th' Akademy ov Harts. Aw went furst hinto won reawm un then hinto onuthur, un evury reawm wor us ful o pikters us evur it cud be, un lots o foke lukin at um. Aw seed o felley fro Bowtun theere, but aw connut rekillekt wat E wor koed just neaw. They koen um Bowtun Trotturs us coms fro theere. Dun yo kno wat trottin meyns? It meyns umbuggin, un bullokin, un sich loike wark. Bowtun's o greyt plaze, verri. They'n too memburs o parleyment; won's o Tori, un tuther's o Raddikil, won gwos fur to undoo wat tuther dus, that's quare trottin, isent it? Un neaw aw'l tel yo heaw they trotten foke. Aw seed won o theese trotturs in o ralerode carrige, un E wor sittin osoide ov o chap us ad o veri red nose, us red whol it ud welley fiz iv E wesh'd his faze we cowd waytur, aw gues it wor sumboddi us loikt o saup o drink; un so this Bowtun chap us wor o teetotuler, turnt to im un sed, Mestur, heaw mich dun yo thynk us it kost fur to paynt yore nose? Waw, th' owd chap sed, aw konnut eggsaktly tel, fur its noane quite finisht yet. Aw gues th' owd lad wor fur avin o saup moore, but E stopt that chap fur trottin, fur E wor us solid us box, wen E gan im his onsur. But iv aw dunnut moind mesel that Bowtun chap ul be trottin th' pikters eawt o me yed; but aw'l tel yo wat aw seed. Ther wor pikters o Lord Browum un Sur Robart Pele, un sum duks in o poand o waytur. O loikenes o Mestur Jon Potter, Hesquire, Mare o Manchesstur,

ofore th' Quene made im Sur Jon; aw gues E'l av onuthur loikenes taen neaw, us E's o diferunt mak ov o chap sin E geet o hondle too is naime. Aw seed o pikter o Jonny Gilpin, un th' shap ov o dog's yed, bwoth wele dun, veri. Theyr'n loikenesus ov o deyle moore foke besoide, un th' shap o sum childer o Mestur Samul Mortun Peto, Hesquire, un sum pratty they luk't. Aw sin ther faythur e Rachde wonst, ut o Mishunary Meetin ith Baptist Chappil. E wor ith cheer, E'd whoite breechus on, un o ruffelt shurt, saime chap. E wed Mestur Kelsul's dauter, un o moore daysunter felley ther isent ony weere, to maw thynkin; aw seed im goo to be wed mesel. Aw'd loike to furgetten won pikter us aw luk't at o greyt deyle. It wor th' Quene un Prins Halburt meetin Luis Fillip un his woife, ut Richmun, un thoose us koome we um, toime us they haden fur to cut eawt o Frans, im we borrud clewus on, un koin hissel Mestur Smith. Th' owd mon shapt it ill fur to get turnt hoff. Iv aw wor o king aw'd oather kepe me shop ur elze aw'd see. Aw'd olis be fur th' poore foke, un let thoose us ad plenty o brass fend fur thersels. E wor o lucky chap us E haddent his yed chopt hoff, saime loike us onuthur king wonst ad theere, aw thynk E wor koed Luis too. Ther wor wonst o king e this kuntry us ad his yed chopt hoff; E wor koed Charles, iv aw'm noane mistaen. E theese kings ud nobbut doo us they'd loike fur to be dun too, foke ud want noane o ther yeds, noan thame. Onuthur pikter us aw wor raythur tikkelt we, wor o rook o lads keawert reawnd o tabul us ad o greyte pese o beefe un o rook o moore stuf on. They'rn sittin we ther nives un forks e ther onds reddy fur startin o heytin, an ther een fare glistent ogen, un th' pikter wor koed, "Ther's o gud toime comin lads." Eh! they did luke us iv they wantud fur to be at it. Onuthur pikter us wor theere wor dun we o chap us mony o won e Rachde knone veri wele. It wor paintud we Mestur Rodgur Fentun, o son o Mestur Jon Fentun's, e Baymfurth, him us wor o membur o parleyment fur Rachde, ofore we 'lektud Sharmun. E dident loike parleymentin, un so E gan oer, un neaw aw'm towd us his toime's taen op we choppin treese deawn, un delvin, un sich loike wark, in his oan lond, we clogs on sumtoimes, saime loike us ony poore chap. Katch me we clogs on, ur delvin oathur, iv aw'd us mich brass us im, saime

toime E's a reet to do us he loikes, fur aut us aw kno. Rodgur wantud fur to get hinto parleyment, un koome deawn fur to see e Rachde foke ud let im goo, o lung toime sin, ofore Sharmun had gien op. But it wodent doo, Mestur Rodgur, un nevur wil doo to maw thynkin, we mun av o gradely Raddikil us understonds thyngs, no drawin mesturs, iv yo plez. Aw stopt omung theese pikters whol aw wor welley gaumles, un so aw koome eawt un laft um. Aw'd gan o shillin fur to goo in, un onuthur shillin fur o buke us towd O obeawt thyngs us ther wor fur to luke at; aw'd tryed fur to doo beawt buke, but aw cuddent, un us aw wor gooin eawt aw towd th' felley us wor ut th' dur us aw'd let im av it bak fur sixpunze, just hauve proise, un it wer'nt o hauporth wor, but, bith mon, E woddent gie tuppunze for't, fur O us aw hadent ad it oboon too heawers, un it wor us whoite us o clen wesh'd shurt. Aw nevur seed sich o kuntry fur gettin shut o brass e maw loife.

Fro theere aw went deawn Saint Martin's lone, hinto Brode-strete, aw thynk they koed it, un fro theere to th' Brytish Mooseum. Eh! wat o plaze that is. Ther's o rook o pillurs ofore th' dur, O in o ro, us thik, to maw thynkin, us o styem pon. Eh! wat o soize, to be shure. Us aw wor gooin, o chap kept botherin me fur to buy o buke on im us towd wat ther wor in, un aw cuddent get shut on im; but ut last uv O aw sed, E theaw dusn't let me o be wee thee bukes, aw'l ko o poleese to thee; un, bith mon, iv E dident sa us E'd fot won hissel iv aw loikt, sausey powse us E wor. Aw sed, Iv aw mun buy bukes obeawt evuri plaze us aw goo too, aw shol av o waggin lod ofore aw get whome ogen; un we that aw laft im tryin fur to sel won to onuther chap. Yo con ardly goo fur to see a pigcote e Lundun but sum nowmun wants fur to sel yo o buke fur to tel wat mak o pigs ther is in. Aw'm hoff we sich loike wark. But neaw fur th' Mooseum. Aw went streight op th' steps un koome hinto th' lobbi. Eh! wat o soize it wor, welley big enuf fur to howd o publik meetin in. Aw wor towd us it wor sixte-too foote lung, fifte-won foote woide, un thurte foote fro th' top tuth botham. Whoo'd o thaut it? Best ov O wor, us aw geet in fur naut, fur nevur noboddi ax'd me fur o haupenny. Aw kept gooin furst hinto won reawm un then hinto onuther, un evuri thyng as aw seed wor us clen us o



[E theaw dusn't let me o be wee thee bukes, aw'l ko o poleese to thee.]

hallida shurt, aw cud o hetten me dinnur hoff th' floore welley. Aw seed o deyle o quare thyngs fro Agypt; sum on um, aw dar sa, wor theere wen Mosus un Arun went o fottin th' childer o Isrel eawt. E wor o bad un wor Faro, wer'nt E, fur to want th' childer o Isrel fur to may breeke, beawt avin gradely stuf fur to may um we, nowmun us E wor? O mon cuddent ma porrich beawt meyle, cud E? Un heaw cud they ma breeke us E wantud um, foo us E wor? Eh! but E katcht it wen E geet hinto th' Red Sa. E shud o dun us E'd loike fur to be dun too; E geet warnin enuf, dident E, wen O thoose playgs wor sent? Aw seed o lott o mummis fro th' saime plaze. Eh! wat quare thyngs they wer'n; aw nevur seed naut loike um ofore, nevur, naw, nevur. It's no mak o use me hawsin fur to tel wat they'rn loike; yo'l be loike fur to goo un see fur yorsels. Aw seed wat they koed o wing'd Bul, braut fro Ninneyva, theere weere Jona wonst wor runnin oway fro, toime us E wor thrut hinto th' sa, un wor swollud

we o greyt wale. Jona mut o felt veri quare wen E wor e that fishus balley thre days un thre neets, un naut fur to heyte O that toime—plenty to sup, aw dar sa; but iv E'd nobbut dun us E wor towd be his Maker, E'd o nevur getten hinto sich o quare plaze us that. But O's wele us ends wele. Iv o mon dus us E shudent do, E's us shure to katch it, sum rode, us sartin us aw'm beawn fur to sel o greyt lott o maw bukes. Thoose Buls us aw wor tellin yo obeawt, wor made o stoane, un luke't quare, veri; sich Buls us aw nevur seed naut loike ofore. Aw nevur yerd o Buls flyin ony wheere, did yo? Heawsumevur, aw gues it wor o noshun us Ninneyva foke geet hinto ther yeds; saime toime, it wor o quare un, wern't it? Aw seed o deyle moore marbul stoanes fro th' saime spot, we O maks o quare figgers on; un aw'm towd us ther's o mon e Lundun wat's larnin thoose figgers, us they koen ieroglifiks, un they sen wen E's dun, us E'l av o greyt deyle o hinformashun bakkin Skriptur, un it's comin to that neaw, us o mon winnut be thaut reet in his yed us ses aut ogen th' Skriptur—heaw con E be? Aw'v yerd Soshulists mony o toime tryin fur to poo th' Skriptur e peses, un wat's becomn on um neaw? Waw, they'n pood won onuther e peesus, un ther welley clen gwon eawt neaw, us sich loike mak o foke olis han dun. Aw wodent tryst o mon o haupenny candul us ses aut ogen th' Bibul, for E's us shure to kom to naut us eggs ur eggs. Eh! heaw aw'm gettin fro me Buls un thyngs us aw wor tellin oer. Wel, us aw wor gooin hinto won uth reawms, whoo shud aw see but Sam o Jack's fro Owdum. E wor us gloppent ut seein me us aw wor ut seein im. Sam's o reglur rufyed, fur they koen Owdum foke rufyeds oppo sum keawnt, aw dunnut eggsaktly kno wat for, but ony boddi e Rachde knone us it is so. Aw shuddent loike fur to sa naut ogen Owdum foke, saime toime aw connut get it eawt o me yed us ther welley o moile behinnd foke ony wheere elze; heawsumevur, they'r gradely gud Raddikils e they dun ware greyt fustiun swingurs un thik clogs. Owd Billy Cobbit wons wor ith Parleyment fur Owdum; th' owd lad's deyd neaw. Aw went th' next hinto o reawm ful o bukes, un then hinto onuther saime loike. Eh! wat bukes aw did see, mony o moile on um, aw'm shure; un aw seed sum chaps reedin, un aw met o dun, iv aw'd ad o moind, un O fur naut. Aw went op th' stares un seed stuft elefunts, un munkis, un O

maks o thyngs us ony mon cud thynk on. Eh! wat lots o quare kraturs un thyngs aw did but see, un aw rambult obeawt whol aw wor welley knokt op, un so aw koome eawt, un o cheppur bit o seet seein aw nevur ad e maw loife, un aw met o stopt O day, un nevur bin ax'd fur o haupenny.

Aw wor so taen op we wat aw seed ith Mooseum whol aw'd furgetten me dinnur toime, un aw cud welley us sune furget aut us that; but wen aw geet eawt, un koome to mesel, aw felt us flat us o ponkake, un us hemty us o pare o ballis. Aw wantud summut so ill, whol aw went op to o poleese un aw sed, Iv yo plez, con yo tel me wheere aw con get summut fur to heyte? O yes, E sed, plenti fur payin for. Waw, aw sed, Rachde foke ur noane sich foos us to get it hinto ther yeds us they con kom heere un heyte for naut. E show'd me too o verri noice plaze, un aw geet us mich meyte un pottytus us aw cud heyte fur ninepunze, un aw gan it sum bant, aw'l warrunt yo. Eh! aw wor gradely made oer ogen we me dinnur.

Wat o greyt deyle o thyngs ther is to be sin e Lundun, fur shure; to maw thynkin, o mon met stop o twelmun un be seet seein evuri day, un nevur see O us ther is fur to see, aftur O. Saime toime, aw wodent liv theer olis, fur ther's sich o din we foke un thyngs, o won mak or onuther, whol it ud welley crak maw yed. Aw wor e mony o strete weere ther wor sich o din whol aw cud ardly yer mesel wissul ony uth rode, fro won end tuth tuther. Un then aw seed lots o foke mayin their din, us ad stuf fur to sel, koin eawt O maks o quare noysus, us aw troy'd ogen un ogen fur to may eawt, but it wor o no use; so aw gan oer hausin. Fur O us Lundun's sich o greyt plaze, o mon's woife con get welley aut us hoo wants, beawt gooin fro hur oan dur stoane, obut nu milk, un hoo con ardly get that ut ony proise. Aw seed mony o waggin lod o roobarb, us big us beesom steyls, un biggur, un kabbigus, eh! wat big uns, fur shure, foote bo's ur naut to um. But iv aw start o roitin obeawt kabbigus, un turmits, un collyfleawers, un differunt maks o green stuf us aw seed, aw's be mayin o buke welley us big us o Bibul, un so aw'l drop it. Eh! wat greyt karts un orsus they hadden, fur shure; they beytten us e Rachde O to peesus; but wat aw seed next aw'l tel yo in onuther chaptur, bekose

Thurd Chaptur stops heere.

CHAPTUR FOURT.

Obeawt gooin tuth Parleyment Heawse, un gettin in we axin Mestur Cobdin.—Wat quare chaps un thyngs aw seed wen aw geet in.—The Gentelmun Usher o th' Blak Rod waukin bak uth rode on; wat o foo!—Thre Memburs fast oslepe.—Ordert eawt o me shet twoice oer, freetent furst toime.—Onuthur doo we sum cab chaps.

Aw'D olis ad o greyte noshun fur to get hinto th' Parleyment Heawse just fur to watch ther gooins on o bit, un us aw'd yerd mony o won say us o mon met goo welley ony wheere e Lundun iv E'd nobbut be bowd enuf, aw ax'd o poleese fur to show me th' rode, un then aw spirr'd ov onuther, un ofore lung aw koome fare to th' dur uth th' Heawse o Kommons. Aw stoode o lung whoile theere watchin lots o foke ov O maks goo in, un aw cud ardly tel wat to doo we mesel, fur aw wor feyrd us aw met get taen op iv aw shud leet fur to goo wheere aw shuddent do. Heawsumevur, ut last ov O, aw plukt op, un went streyte op sum stares, til aw koome too o dur us th' Memburs went in at, un o chap wor sittin theere, fur to see us noboddi went in but thoose us shud do. Aw yerd sum on um taukin wen th' dur hoppent, un aw did so want fur to get wheere aw cud bwoth see un yer um, fur aw noed us aw met nevur av onuther chans. Thynks aw to mesel, aw kno Mestur Brite, un E noes me, un iv E coms eawt, aw'l ax im, bith mon. Just ut tis presunt toime, whoo shud com eawt but Mestur Cobdin. Aw noed im in o minnit. E wor gooin eawt, un aw wor so feyrd o missin im, whol aw koed eawt, Mestur Cobdin, iv yo plez; un E turnt reawnd in o crak. Aw dofft me hat us sharp us leetenin, un made o bow to im, un aw sed, Aw'm komn fro Rachde, iv yo plez, un aw'l be obleeght to yo iv yo con tel me e Mestur Jon Brite's ith' Parleyment Heawse? E sed, No, my gud man, E's not in just now. Aw sed, Aw'm sury fur that, fur aw wanted fur to get in fur to yer um tauk; met aw be so bowd us to ax yo, if yo plez, fur to get me in, aw wor olis ogen th' Corn Laus. We that E taukt to me we us mich gud natur us iv E'd bin me oan faythur, un towd me fur to

ston wheere aw wor un E'd com to me ogen. E sune koome ogen un gan me o tiket, un went we me op sum stares, un show'd me wheere to goo, un we that aw geet hinto sum shets wheere aw cud see O us worr gooin on. Aw towd Mestur Cobdin us aw wor veri mich obleeght to im, un aw wor too, un aw shol olis thynk wele on him us lung us aw liv. Un neaw fur wat aw seed ith Parleyment Heawse.

[Sum shets wheere aw cud see O us wor gooin on.]

Th' Speykur wor th' furst mon us aw seed, fur maw shet wor fare oeronent im, E'd o greyt wig on, un wor keawert in o greyt cheer. Eh! heaw fause E did luke, un evuri neaw un then E kept koin eawt, Ordur, gentulmen, ordur at the bar, un sum ov o noyse ther wor, aw cud ardly yer im us wor speykin, aw cuddent fur shure. Thynks aw to mesel, its quare us Memburs o Parleyment shud need koin eawt too e that rode, saime loike us lads in o skoo dun, but aw cud beleeve me oan een, un it wor so, bith mon. O on um wor keawert deawn e ther shets we ther hats on, but they olis uncuvert ther yeds wen they geet op fur to speyke. Aw seed Lord Jon Russil. Eh! wat o littul chap E is, un wat o thin faze E has, E met be short o meyte, ur ha to mich wark, ur summut. E wor sittin we his legs crosst, un we his hat hauve uth rode o'er his faze, un luk't us ill us o haupurth o swop aftur o ard day's weshin. Aw nevur seed th' loike, fur ardly ony on

[Eh ! wat o littul chap E is.]

um seem'd fur to tay ony notis uv im us wor speykin, un ther wor sich o din, whol aw gan oer hausin fur to yer wat E sed, us wor speykin. Aw gues they noed us they cud see it ith news.

Ut tis presunt toime aw seed Jon Brite com in; aw noed im in o minnit, un aw'd ard wark fur to kepe mesel fro sheawtin eawt, un axin im heaw E wor, fur aw wor sartin shure us E'd o spokken to me iv E'd o sin me eawt uth dur. E went furst to won membur, un then too onuther, taukin too um, un aw cud see us E kared fur noane on um, bith mon. Jon's th' chap fur dressin th' nots hoff um, isent E? Eh! heaw E has pitch't it hinto um ut toime un toime, E has gan um sum bant, hasent E?

Ther's o galury o bwoth soides uth heawse, us th' Memburs con goo op hinto, un us aw wor lukin at it, wat dun yo thynk us aw seed? Bith mon, yo cuddent foind it eawt fur th' loife on yo. Eh! wat o seet! Aw'l be buttert e ther wern't thre memburs o Parleyment O oslepe oppo th' forms, won osoide ov onuther. Rachde foke wodent ston that mak o wark, un aw dunnut thynk us ony boddi evur seed Sharmun e that rode, fur O us E's o deyle owder felley nur thoose thre chaps wor.

Whol aw wor lukin ut thoose sleepin chaps, O uth suddin, th' foke us wor sittin reawnd obeawt wheere aw wor, startud o runnin eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, bith mon, ther's summut fur to doo, o foire, ur elze th' galury's foin, ur summut, so aw nipt op me hat un cut hoff e sich o splutter, whol aw'd welley loikt fur to fone oer sum

[Thre Memburs o Parleyment O oslepe oppo th' forms.]

chaps we cuttin so fast deawn sum stares us we ad fur to goo deawn, aw wor so freetent. Won chap doubelt his neyve ut me fur thrutchin so, but wat cud aw doo? it wor evuri mon fur hissel, un aw dident want fur to be oathur brunt to dyeth ur kilt so fur fro whome. O ut wonst we koome too o ston, oppo o londin plaze, un aw sed, Watevur iz ther to doo? un o gentulmun sed, The heawse is dividin, sur. Bith mon, aw sed, connut us get fur hoff, we's O be kilt, fur ith heawse us splittin, it met fo this rode on, connut we get eawt o this ole? O, E sed, u misunderstand me, sur, the Memburs r dividin, goin to vote. O, aw sed, is that O? Eh! wat o lodd wor taen hoff me just then, un aw koome to me gradely sel in o minnit, saime toime aw swat us ill us iv aw'd ad o poleese runnin aftur me. Waw, aw sed to that gentulmun, heaw leets yo fur to O on yo com runnin eawt e this rode, freetenin foke us dunnut understond thyngs? O, E sed, the peepul ur alwis order'd out wen the Memburs vote. Waw, aw sed, its gaumles soart o wark, to maw thynkin, fur aw con see it ith news to-morn heaw evuri mon jak on um's voatud, obut thoose thre chaps us wor oslepe. Just ut that toime o dur oppent, un we O wenten op stares ogen, un th' Memburs wor O e ther shets ogen, un thoose

thre chaps us wor oslepe wor wakkent, un hoff sumwere. Whol aw wor lukin ut th' Speykur, o gentulmun koome op too im, us wor donn'd e blak clewus un silk stokins on, un bukles uv is shune. E gan summut to th' Speykur, un us E wor gooin fro im, E went bak uth rode on, un made sich o bow too im, whol his nose welley tutch'd th' floor, aw'm shure, un then E went bak uth rode on o bit fur, un dubelt hissel op ogen th' saime rode us E did ofore, un then E went eawt uth seet, un aw cuddent see no moore ov his marluks. Aw sed too o gentulmun us wor sittin osoide o me, Iv yo plez, wat dus O that meyne, un who's that felley us may's sich o foo ov hissel? Is E reet in his yed, dun

[Who's that felley us may's sich o foo ov hissel?]

yo thynk? O, E sed, E's th' Gentulmun Usher o the Blak Rod. Un o bonny tyke E is, aw sed, dus E olis goo on e that rode? Why, genuraly, E sed, wen E's any bisness with Mestur Speekur. Wel, aw sed, e Rachde foke seed im, they'd thynk us E'd o skrew lose sumwere, aw'm shure, un, bith mon, aw shud nevur com to sich o skoo us this fur to larn mannurs. Heawsumevur, aw gues E ushers plenti o brass hinto his pokit, un sum foke win may ony mak o foos o thersels, e they con nobbut get pade for't.

Aw seed Fergus o Konner, E stons fur Nottingum. Aw shud thynk us Nottingum foke un ad ther bally ful o that chap ofore neaw. Aw ko im o greyt gausterin nowmun. Eh! heaw he has didelt foke we his lond skeyme. Whoo'd o thaut us Tom Livsey wod o put in fur som o Fergus lond, aw thaut Tom ud ad moore whoite in his een nur that koms too, fur aw'm towd us E's o sharehowder. O bonny faythur Fergus us bin too his deer childer, us E us't fur to ko um, saime toime E noed us E wor umbuggin um. Foke shud o taen warnin; dident Manchesstur Eggsaminhur say us mich ogen it us evur o mon cud sa, wen E seed us poore foke wor beawn fur to be dun? Iv aw hadent ad sens fur to tay kare o me oan brass, aw shud nevur o getten fur to see th' Greyt Eggshibishun. Foke shud o taen warnin, they shud for shure. Aw towd mony o won on um, mesel, heaw it ud be, un sum on um wor welley reddy fur to feight me, un uther sum koed me o foo us wor stonnin e me oan leet. Aw wonder whoo's th' foo neaw? Snigs End fur evur, lads! Let thoose laff us wins.

But aw'm furgettin wheere aw wor ith Heawse o Kommons. O! besoide Fergus aw seed Mestur Jo Hume; theer's o chap for yo, E's wurth o kart lodd o sich nooduls us Fergus. Aw ko im o gradely owd gud un. E's olis bin ogen um mayin oway we so mich brass, un iv it haddent bin fur im, un tuthre moore sich loike, for aut us aw kno, th' kuntry ud o bin ruint lung sin. E begins fur to luke raythur owd, saime toime, E's o gud deyle o pluk laft in im, has th' owd felley. Aw seed th' memburs mony o toime get op un goo underneyth wheere aw wor, un aw wondurt iv it wor fur to get summut fur to sup, fur aw yerd th' Speykur ko eawt moore nur wonse, Ordur ut th' bar, us E luke't that rode on.

Aw seed Mestur D-isreely us gwos in fur Bukingumshur. E's raythur o yungish lukin chap, we blak ure oppo his yed, o bit curly—o thin felley we o whoite faze, leet culurt breechus on, un o blak quot; to maw thynkin, E luke't loike o faut-findin chap, just mete saime us aw'm towd E is. Aw gues E's rekoned o clevur soart ov o chap, but aw may naut on him, nur no mon elze uz isent uth reet soide. Iv E'd goo tuth skoo o bit to Cobdin un Brite, E met be o sum mak o use sum toime. Whol aw wor lukin ut im, aw yerd sumboddi ko eawt, Strangurs withdrau, un, bith mon, e we haddent fur to lev us shets ogen. Aw

noed neaw wat it wor for, un aw war noane freetent, saime toime, to maw thynkin, it wor mayin foos o foke, to nock um obeawt e that rode, un O fur naut.

Aw wor ill tyert, un aw thaut us aw cuddent be letten o be e me shet, aw'd goo whome, fur it wor welley toime fur to goo to bed, so aw went streight eawt hinto th' strete o purpus for to goo whome ogen. Us aw wor gooin eawt aw ax'd o gentulmun wat toime it wor, un E sed, It's elevun o klok, my man. Aw sed, It nevur is, fur shure. Eh! heaw gloppent aw wor wen aw fund us aw wor so fur fro Simon Pike's ut that toime uth neet; thynks aw to mesel, Aw's be loike fur to av o roide fur wonst. Us sune us aw geet hinto th' strete aw seed o rook o cabs, un won on um us droives ax'd me iv aw'd av won, un so aw sed, Wat ul theaw may me pay fur to goo to Gumshun-strete? E sed, Thre shillin, sir. Aw sed, Theaw'l be fause to get thre shillin eawt o me, owd mon, fur aw worch fur maw brass. Waw, aw sed, aw cud roide to Wakefil oppo th' ralerode fur hauve a creawn, un that's oboone too hundurth moile, mon; heaw con theaw fur shaime o thee faze? We that o rook o theese cab chaps koome op to me un startud o ther jaw. Won on um koed eawt, I say, old feller, I aint goink to charge u nothink, me harti. Onuther on um sed us E'd let me roide e too ov his cabs, un pay fur o pint o hauve un hauve, un o deyle o moore rumgumshus stuf they koome eawt we, un O th' toime aw stoode theere us solid us o keaw's husbun, un wen they'd gan oer o ther jaw, aw sed, Let thoose laff us wins, owd lads; aw getten me brass un yo'n getten yor cabs, gud neet to yo O, un tel yer muthers to send yo sumweere fur to larn mannurs. Aw sed, E yo wenten on e that rode e Rachde, yo'd get braut ofore th' Justisus, un oather Willium Chedik ur elze Clemunt ud warm yor jakets for yo. Eh! heaw they did laff when aw'd dun, O on um ut wonse, loike o lott o jakasus, un aw laft um, fur o mon met welley us wele try fur to put th' Eggshibishun hinto his singlit pokit us auter th' moind uv o Lundun cab chap. Fur O it wor so lat, aw did see sum stok o cabs rattlin obeawt us aw went whome, but we spirrin furst o won chap un then uv onuther, aw geet saife to Gumshun-strete betwene twelv un won o klok ut neet; sum lat, wern't it?

Mestur Pike wor waytin on me, fur E noed aw shud be lat, un so E'd sent tuther foke to bed, un wen aw'd getten

[Aw getten me brass un yo'n getten yor cabs.]

sum chees un brade, we smoukt us pipes whol aw'd towd im O us aw seed un yerd. E sed aw wor o reet un fur to goo fro whome, for o mon mut av o deyle o whoite in his een fur to chet me. Wen aw geet oslepe, bith mon, iv aw dident start o dremin us aw wor o Parleyment mon, un aw thaut us aw wor dressin th' nots hoff um oboone o bit obeawt turnin foke eawt o their shets us koome o seein wat wor gooin on, un obeawt sum on um foin oslepe osted o moindin ther Parleymentin. Just ofore aw wakkent aw wor tellin um us Rachde foke wantud animul parleyments un vote be ballut un sich loike, un us th' owd wimmen ud nevur be quoite whol they geet cheppur tay, un as fur church rates, we'd dun oway we thame ursels, un so th' Parleyment met doo us they loikt fur aut us we car'd Wen aw koome to that, aw thaut us ther wor sich sheawtin eawt "Heer, heer," whol aw wakkent, un, bith mon, aw wor o deyle fainer fur to foind mesel e bed nur aw shud o bin to foind mesel o Parleyment mon, un so neaw

Aw'l finish Fourt Chaptur.

CHAPTUR FIFT.

O Lettur to maw Swetehart.—Seed sum Rachde foke oppo th' rode tuth Eggshibishun.—Wat aw seed ith Krystil Palus.—Seein wat they koen o Blumer.—Seed won chap us big us too.—O bit o tauk we o Yorshurmun us went to th' Eggshibishun beawt his muthur, un obeawt lotts o thyngs besoide.

THIS mornin aw geet reddy fur to goo to th' Eggshibishun ogen, bekose to-morn it wor th' qualluty day, un hauve o creawn to goo in, wor moore raythur nur aw loikt fur to pay, pertikler wen aw cud get in fur o shillin. Ofore aw seet hoff, aw unbethaut me us aw'd bettur roite o lettur to Jinny, ur elze hoo met thynk us aw'd furgetten hur, ur wur lost, ur summut, un so aw baut sum papper un sich loike, un rote hur this lettur:—

Gumshun strete,
Lundun,
Owd Englun.

Maw dere Jinny,

Theese fu loines komes hoppin to foind thee wele un harty, us they levven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Aw dar sa us theaw'l ha wundert mony o toime wat's komn o me sin aw laft whome fur Lundun.

Aw geet saife un seawnd heere, un aw'm wele plest we komin to Mestur Simon Pike's, fur aw cuddent be moore cumfurtublur o whome, obut iv thee un me wer'n wed, un livvin togethur, us aw gues we shan be ofore lung. Aw sin un yerd so mich sin aw koome heere, whol it's no mak o use hausin fur to insens thee hinto it, e maw lettur. Bles thee loife, iv aw wor fur to roite uv O fore soides o me pappur, un cros it besoide, aw cuddent tel thee hauve on't, but aw studdi mony o toime heaw plest aw shol be fur to tel thee obeawt it wen aw get whome ogen, un moore pertikler wen we getten sattelt in o heawse be ussels, un it ul noane be maw faut iv it's lung ofore. Aw wer ith Parleyment Heawse last neet, aw wor fur shure; un aw bin ith Greyt Eggshibishun, un sin O maks o thyngs us evur

theaw con thynk on, us aw shol tel thee obeawt sum toime. Aw sin O maks o foriners, un th' greyte dimun, un th' krystil fountun, un sum foke us aw noed fro Rachde. Theaw mun let me muthur luke ut this lettur, un tel hur us aw thynk obeawt hur mony o toime. Tel Jim us aw wish E wor heere, un Ned too, fur aw shol larn summut fur to studdi obeawt us lung us aw liv; aw wodent o mist o no keawnt, naw, not iv aw'd ad to clem for it. It leets o chap heere fur to tak kare ov hissel, fur iv E dusent E's shure fur to be chetted ov O ends un soides. Aw'd loik'd fur to bin taen in moore nur wonst, but aw leet um see us Rachde foke ur noane to be dun. Aw shol be sum plest wen aw see thee ogen, un so no moore ut presunt fro thaw oan dere

BOB.

Tay notis.—Aw shud o loikt verri wele fur to av o lettur fro thee, but aw kno us theaw's o bit ov o flaw e thaw edikashun, we nevur larnin to reed.

Wen aw'd sent me lettur hoff, aw went thru Trafalgur Square, un luk't ut th' fountuns ogen; un us aw wor gooin op o strete aw seed o plaze koed Italiun Opero Heawse, o bigish soart ov o plaze raythur, un aw wor towd us ther wor doancin un singin theere welley evuri neet, un us noane on it wor dun ith Inglish langwidge. Aw seed ut o dur o pappur us sed Tikits sowd heere, un thynks aw to mesel, aw'l go to-neet wen aw kom fro th' Greyt Eggshibishun, fur aw wantud fur to see O us wor gooin on e Lundun, un aw'd oboone hauve o me brass laft. So aw went in un ax'd o mon wat th' tikits wor opese. E sed, O ginney, un hauve o ginney, sur. Aw sed, Yo nevur sen so. E sed, That's the prise. Wat, aw sed, fur nobbut won neet, un no Inglish spokken noathur? Bith mon, aw sed, foke may wele breyke e they may'en ther brass oway e that rode; un aw'l tel yo won thyng aw sed, us it ul doo noane fur Rachde foke, yo may depend. Yo munnut be pottert, aw sed, we me taukin e this rode, fur aw olis speyke us aw thynk. O, E sed, it's all rite; un E did naut but laff us aw bid im gud day. Fro theere aw geet hinto Pikkeydilly ogen, un it wor us thrung us evur. Eh! wat carrigus, un homnibus's, un foke, fur shure!

Us aw wor gooin on, hoo shud aw see but Mestur Richard Cleg, okshunere, fro Rachde. E'd his wite hankicher on, us clen us o penny. Aw sin his offisus e Baley-strete. Aw seed im, too, toime us Clemunt Royds ad his i-sherif proseshun, we o rosette us big us o ponkake welley —raythur iv oathur o greyt mon. Saime toime, ther's mony o wor chap. Aw connut just tel hoo E wed, but aw noed his faythur o lung whoile sin. O bit fur on, aw koome to o greyt yollo bildin oeronent Hide Park, koed Sent Georgus Ospitul, fur foke us has ther legs brokken un sich loike. They peesen um ogen theere, un gies foke fisik fur O maks o cumplaynts un alements, obut thoose us ur rung e ther yeds, un thoose gwos to onuther spot sum-weere. It wor put op uth bildin, Supportud we voluntari kontribushuns. Aw gues that myens us they'n naut loike church rates fur to kepe it gooin. Fro theere aw cud see Bukingum Palus, wheere th' Quene livs. It luk't o greyt plaze, verri; un aw seed o banner flyin oppo th' top, us they sen is olis theere wen th' Quene's o whome, un wen hoo gwos fro whome (us hoo did wen hoo koome to Manchesstur) they taen it deawn, but yo'l reed obeawt it fur on, aw dar sa.

Fro theere aw koome to wat they koen Nite's-brige, un hoo shud aw see ocros th' rode but Mestur Edwurd Taylur, drugist, un Mestur Jon Ashurth, payntur, us geet th' proize us wor gan we Box Breawn, fur o hessay ogen slaveri. It wor o grand Bibul, ur summut o that mak, aw bin towd. Aw'l just mortulize Jon we puttin that e maw buke, fur aw'm us mich ogen slaveri us ony mon livvin—ah, us mich us Box Breawn hissel is. Aw seed it ith news us Mestur Taylur un Mestur Ashurth wor komn to Lundun oppo th' Savins Bank consarn, fur to see ith Parleyment ud let th' poor foke ha ther brass us they geet chettud eawt on. Eh! wat o consarn that wor, fur shure! Nobbut thynk o George roidin obeawt e his carrige, un O we poor fokes's brass too; bith mon, E wur wor nur Fergus we his lond skeyme. To maw thynkin, they'l get th' brass fro th' Parleyment fur thoose wat's bin chettud we th' Savins Bank, e they'l nobbut lay op too um. They'n getten too reet uns fur to doo it, fur Mestur Taylur ul giv um o dose ofore E's dun we um, un Mestur Ashurth ul stik too um loike paynt; let's see, E wed Josif Wud dauter; eh! we'n ad sum stok

o meyle un fleawr fro his shop. Mestur Taylur is noane wed, but aw'v yerd us E's beawn fur to be. It's us th' wumun sed, It's wat we mun O kom to, suner ur laytur. Ther bwoth on um Methodis, un gwon tuth Sosiashun Chappil, aw bin towd. Ther raythur o Raddikil set us gwos theere; aw dunnut thynk us thers o Tori ith whol lott. Aw rekillekt wen th' lekshuns wor on, us ther wor sum stok on um votud fur Mestur Fentun un Sharmun, un they geet koed th' red Methodis.

Eh! wat o consarn that wor obeawt Box Breawn chettin eawt o slaveri fro his mestur, in o littul box us E cud ardly be crom'd hinto, un heaw quare E mut o felt hissel wen th' box wur th' rung soide op—E met o deede, metent E? But O's wele us ends wele. Aw woddent giv o butten fur ony mon us stons op fur byin un sellin foke just bekose they leeten fur to av blak fazus. Aw gues o chimbley swepur met be sowd, oppo that footin, but let ony mon hause fur to sel won ov his felley-craturs e Englun, un moore pertikler e Rachde, un, bith mon, foke ud welley poo im e peesus. 'Merika foke ul av to giv in to that too, ofore lung, ur elze aw'm chettud. Aw'm towd us preychurs un O theere, byes un sels blak foke. Iv aw lived e 'Merika, un noed us maw preychur did so, aw'd nevur giv im o haupenny ut o kollekshun, naw, not iv E sent th' box reawnd evuri Sunda, aw woddent. Heaw con that be dooin us they'd be dun by?—heaw con o chap o that mak fur shaime ov his faze goo hinto o pulpit? Aw cuddent, aw'm shure. Un they koen 'Merika th' lond o liberte too! Liberte fur o mon to be sowd un takken oway fro his woife un childer. Let um do it we me, iv aw'd o blak faze (un it's noane so wite sumtimes), un aw'd tay th' liberte o breykin ther yeds—appen not quite, but welley. It's o brunnin shaime us they'n 'leaw sich gooins on. They'n bin tryin latly fur to catch thoose ogen wat's run hoff fro slaveri, un they'n catcht it thersels, sum on um has dun. Won chap geet kilt, so E's dun, aw gues, we fottin foke to be slaves ogen. Aw'l giv oer heytin 'Merika chees, bith mon, e they dunnut let foke be fre us they shudden be. Yo sin aw'm gettin raythur wott oppo this slaveri questin. Aw connut elp it, heaw con aw? Aw'v no payshuns we um un ther kaps o liberte; ther naut but o parsel o feffnecutes, powsedurts us they r. Tauk on it

bein o fre kuntre, wen o mon us hassent o leet culurt faze connut koe his yed his oane! But aw'm gettin mad ut um, aw'l give oer. Dunnut yo thynk us Box Breawn shud send me o proize, o buke, ur o pese o plaite, ur summut, fur roitin e this rode? Eh! heaw mad they'n be iv ony o maw bukes gets too 'Merika. But aw'm furgettin th' Eggshibishun ogen. Let's see! O, aw laft hoff wen aw'd getten too o plaze koed Nite's-brige, un seed wat they koen th' Chinees Eggshibishun. Oppo th' frunt on't they'n o deyle o payntin obeawt th' Quene un o rook moore greyt foke us ad bin to see it, un th' shap o sum Chiney foke we pigtales on. Aw ax'd o mon us wor stonnin ut th' dur, wat mak o foke E ad in, un E made onsur un sed, O Ladi fro Chiney, we fete nobbut obeawt fore inchus lung, un o deyle moore thyngs besoide, E sed. Waw, aw sed, wor hoo born so? Yes, E sed, ther all born we smo fete e Chiney. Aw sed, Wat o foo aw am fur axin that, we'r O born we smo fete, ar'nt us, e Englun us wele us Chiney? But, aw sed, heaw did hoo kepe um smo? O, E sed, we usen iren shune. Bith mon, aw sed, hoo mun ha lotts o korns, then, fur e won o maw shune nobbut fits o bit tyte, aw'm us shure to av o korn us eggs ur eggs. Wel, ses aw, aw shud be o biggur foo nur hur, fur to pay o shillin fur to luke ut sich o cratur; it ud be us ill us payin o shillin fur to see o mon nock his yed ogen o wo, ur doo hissel damige sum rode elze. Aw sed, Aw gues yo'n o buke to sel? O yes, E sed, sixpunze each. Ah, aw sed, aw thaut yo ad; yo con doo naut e Lundun beawt o sixpuny buke. Yo'r O olike, it's brass us yo wanten. But, aw sed, aw mun be gooin, fur aw'm fur th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un aw con see o vaste deyle moore fur me brass theere nur aw con we yo. But yo mun nevur hede me, aw sed, fur aw'm fro Rachde, un we'r raythur onist spokken foke. O, E sed, it's all rite, me man, un aw laft im.

Fro theere aw sune koome to th' Krystil Palus ogen, we thrutchin me rode omung foke un carrigus us thrung us evur. Eh! wat lotts ther wor to be shure. Aw gan me shillin, un in aw went ogen, streyt tuth krystil fountun. Furst chap us aw seed wor Jim Yep, fro Bakup. E gwos eawt we leechus. Jim's o reet un fur gooin fro whome. Aw seed im nockin oway us iv E kared fur noboddi; Jim

woddent be feyrd iv E seed th' Quene, noane im. Thynks aw to mesel, e Jim cud o braut Bakup teawn we im, it wod o getten th' furst proize fur durt un slutch, fur aw nevur seet maw foote e sich o durty ole e maw loife. E Jim ud nobbut knone me, aw'd o towd im fur to tay sum besums bak we im to Bakup, fur iv aw'd ony childer un liv'd theere, aw shud welley be feyrd o sum on um bein laust ith slutch. Sum toime sin, o lott on um us livs theere, us wor gettin tyert uth slutch un dirt, sent word tuth yed quarturs e Lundun, us they wantud um fur to let Bakup foke av o nu lau us ther is, fur to clen um op o bit. It's koed, iv aw'm reet, Elth o Teawns Bil. Un so oppo that footin, o chap koome deawn fur to yer wat they adden fur to sa fur thersels ut Bakup. Sum on um wor O for it, un uther sum wor us mich ogen it, un they geet to foin eawt omung thersels obeawt it. Won chap gan witness us ther wor ardly won littul heawse fur o whol strete fit fur o dasunt chap to put his yed in; un sum sed won thyng, un sum sed onuther, whol th' chap fro Lundun cuddent tel wat to may o Bakup foke, un so they'n laft um to feight it eawt omung thersels; un aw gues e they shud get moore worser tyert o livvin ith durt, un con ogree fur to send fur this nu lau, they con av it fur axin for, but aw bin towd us ther beawn fur to doo wat they wanten thersels, beawt sendin fur onyboddi. But aw mun lev Jim un Bakup foke too, un start o tellin yo wat aw seed ith Greyt Eggshibishun.

Wen aw wor ith Palus ofore, aw wor mostly deawn uth reet hond soide, un neaw aw turnt to me lift, un geet hinto Inde. Theere aw seed o stuft elefunt, we o thyng oppo it bak fur foke to roide in—welley loike o bed it wor, un luk't bwoth nise un quare, to maw thynkin. Wen th' Eggshibishun wor beawn fur to start, sum nowmun us yerd o this stuft elefunt komin, gan it eawt us it wor stuft we gunpeawder, un us it wor to be foyert hoff un blo th' whol consarn op. It wor towd so fur to freeten foke, but it mist. Wat o foo fur to set that tale eawt; E disarvt stitchin op ith elefunt balley fur o weke, un to be beawt meyte, raskil us E wor. Ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs ith saime plaze us th' elefunt wor in, made o ivury, th' shap o Inde foke e ther heawses, un th' shap on um dooin differunt maks o wark us Inde foke dun, un sum grand sanduls, un skins o lepurds we spots on, un tigur un lyon

skyns un O. Besoide O theese, aw seed elefunt tusks, un stuft brids, th' shap ov o Indoo Tempul, un us grand o bed us evur mon doff'd his clewus fur to get hinto.

Wen aw wor lukin ut that lepurd skin un th' pratty spots ut wor on, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wor ut skoo, un th' maistur ax'd im iv evur o lepurd chang'd it spots, un E sed, Ah! Th' maistur wor sum gloppent ut his onsur, bekose E'd kalkilatud us th' lad ud o sed, Naw; un so E sed, Heaw con that be? Waw, th' lad sed, wen E's tyert o won spot E gwos too onuther. That wor o poser for im, wor'nt it?

Th' next plaze us aw geet hinto wor Kanady, un theere aw seed o bote un o foire ingin, un th' shap ov o brige, o sled fur to goo oer th' sno in, un peesus o coppur, un silvur, un gowd; shune fur to wauk ith sno in, trunks fur to put clewus in, un wax kanduls, biskits, un sich loike. Australey aw koome too next, un theere aw seed a deyle o farmin stuf, sum wull, un o deyle o maks o thyngs fur to let us see wat they con grew theere. Oppo th' wo ther wor o deyle o nise pikters o differunt spots us ther is theere, un to maw thynkin it mun be o nise kuntre — saime toime, Owd Englun fur me. Eh! ther is sum stok o Rachde foke theere, un sum wele they'n dun, o deyle on um has. It ses ith news us they'n fund gowd theere, saime loike us ut Kaleforny, un foke ur runnin fro O quarturs to scrat for it, fur they sen it's fund omung th' durt, un to maw thynkin, e this kuntre o deyle on us han to get us gowd omung th' durt. Australey foke ur welley blak, not quite—obeawt th' culur ov o styem pon wat's ill brunt, un they sen us they heyten snales un grubs un aut us they con pike op. Eh! wat craturs they mun be, fur shure. They'n heyte kangaroos e they con nobbut get um. O kangaroo's obeawt th' soize ov o tom cat, un ith frunt on um they'n o bag e ther skin, raythur biggur nur maw bacca peawch, un wen ther yung uns ur freetent, aw bin towd us they jumpen hinto this bag, un th' muthur cuts hoff we um—isent it quare? verri!

Aw dar sa sum on yo noed Mestur Henry Cheetum us wons wor o preychur oboon Littlebruf, ut Summit, aw thynk they koed it; E's gwon to Australey o preychin too um, un thoose us noes, sen us E's dooin verri wele, un preychin loike o gud un. E raythur mist his rode e this

kuntry, un preych'd hissel hoff uth soide o sum keawnt. E's gwon sumwere obeawt th' gowld mines, weere so mony foke ur gwon too; aw shud thynk us E'l giv neaw un then o sarmon fro "The lov o money is the rute ov O evul." Fro Australey aw went hinto o skulpter reawm, un seed th' shap o sum uth Quene's childer, un o deyle o noice figers besoide; un to maw thynkin sum on um ud o luk't no wor e they'd ad ther breechus on. Fro theere aw went deawn o verri lung plaze. Eh! wat o soize it wor, O ful o wat they koen hagrikultural himpliments, O maks o thyngs fur farmurs, un sum stok on um ther wor, aw'l warrunt yo, un sum waggins un karts us aw'd loike to furgetten. Sune aftur aw koome to Sheffil, un us onyboddi met hexpekt, it wor ful o fyles, un saws, un razzurs, un nives, un pens, un buttuns, un spewns, un taypots, un sich loike. But th' wondur ov O wor o greyt serkiler saw. Eh! wat o big un it wor. Aw ax'd o mon us wor theere, heaw big it wor, un E sed it wor six foote e dyametur. Aw sed, Weereobeawts us that? aw nevur yerd o dyametur ofore—is it e Yorshur sumweere. O, E sed, it meens six fut ocross fro won side tuth tuther. O, aw sed, that's wat dyametur meyns, is it? O mon mun liv un larn, aw sed. Eh! wat o big saw that wor; iv it wor gooin reawnd we styem, it ud cut hoff th' yeds ov o whol regiment o sodiers e foive minnits, aw'm shure. Eh! wen that koome hinto me yed aw welley went cowd us aw wor lukein at it.

Whol aw wor stonnin theere, aw seed foke lukein ut o ladi, un aw sed too o chap us wor taukin we o felley, Wat ar O thoose fokes stayrin ut that wummun so for, has hoo dun summut? O, E sed, she's o Blumer. O Blumer, aw sed, wat's that? We that, E towd me us hoo wor won o sum moore ladies us wor beawn fur to bring op nu fashunt clewus. E sed, Ther goin to ware breechus. Wel, aw sed, is that O? Plenti o wimmin wayrn th' breechus weere aw kom fro, e Rachde; but, aw sed, yo appen meyn won thyng un me onuther; heawsumevur, aw'l av o luke fur mesel, un so hoff aw seet fur to see this Blumer. Hoo wor o meterly noice lukin lass, we o lungish mak ov o quot on, o bit saime loike us wat they koen o sertoo, saime mak welley us hoffisurs wayrn, o bit oppen ith frunt; un lower deawn hoo'd summut loike breechus us wor teede reawnd close too hur anklif, un then o frill uth botham uv

O, just oboone her shune; un to maw thynkin hoo luk't verri pratty, un aw seed no kashun fur foke to stayre at hur e that rode, loike o lott o gonners stayrin ut o chap gooin oer o moor. Iv aw'd bin won uth qualluty foke, un wor wed to Jimny, us aw hexpekt fur to be, aw shuddent kare o buttun obeawt hur wayrin that mak o clewus, nobbut hoo shud goo no fur, bekose aw'd olis tak kare fur to ware th' famuly breechus mesel, fur e yo'l nobbut tay notis, naut gwos reet wen wimmin starten o hektorin un gausterin oer ther husbuns. Wimmin ur reet enuf wen ther e ther reet plaze, un iv we addent thame fur to luke aftur us clewus un thyngs, we shud O be laust e muk un durt. Eh! wat poor craturs we shudden be fur shure. Saime toime, aw dunnut howd we thoose chaps us gets drunken un gwos whoame o 'bewsin ther woives o shaime to be sin. Wen o felley starts o fudlin, E welley olis starts o foindin faut we his woife, un hoo con doo naut reet iv hoo trys evur so. Iv aw wor o wummun (fur O us aw raythur loike o saupe o whoame-brued mesel) aw'd wed o teeto-talur; bith mon, aw meyn ony wummun obut Jinny, yo noane.

Us sune us th' Blumer ud gwon, aw seet me deawn on o form fur to rest mesel o bit, un o quoitish, deawnkest lukein chap keawert im deawn osoide on me, un aw thaut aw'd av o doo we im ut o bit o tauk, fur wen o mon's fro whoame E shud olis be aftur gettin fur to kno summut fresh fro evuri boddi us E con tauk we. Aw sed to im, Wat dun yo thynk o this greyt Eggshibishun, owd chap? dunnut yo thynk us o moore grandur seete nevur wor sin oppo this yerth ofore? Ar yo o Lankishur chap? aw sed. Nooa, E sed, I cums fray Yorkshir. O, aw sed, then yo're wat they koen o Yorshur byte, ar yo? Wat teawn dun yo kom fro? Wy, E sed, I cums fray neer Deawsburi. Aw seed us E wor o raythur sauftish mak ov o chap, un thynks aw to mesel, aw'l av o bit o jaw we im, un so aw sed, Wer ta evur e Lundun ofore, owd mon? Eh! bless thee, barn, E sed, I nivvur wor too moile fra whooam afore, nivvur. Wel, aw sed, dus thee muthur kno theaw'rt eawt? Eea, fur sure, E sed, shoo fand me brass fur to kom we, un teld me fur to be sure fur to tak kare o mesen. Wel, aw sed, un gud hadvise too, owd lad; but wat dus ta thynk uth Eggshibishun? Wy, E sed, it's varra grand, varra. Aw

sed, Has ta sin th' greyt dimun, koed th' Ko-e-noor? E sed, Nooa. Then, aw sed, dus ta kno weere th' krystil fountun is, then? Not us I knaw on, E sed. Wel, ses aw, theaw mist thee rode, mon, to maw thynkin, we not bringin th' owd wummun we thee, fur theaw'l luke o bonny foo wen theaw gets bak to Deawsburi, us theaw koes it, un connut tel um naut noather obeawt th' greyt dimun, nur th' krystil fountun, nur naut elze us aw see on—but ther's appen noboddi no fawser nur theesel weere theaw koms fro. Aw sed Gud da to thee, un tak kare o theesel, un wen theaw gets whoame ogen, gie maw respekts to th' owd wummun, un tel hur us thew seed o felley fro Rachde—aw gues theaw con rekillekt that e theaw con thynk o naut elze. Wat o chap fur to goo fro whoame, to be shure!

Th' next us aw seed wor sum grand furnitur, cheers, tabuls, peeanus, un sich loike; un aftur thame o greyt rook o verri grand thyngs fur churchus, lamps, shandeleers, un sum mak o thyngs koed kandelabros, aw nevur yerd o sich o naime us that ofore.

Fro theere aw went un seed o rook o raleway inguns, un sum grand karrigus ogen. Us aw stoode theere, thynks aw to mesel, ther's o noyse vastli loike o faktury, un aw went un stuk me yed hinto o dur ole, un, bith mon, iv aw dident see sum faktury foke worchin. In aw went in o minnit, un aw did stayre sum wen aw seed oppo th' wo, e greyt letturs, "Rochdale Machinery." Aw nudg't o chap, o gentulmun aw gues aw shud ko im, un towd im fur to luke ut thoose big letturs, un aw sed, Aw kom fro theere, mon. E sed, Doo u, Sir? Aw sed, Ah, aw doo, fur shure; un aw sed, Dun yo see thoose masheens we Maysun on? Aw kno im, mon, aw sed, un th' plaze weere E manefakturs um, un aw noed his faythur ofore im. Aw thaut us E'd appen o bin axin me summut obeawt oathur th' masheens ur Rachde, but E pusht on omung th' creawd o foke, un aw laust seete on im. Thynks aw to mesel, Yo're welley us ill us that Yorshur chap; fur aut us aw con see, yo wanten fur to kno naut, un aw cud o towd yo summut us yo nevur noed ofore. O mon towd me us th' Quene ud bin in, un hoo taukt tuth faktury lassus us wor theere us noice us iv they'd bin hur oan childer. Eh! wat o noice wummun th' Quene is, fur shure; hoo desarves O us they diden for hur wen hoo koome to Manchesstur. Wat dun

yo thynk us o owd felley koed eawt too hur us hoo wor gooin eawt o Sawfurth hinto Manchesstur, osoide uth Viktorea Brige? Waw, us th' karrigus wor komin just oeronent weere E wor, E thrutched hissel forrud un kept twerlin his kap reawnd ogen un ogen, un E luk't us E wor welley fit to brast; ut last ov O, wen E geet reawm fur to oppen his meawth, E koed eawt us leawd us evur E cud, Eh! God bless thee, lass, aw noed thee faythur, un aw noed thee gronfaythur, un aw nevur ad o balleyful o meyte whol they'rn here, but us sune us evur theaw koome aw geet o balleyful, un aw'v ad plenti to heyte evur sin. Bith mon, that chap wor o gud un, wern't E?

Aw koome next too o plaze us aw dar sa evuri boddi ul rekillekt, it wor 'freshment reawm. Eh! ther wor sum stok o foke in, fur shure, O on um heytin un suppin us ard us evur they cuden. Ther mun o bin mony o waggin lodd o veyle pyes un thyngs hetten. It capt me weere O th' ice koome fro, fur aw seed mony o skore o glas fuls hetten whol aw wor in, un it hadunt startud o freezin wen aw laft Rachde, un it wor warm, verri, e Lundun. Heawsumevur, aw ax'd o chap obeawt it, un E sed o deyle on it koome fro Omerika, un wor presarvt e kowd plazus, sellurs un sich loike. Aw geet sixpenurth o veyle pye ogen, un ax'd fur o bottul o pop, un, bith mon, iv E hadent th' impiduns fur to ax me sixpunze for it, un aw ad to pay it too. Aw towd th' waitur us aw cud get hauve o duzen bottuls fur that e Rachde, but aw met us wele o bin taukin tuth hemty pop bottul fur aut us E kared, so aw jaw'd im o bit we axin im, heaw leets they hadent o sixpuny katolog o ther heytin stuf to sel. Us aw seet theere, O ut wonst aw seed evuri boddi welley turnin ther yeds fur to luke ut summut, un us sune us aw'd turnt me oan yed, wat shud aw see but o greyt gyant komin hinto th' reawm. Eh! wat o chap! th' bigest mon us evur aw seed e maw loife, th' lungest un bigest chap e Rachde ud be o foo to im; un E waukt deawn th' reawm us streyte us o pokur, un E smylt ut th' foke us E went by, us iv E wor wele plest fur to be stayrt at so. E wor koed, us aw wor towd, Mestur Roburt Hales, the Norfuk gyant, un E wor wonst in o sho, un neaw E keepes o aleheawse e Lundun sumwere. Aw follud im tuth botham uth reawm, fur aw wantud fur to see heaw mich o mon o that soize cud polish hoff ith heytin

loine o won doo, but E koed fur naut, so aw gues E mut uv ad his whack o summut ofore E laft whoame. E made me thynk o that greyt mon us David kilt, us th' Skriptur tels on; Golya, aw thynk E wor koed. It mun kost im summut e clewus; waw, aw shud thynk us won ov his quots ud may me bwoth o quot, o singlet, un breechus, un leggins besoide; aw wodent be us big us im o no 'keawnt. Wen E wor gwon eawt, aw keawert me deawn ogen, un us aw wor heytin o tuppeny kake, aw yerd too chaps osoide on me taukin, un won on um aw cud yer wor o greyt foo, un aw cud ardly howd me din, un aw kept mesel quoite us lung us evur aw cud. Ut last ov O, aw yerd im foindin faut we th' Eggshibishun. E sed ther wor sich o rook o foriners komin oer whol they'd foind eawt th' wake plazus e this kuntry weere they cud yeasiest lond at, un sum toime we shud av o lott on um komin oer un killin us O. Bith mon, wen aw yerd that, aw cud howd no lungur, un so aw sed, Mestur, iv yo plez? un E sed, Sur. Aw sed, Aw bin yerrin yo tauk obeawt th' foriners foindin eawt th' wake plazus e this kuntry; neaw, aw sed, Yo mun oathur av o wake plaze, ur o sauft spot e yor yed, ur elze yo'd nevur tauk e that rode. Eh! heaw E stayrt at me; un E sed, Whoo are you? Waw, aw sed, Mesel, to be shure. E sed, Moind yer oan bisnes, then. Aw sed, Aw am dooin, mon, it's maw bisnes fur to luke aftur me nativ lond, un fur to stop sich nowmuns us thee fro freetenin foke, we taukin obeawt th' enemi komin to kil us O. Aw sed, Dun yo kno weere Rachde is? E sed, No. Wel but, aw sed, aw doo, fur aw kom fro theere, un we'n sum sodiers theere koed Yomunre, gentulmun sodiers that meyns; un aw sed, Nobbut let thoose chaps yer us th' enemi wor londin, un they'd be oppo ther orsus e no toime, un ony too on um ud kil o Frenshmun—three on um wod, aw'm shure. Han yo nevur yerd o Mestur Haneswurth Crooke? aw sed, fur E's uth yed on um; E's o sperit marchunt. Thoose ur the chaps fur feightin, mon. Eh! heaw E wod ko eawt "At um un kil um, lads," to his sodiers ith enemi wor osoide on um; saime toime, aw dar sa us E'd o deyle raythur ko eawt fur um, to be kilt, nur hause fur to kil ony on um hissel. But, aw sed, it's no mak o use me taukin to thee, oathur obeawt Rachde ur Rachde foke, e theaw dusent know weere it is, un so aw

[Yo mun oathur av o wake plaze, ur o sauft spot e yor yed.]

geet op fur to goo, un aw sed, Aw gues we parten frends, dun us? O yes, E sed, onli try to moind yer oan bisnes in futur. Wel, aw sed, un aw'l bid thee gud da, we just this peese o hadvise, us thew con bottul op whol theaw gets whoame, wen theaw tauks ogen obeawt oathur sauft ur wake plazus, rekillekt wat aw sed to thee, obeawt that sauft spot e thaw yed, un we that aw laft im. Bith mon, to maw thynkin, aw gan yo o lung chaptur neaw, un we this okeawnt uth diskorse us aw ad we that chap we th' sauft spot in his yed, aw'l finish, we nobbut tellin yo us ther'l be

Naut elze e this Fift Chaptur.

CHAPTUR SIXT.

Obeawt gooin hinto Rushy, un seein thoose Mally Kite durs.—O bit ov o doo we o Poleese.—Obeawt o doancing Bare, un seein Mestur Wauker.—O tale obeawt Billy Dawsun, o Methody Preychur.—Seein sum Go-to-Persha, un gettin o saup o summut koed O-de-Kolone oppo me hankicher, un o skog we o Bowtun Trottur.

WEN aw laft that felley us aw towd yo on ith tuther chaptur, aw rambult obeawt o whoile op un deawn, tayin no pertikler notis o naut but th' foke, un sum rumgumshus chaps aw seed, aw'l warrunt yo. Aw seed o greyt rook o childer fro sum charuty skoo, O drest e whoite tippits, un sum mak o strau bonnits on, un verri wele they O on um luk't—clen un dasunt, verri. Ofore aw went ogen op stayres, aw went o seein wat ther wor e Rushy, fur aw'd bin towd o no okeawnt fur to mis gooin theere, bekose ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs us they'd bin settin op. Aw'd o deyle o thrutchin fur to get in, but aw manig'd we keepin uth bak ov o greyt brosten chap, us wor thrutchin his rode loike o gud un. Reet ofore me aw seed thoose Mally Kite durs us foke un taukt so mich obeawt, un sum grand they wer'n, fur shure. Aw bin towd us they'rn wurth six theawsun peawnd. Nobbut thynk o six theawsun peawnd fur o pare o durs. Waw, aw cud av o whol heawse bilt, durs un O, us ud howd Jinny un me, fur fifte peawnd, us aw bin towd; that ud be too heawsus fur o hundurth peawnd, un twenti heawsus fur o theawsun peawnd; so oppo that footin, aw cud av o hundurth un twenti heawsus bilt, durs un O, fur th' proice o thoose Mally Kite durs, un evuri dur in um ud oppen un shut us wele us thoose. They luk't wele to be shure, but ony mon us ad um in his heawse ud olis be bothurt we um, fur iv o sarvunt lass wor to nok o peese hoff we th' kole box, iv it wor nobbut us big us o pin yed, E'd loyse oboon sixpenurth ut wonst, un iv o thefe wor fur to breyke in un nok o lump hoff we o hommer, E met tak too ur three hundurth peawnds' urth we im in his pokit; nobbut thynk o that, un yo'l see us ony won us baut um ud sune be faine to get shut on um

un av his brass bak ogen. Yo may depend us ther's o greyt deyle o bothur we grand thyngs in o heawse, fur aw'v yerd mony o won sa us wat we lukin aftur um, un nokin ogen um, ther's olis summut rang. Fur O thoose luk't us iv they'rn O in o peese, saime loike us o lump o green glass, aw wor towd us they'rn maide op o littul bits us wor festened O togethur sum rode. Osoide o thoose durs aw seed o foire plaze, oathur gilt we gowd ur summut loike it. Eh! heaw grand it did but luke! saime toime, wat sens cud ther be in o foire plaze o that mak? Cud ony mon livvin foind in his hart fur to put kob koles, ur sleck oathur, e sich o plaze, un moore pertikler to set foire too um? Ith saime spot, aw seed too greyt grand lukin thyngs us they koed vaasus, fur to put waytur in, ur they'd howd churn milk oathur, un thoose wor made o Mally Kite too, un to maw thynkin, they'rn us grand us aut ith Eggshibishun. Aw gues thoose ud kost o theawsun peawnd ur too. Aw wor touchin won on um fur to fele heaw snod it wor, un o poleese koed eawt, Hands hoff, Sur. E sed aw met luke, but aw muttent tutch. Aw sed, Wel, aw gues aw mun doo us aw'm towd; but, aw sed, noboddi towd me that ith 'freshment reawm us aw just komn eawt on, saime toime aw kno us aw ad to pay fur tutchin theere, fur aw'd o six-puny tutch ut nobbut won bottul o pop. Wen E yerd me tauk, E ax'd iv aw dident kom eawt o Lankishur sumweere, un aw sed, Ah, aw kom fro Rachde, un E sed E'd bin theere, too o hunkel us E ad. Then, aw sed, yo'n sin th' Church Steps, aw gues, un Tim Bobbin's grave-stone. Wy, E sed, I've bene op the steps, but I nevur saw the grave-stone. Wel, aw sed, that's quare, fur welley evuri boddi us koms to Rachde gwos o seein weere Tim Bobbin wor berrid; but kom, aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat ther is on, it ses—

Heer lies John, un we im Mary,
Cheke by jowl, un nevur vari;
No wondur ut they so ogree,
John wants no punsh, un Mol no tay.

Eh! heaw E lafft wen aw'd sed that. Aw sed, It's tru, fur shure; un, to maw thynkin, th' Viker shud o taen it op un sent it tuth Eggshibishun. Eh! wat lotts o foke wod o bin reedin it. But, aw sed, aw mun be lukin aftur me seete-seein, ur elze aw's be missin summut, so aw'l bid yo gud da.

Oppo o tabul ith saime plaze (aw meyn Rushy), aw seed th' shap ov o mon we o doancin Bare, made o silvur, un it luk't unkommun wele; eh! us natteruble us natteruble cud be. Th' Bare wor stonnin oppo it too hinndmust legs, un th' chap ad howd on it we o peese o thik silvur bant, un E'd o short wip in his hond fur to may it doance we, wen E hommert o littul drum us E ad we th' tuther hond. E wor raythur o forin loike lukin chap—aw gues E wor fro Rushy. Onuthur pratty lukin thyng, made o silvur, wor koed the Silvur Jug. It wor o wummun, un uth bak on hur o tub we o baskit on, un o kat heytin summut eawt uth baskit, Otogethur mayin nobbut won silvur pitchur, un sum wele it luk't. O wik Bare's won uth feawest craturs us o mon con set his een on, un it's O wele enuf fur o silvur un fur to be made to ston oppo too legs; but aw wodent howd we ony mon gooin thru th' kuntry un mayin o poor cratur loike that ston uv it too legs fur to plez foos we, fur no mon in his sensus cud be wele plest we sich o seete; un saime loike aw'm ogen munkis bein dun so too, for e ther Makur ud ment um fur to ston oppo too legs E'd nevur o gan um fore. Heaw wod o mon, wat's made fur too goo oppo too legs, loike fur to be made to goo oppo his honds un neese?—noane ut O, to maw thynkin. Aw nevur gan o chap o that mak o haupenny; it's o low-loif't, beggurly rode o gettin o livvin; un iv o mon's karakter's noane bith kumpany E kepes, wat mak ov o chap mun that be wat's olis we o doancin Bare? Aw sin sich loike nowmuns e Rachde ofore neaw, un aw no payshuns we um.

Besoide wat aw neaw bin tellin yo on, aw seed o greyt deyle moore noice silver things, us aw connut just rekillekt obeawt, but, Otogethur, it wor o grand seete, verri; un as fur thoose Mally Kite durs, aw's nevur furget um us lung us aw liv, aw'm shure. Eh! wat brass fur won pare o durs —six theawsun peawnd—fur shure. Bith mon, aw munnut furget sum jewils, us they koed um, us aw seed—that ul nevur doo. Aw wor towd us they'rn sent be o ladi fro Rushy, un us they'rn wurth thre theawsun peawnd, un aw cud o put um O e me breechus pokit. Aw nevur seed sich o plaze us th' Eggshibishun fur seein stuf us wor wurth so mich brass us wod goo hinto sich littul reawm. Aw wantud fur to kno summut obeawt thoose jewils ov o

Rushy chap us stoode theere fur to tak kare on um, un aw ax'd im tuthre questins, but aw nevur geet naut but won onsur, un that wor, Thre tousun powns; un aw dar sa iv aw'd ax'd im wat aw met cut his yed hoff for, E'd o sed, Thre tousun powns. Nobbut thynk ov o chap komin to Englun, un settin hoff fro Rushy we obut knowin thre Inglish wurds, un thoose, Thre tousun powns. 'Sposin sum ale-heawse keepur, wen E londed, ud ax'd im heaw mich E'd loike fur to giv o weke fur o reawm in his heawse fur to liv in, un E'd o made onsur we that bit o Inglish, wat o foo E wod o luk't, un heaw E met o bin taen in. Aw wondur mony o toime us they speyken aut but Inglish onyweere, it's so mich yesier fur to understond nûr aut elze, un aw'd no truble we larnin it, un it ud kost me mony o peawnd fur to larn oathur Frensh or Rushy tauk, un o deyle o bothur besoide.

Fro Rushy aw went op th' stares, un us aw wor gooin op, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Charls Wauker, fro Rachde; but us aw thaut E mettent kno me, aw sed naut too im, fur o mon lukes sich o foo wen E axus onuther mon heaw E is, un sich loike, un gets towd we th' mon us E's hausin fur to tauk too, us E dusent rekillekt im. Aw wor wonst dun so too, but nevur no moore, aw'l tak kare. Heawsumevur, aw noed Mestur Wauker; he mays baskits un keawnty voates, un lukes aftur th' Raddikil voates e Rachde, un noes O obeawt lekshuneerin un sich loike. Wat o clevur chap E mun be, fur shure. Let's see! E wed Mestur Richurd Bakur grondauter, iv aw'm noane mistaen, un E gwos tuth Methody chappil. Aw thynk E's won o thoose Methody Reformurs, us they koen um. Wat o shyne they han kikt op ith kuntry, fur shure. They wanten th' owd Methodis fur to giv in to summut us they sen wants auterashun, un th' preychurs sen us they nevur win doo; so they han it omung um, un wich ul win noboddi noes, us aw con yer on. It's o greyt pitty ut ther shud be sich foin eawt omung um, isent it? Aw went tuth Methody Sunda Skoo wen aw wor o lad, un geet me larnin theere, un so has mony o won e Rachde besoide me. Wat o deyle o maks o Methodis ther is neaw, isent ther? Waw, ther's th' owd Methodis, un th' Nu Connekshun Methodis, un th' Sosiashun Methodis, un th' Rantur Methodis; un aw shud thynk us onyboddi met get fittud op we aut they wantud

ith Methody lyne, e sum o thoose plazus. Aw wonst yerd o preychur ith owd Methody chappil us they koed Billy Dawsun; E koome fro Yorshur sumweere. Eh! wat o preychur E wor, fur shure. E wor preychin fur th' Sunda Skoo, un aw gan um sixpunze wen th' boxus koome reawnd —aw did, fur shure. O chap towd me us wonst wen Billy wor preychin e Leeds, E wor taukin obeawt David un Golya, un E wor tellin heaw David went eawt fur to feight that big chap, un heaw E put o stoane hinto his sling, un nokt im deawn we sendin it hinto th' frunt ov his yed, un sich loike, un E wor just beawn fur to tel obeawt David cuttin his yed hoff, wen o chap us wor ith chappil sheawtud eawt, Hoff we his yed, Billy, fur E'd dun it so wele whol th' felley ad aktily furgetten weere E wor, un sheawtud eawt e that rode. Eh! heaw E wod get stayrt at. Aw dunnut meyn fur to brag obeawt givin that brass wen aw yerd Billy, but aw thaut us aw'd getten o deyle o me larnin e that skoo, it wor us littul us aw cud doo fur to giv um summut, un iv it hadent bin fur skoos o won mak ur onuther, aw shud nevur o bin roitin o buke us aw am dooin just mete neaw, heaw cud aw?

Wen aw geet op hinto th' galury ogen, aw seed th' payntud windus ogen, un th' karpits, un aw koome too o rook uth grandest pots fro Stafurdshur, us evur ony mon clapt his een on. Aw seed too greyt vaasus, us they koen um, us aw wor towd kost welley fifte peawnd — nobbut thynk o that. Un aw seed sum grand figurs o diferunt maks made o Go-to-persha — that nu mak o stuf us they usen fur shune neaw, un they sen us they con welley may it hinto aut. Han yo nevur sin that stag un o lott moore thyngs us Mestur Nikelson as in his windo, e Drake-strete? They sen E as put sum stok on it oppo foke shune. Aw wonst ad o pare dun mesel, un won mornin ther'd bin o greyt fraust, un wen aw geet hinto th' strete aw kept slurrin obeawt just mete saime us iv aw'd skates on, un ut last ov O, deawn aw went, un koome bang we me yed ogen o greyt stoane, un aw'l be hang'd iv aw dident thynk fur owhoile us aw wor dun for; heawsumevur, o chap elp't me op ogen, un aw'd to goo forrud loike o tom cat treydin oppo whott sindurs, un thynks aw to mesel, e this us th' rode us they gwon to Persha, aw'l stop owhome til aw get sum gradely Inglish lethur o me shune. But aw wor towd

fur to treyde sum sond hinto um, un they wern raythur bettur iv oathur. They sen us that Go-to-persha koms fro th' Indis, un runs eawt uv o tree; it's verri quare, isent it?

Th' next us aw seed wor o lott o peeanus. Eh! wat o rook on um ther wor e diferunt plazus ith Eggshibishun, un sum on um, aw wor towd, fot us mich us too hundurth ginneys; sum stok o brass, that is. Ther wor sum greyt orgins, too, us big evuri bit us thoose they han e chappils un churchus. Wen aw seed o mon blowin th' ballis o won on um, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wonst went too o church, un E geet sumweere us E cud see im us blow'd, but noane ov im us play'd, un wen E geet whome ogen, E towd his muthur us hoo shud o bin theere fur to see th' fun, fur E seed o chap pumpin musik eawt ov o greyt cubbart.

Aw seed o lott o lektrifyin masheens, un magik lanthruns, un O maks o pokit bukes; un then aw seede o littul fountun us foke wor howdin ther hankichers undur, un aw ax'd o mon wat they wor weetin um e that rode for? O, E sed, it's o fountun uv O-de-Kolone, un they dippen ther hankichers in fur to smel at. Wel, aw sed, then aw'l av o doo; un aw wor reychin me nose duster too it, wen o mon koed eawt, It's onli fur ladies, Sur. Wel,

[It's onli fur ladies, Sur.]

but, aw sed, yo mun just let me av o saup, fur yo knone aw'v o noze us wele us thame, un aw nevur yerd o that mak o stuf ofore, us aw kno on. Besoide, aw komn O th' way fro Rachde, un aw pade me shillin, un shudent loike fur to mis naut; un e yo han it to sel, aw's appen be o kustumer, oathur neaw ur sumtoime elze, fur aw'v o bit ov o noshun o gettin wed sum toime. We that E lafft, un just let me bob won kornur o me hankicher in, un, bith mon, iv aw dident smel O day loike o posey, us ladis dun, aw did fur shure. Sune aftur that aw koome to sum kannuns un guns, un sum quare maks o thyngs koed barometurs. Aw'd loike to furgetten fur to tel yo us won o thoose orgins us aw bin roitin obeawt ad foive theawsun poipes in. Whoo'd o thaut it? O bit fur on, aw seed sich o creawd o foke stonnin ith frunt ov o greyt glas kase, but aw cuddent get fur to luke, ther wor so many foke theere. Heawsumevur, ut last ov O, aw geet raythur eawt o tempur loike, we watchin so lung un loysin so mich toime, un so aw sed too o poleese, Am aw to ston stayrin heere O da loike o foo, un see naut, wen aw pade me shillin us wele us thame? But dident E may um kut ther stiks e fyne style! E koed eawt, Moove on, ladis, moove on, un aw crom'd mesel forrud e no toime; un, eh! wat o seet aw did but see—sich splendashus thyngs us aw nevur noather seed nur yerd tel on ofore, un they'rn O made o silvur un gowd. Aw seed th' shap o th' Duke o Wellingtun oppo orsebak, un Bonypart saime loike, un grand silvur trays, un dishus, un taypots; eh! mony o skore o thyngs o that mak, un o silvur kamil, we o mon howdin it we o pese o silvur bant—im made o silvur too. Un then aw koome too onuther kase saime loike, grandur iv oathur, nur th' tuther, un sum stok o foke ther wor lukin at um — so mony, whol aw cuddent get close too um. Thynks aw to mesel, it ul doo noane fur me to kepe waytin heere, but O ut wonst aw unbethaut me wat th' poleese ad sed, un we that aw koed eawt, Neaw, moove on, ladis un gentulmen, un, bith mon, iv aw dident shuv mesel forrud in o crak. Won chap luk't raythur pottert us ud laust his spot, wen E fund it eawt us it wor nobbut me us koed eawt, un noane o poleese; saime toime, wat did aw kare? it wor evuri mon fur hissel, un aw wor reet enuf wen aw geet hinto th' spot us E laft. To maw thynkin, ther ardly evur wor us mich

silvur un gowd e won plaze Otogethur, nobbut e Solomon tempul, us Skriptur tels on. Eh! wat o lott, fur shure.

Aw wor gettin tyert neaw, un so aw keawert me deawn e won kornur uth galury, to luke ut th' foke, un see um gooin eawt un komin in, fur they wern dooin bwoth O th' day oer, nobbut they'rn raythur thrunger gooin eawt ut neet, wen it wor givin oer toime; but o deyle on yo ul kno obeawt that, aw dar sa. O mon koome un keawert hissel osoide o me, un startud heytin sum brade un chees, un suppin summut eawt uv o bottul, but wat it wor, wur naut to me us aw kno on, saime toime it smelt vastli loike sum mak o tostikatin likker. Thynks aw to mesel, yo'r meterly loike o Rachde chap, owd felley, un aw detarmint fur to get to kno weere E koome fro, iv aw cud. Aw waytud whol E swollud o greyt pese o brade un chees us made his chops ston eawt welley loike o foote bo, un aw sed, This us o grand consarn, maistur, isent it? E sed, It's grandest seet us evur aw seed e maw loife, un aw'm sury fur to lev it, but aw'm beawn fur't goo whoame to-morn. E sed, Dun yo see weere that wattur fizzus op—aw meyn th' krystil fountun? Aw sed, Ah, aw doo. Wel, E sed, that owd chap us stons theere, we leet-culurt breechus un leggins on, us maw fatthur, un E's beawn fur't goo bak we me; we koome togethur, bwoth on us. Aw sed to im, Aw say? un E sed, Wat dus t' sa? Waw, aw sed, aw'l bet thee sixpennurth o veyle pye us aw con gues weere bwoth thee un thee fatthur komn fro. Dun we thee, E sed. Wel, then, aw sed, to kom tuth poynt, yo'r Bowtun trotturs. Heaw the dikons cud yo foind that eawt, E sed; un E stayrt ut me loike o stikt shepe. Waw, aw sed, aw noed in o minnit wen aw yerd thee tauk obeawt wattur un fatthur. Aw sed, Aw'm o Rachde felley, mon, un we're meterly fause theere, aw'l warrunt te. We'n o deyle o skoos weere foke con get larnin, bwoth warty skoos un Sunda skoos. Let's see, aw sed, ther's Littlewud skoo, un Atkinson's skoo, un th' Church skoo, un th' Moss skoo, un Peepul's Hinstitute skoo, weere Mestur Wels teychus—eh! E's o clevur chap, is that felley; un then, besoide O theese, we'n lotts o threpuny skoos, un nobbut luke wat o rook o Sunda skoos we han. Neaw, aw sed, aw'l tel thee heaw fur to foind eawt Berry foke—un that's noane so far

fro Bowtun, theaw noes. Wen ther taukin obeawt o chap gooin ony weere, they olis sen, E's beawn fur't goo, un they axin im e this rode, Weere ar't beawn fur't goo? Neaw, aw sed, theaw mun heyte that sixpennurth o veyle pye us aw wun on thee thesel, un aw'l gie thee that tuther larnin us aw towd thee on, in uth bargin. Aw ax'd im iv ther wor o deyle o foke komn fro Bowtun tuth Greyt Eggshibishun, un E sed ther wor o deyle. Won chap, E sed, us koome op o dooin summut obeawt masheenury, wor so plest whol E sent fur his faythur un muthur, us wor bwoth oboone seventi yer owd; un E sed, sum foke wer so plest fur to see th' owd kraturs gooin fur to av o bit ov o seet o Lundun whol they geet sum musishuners fur to pla um op tuth ralerode, un seet um hoff in o grandish mak ov o style. They seden, wen they ad o seet o Lundun, it ud sarve um fur to tauk obeawt wen they geet owd foke—nobbut thynk o that, un they'rn oboone seventi yer owd then. Aw wonst yerd ov o owd chap us liv'd sumweere obeawt Rachde, us ad thre uv his lads livvin we im. Noane on um ad nevur bin wed, un th' yungist on um ud turnt seventi yer owd. So won da, theese thre chaps gatud o foin eawt, un th owd felley went too um un gan um o gud blowin op, un sed, Yo yung kubs, wat wod yo be at? Fyne kubs, thoose, wernt they? Ello! this Bowtun chap koed eawt, un aw sed, Wat art te elloin at? Waw, E sed, dun yo see o mon komin eawt o Chiney, o fresh-lukin chap? Ah, aw sed, aw doo; un o dasunt-lukin felley E is, ses aw. Wel, E sed, aw'l bet yo sixpunze us yo dunnut kno whoo E is? Aw sed, Aw dar sa theaw wil; un aw sed, Aw'l bet thee o shillin us aw'l foind o theawsun foke heere, un theaw winnut kno nevur o mon jak on um. But, aw sed, whoo is that chap us theaw's bin showin me? O, E sed, it's Mestur Grene, o lonlort fro Bowtun; aw knone im mony o yer. Wel, aw sed, is E o trottin soart uv o chap, ur heaw? Waw, E sed, E's o dasunt mak uv o chap, verri, un has sum noice lassus. But, aw sed, aw mun be gooin, mon, un theaw mun gie maw respekts to thee owd faythur yon, un tel im us aw wish im wele, fur O us aw dunnut kno im eggsaktly. Aw seet hoff un laft im, but aw turnt mesel bak ogen, un aw sed, Aw'l tel thee wat. Un E sed, Wat has ta getten fur t' sa? Aw sed too im, Theaw munnut be mad, neaw, ut wat aw'm beawn fur to sa, but yo Bowtun

foke ur th' biggest foos us aw kno on. E sed, Dus t' meyn fur t' sa us aw'm o foo? bekose e theaw dus ——. Stop o bit, mon, aw sed, un yer wat aw'm beawn fur to sa, ur elze theaw'l be missin thee rode, mon. Aw want noane to fo eawt we thee, saime toime aw tel thee ogen us yo'r o parsil o foos un nowmuns e Bowtun ut tis presunt toime. Aw dunnut sa us yo'n olis bin so, but, bith mon, it is so neaw. Wel, E sed, but aw want fur t' kno wat we'r foos for? Wel, aw sed, aw'l tel thee, nobbut av o bit o payshuns. Luke wat yo'n dun; aw tel thee ogen us yo mun be foos, fur th' kuntry cuddent be carrid on iv uther foke diden us yo dun e Bowtun. E sed, Wat the hangmun dus ta kepe koin us foos for, 'beawt tellin me wat it's oer? Wel, aw sed, e theaw'l nobbut giv oer o thee gausterin, aw'l let thee yer. Luke wat yo'n dun; yo'n sent tuth Parleyment too chaps, won's o Raddikil un tuther's o Tori—won gwos to undoo wat tuther dus; un iv evuri plaze did saime loike, we shud be O ut o ston stil, mon. Luke ut us e Rachde, aw sed; we olis senden o gradely Raddikil tuth Parleyment Heawse, us ul doo summut fur th' poor foke; obut wonst we mist it, wen o Tori geet in, but we dident doo that o purpus. Neaw, aw sed, wen theaw gets whoame ogen, gie maw respekts to Bowtun foke, un tel um us sich loike trottin ul doo noane—it winnut, mon, aw tel thee ogen. E wor beawn fur to sa summut, but aw laft im, un us aw wor gooin, aw sed, Neaw, goo to thee fatthur, mon. Ther uset fur to be o rook o foke oppo Bowtun-moore us wor koed Belgiuns, chaps us wr olis reddy fur ony mak o ruff wark, gradely kossuks they wern, aw bin towd, un wen ther wor aut to doo e Bowtun, et lukshun toimes, ur ony toime elze, they'd O kom deawn we stiks un sich loike, freetenin foke welley eawt o ther wits. But aw gues they darnut doo so neaw, fur they'n o lott o sodiers sumweere obeawt theere neaw, saime loike us we han e Rachde — yomunre, aw meyn, we red quots, un guns, un swerds. Aw yerd us sum on um koome oer tuth sodier bawl us ther wor tuther neet ith Publik Hall, un they sen us o deyle o sodiers us wor doancin theere nevur gan oer til th' faktury foke wor gooin to ther wark ith mornin—arder wark, to maw thynkin, nur ony feightin us they'n ad fur to doo so fur. But aw mun drop it, fur

Th' Sixt Chaptur's to lung Oreddy.

CHAPTUR SEVENT.

Obeawt wat aw seed moore ith Krystil Palus.—Seein Mestur Ormurt un his woife.—Th' last seet uth Greyt Eggshibishun.—Seein Billy Mills's lad.—Koin ut o okshun reawm, un loike fur to bin chettud.—Geet thik we o chap us turnt eawt o arrunt raskul.—Obeawt o terrubul consarn, we bein throttelt eawt uv o suverin, un bein taen ofore o Justis us did no justis ut O.

WEN aw laft that Bowtun chap, aw went forruds, un aw kept gooin furst hinto won plaze un then hinto onuther, whol aw thaut aw nevur shud ha done; un us aw towd yo ofore, aw shud be o foo iv aw haus'd fur to roite deawn obeawt O us aw seed; besoide, ther's o deyle o bukes bein printud we foke us ur moore fur larnt nur me, us ul tel yo O obeawt it, un mis naut, aw dar sa. Heawsumevur, ther's just o tuthre moore thyngs us aw mun insens yo hinto ofore aw giv oer. Aw seed sum loife-botes, un sum beds we naut but wynte in, us wor bloan ful, just mete saime us o mon bloase o bleddur op. Thoose beds wor fur foke to tak to th' sa, to save um, iv aut appent, fro bein dreawnt. Un then aw seed summut welley loike laddurs, koed "foire 'scapes;" they'rn fur to put op ogen heawsus us wor ofoire, fur th' foke to get eawt we. Aw seed sum saime loike e Lundun stretes won neet, stonnin theere reddy iv ony boddi wantud um, fur ther's welley o foire evuri neet e Lundun, sumweere. Foke mun be karlis, to maw thynkin, fur we'r welley o twelvmun, mony o toime, e Rachde, beawt avin o foire — nobbut thoose we han fur get us dinnurs we, un sich loike. Us aw wor gooin deawn th' stares ogen, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Ormurt un his woife, lethur-sellur. E noed me, un aw noed im, un E ax'd me heaw aw wor, un sich loike, un wen aw koome fro Rachde, un wat aw thaut uth Eggshibishun, un weere aw stay'd O neet at, un heaw aw koome, un wich rode aw wor gooin bak, un iv aw'd evur bin e Lundun ofore; bith mon, E kept me gooin fur to onsur im, welley us fast us ony wummun cud tauk. His faythur un maw faythur wor

bwoth Methodis, un us thik us inkle weyvurs. Let's see—aw thynk im un Doktur Cotes, un Mestur Sam Yep, O wed thre sisturs, iv aw'm noane mistaen. Doktur Cotes livs e Lundun neaw; o chap us aw kno seed im theere. Aw gues foke wanten fisikin theere saime us they dun e uther spots. Eh! ther mun be sum stok o pills un stuf taen theere, sich o rook o foke us ther is.

Wen aw'd bid im gud da, aw went hinto wat they koen the mane havenue, un wen aw'v towd yo obeawt tuthre moore thyngs us aw seed theere, aw shol finish maw okeawnt o bwoth wat aw seed un yerd ith Greyt Eggs-hibishun. Won terrubul consarn us aw seed wor th' shap o too chaps teein o felley fast oppo o wyld orse. It wor koed Mazeppo. Eh! it wor sum wele dun. But wat o consarn it mut be fur that chap wen th' orse wor let lose we im festent oppo it bak. Eh! it wod gallup sum. It wor wur nur hangin o chap, to maw thynkin.

Nesht us aw seed wor koed "The happi chylt." It wor keawert deawn oppo it baksoide, un wor playin we o littul Punsh, obeawt th' mikel ov o bottul o Massakur oyle, un sum plest th' littul cratur luk't. Osoide o that wor onuther, koed "The unhappi chylt," un it wor playin we o littul drum, un wor cryin bekose it ud sent th' drum-stik thru won end uth drum. Eh! heaw natteruble it wor, fur shure. Aw luk't at it whol aw welley thaut us aw cud yer it cry. Th' nesht us aw koome too, wor too childer oppo orsebak, un o Hindiun pooin o arro eawt ov his leg, us sum raskul ud fyert hinto im; un then th' Babes ith Wud, un lotts moore us aw dar sa yo'n kare naut mich obeawt. Un so neaw aw startud fur to kom eawt, un lev th' Krystil Palus un O thoose foine thyngs us aw bin hausin to tel yo obeawt; un aw wor raythur deawnkest wen aw thaut us aw shud nevur see um ogen—but wat mut be, aw gues, mut be, un so aw cuddent elp mesel. Aw koed us aw wor gooin eawt to av o last seet uth greyt dimun un th' krystil fountun, un then aw turnt me bak oppo won uth grandest seets us evur aw mun clap maw een on, aw'm shure. Wen aw geet eawt, aw fund th' stretes us thrung us evur. Heaw-sumevur, aw seet hoff o seein wat ther wor ith teawn, un aw hadent gwon fur, ofore aw seed Billy Mill's lad, us livs e Drake-strete. His faythur sels news un sich loike. E wor nockin oway loike o gud un, omung o greyt lott o foke,

un E stayrt obeawt im us iv E wor takkin stok ov O Lundun, un sum gloppent E luk't. Aw dar sa E'd av o vast seete o news, o won mak ur onuther, fur to tel his faythur wen E geet whome ogen to Rachde.

When aw geet thru Trafalgur Square, aw seed o mon stonnin ut o shop dur, koin o foke fur to goo hinto o okshun reawm, un E sed they'rn sellin hoff verri chep. So aw went in, un stoode omung o greyt rook o foke, just fur to watch ther gooins on, fur aw wantud naut, not aw. Aw geet thik we o chap us wor stonnin theere, us aw thaut wor o dasunt felley, fur E wor clen un wele drest, verri; but wen yo foinden eawt o bit fur on wat mak ov o chap E wor, yo'n be sum gloppent, aw kno, fur E wor won uth grandist raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o breechus. Aw'd getten on so wele so fur, whol aut obeawt pikpokits un sich loike nevur koome hinto maw yed, wen aw wor taukin to that greyt raskul ov o rapskallion skeawndril thefe, us aw'm beawn fur to tell yo on ofore lung. This powsedurt koome op to me ith okshun reawm, un nudg'd me we his hond, un wen aw turnt mesel too im, E put his meawth klose to me, un sed E dident want onyboddi fur to yer im, but aw mut tak kare o me brass e theese okshun reawms. Aw sed, Aw'm obleeght to yo, aw'm shure, but aw'v nobbut o suverin pese e me pokit, besoide obeawt o shillin 'urth o brass. Wel, E sed (skeawndril us E wor), I've put o soverin e me meawth, were I thynk it ul be saif enuf. Wel, aw sed, that's wele thaut on, Maistur, un aw'l doo th' saime. So aw crom'd me gowd hinto me meawth, just mete saime us o cheaw o bacco. Sune aftur aw'd dun that, aw wor watchin th' okshuneere sellin o verri splendashus chylt's frok, un sum chap bid twenti shillin for't, un th' okshuneere luk't ut me, un sed, Thank u, Sir,—twenti un sixpunze is bid. Thynks aw to mesel, yo'n naut fur to thank me for, us aw kno on. Heawsumevur, aw yerd im in o whoile nok th' chylt's frok hoff fur twenti un sixpunze, un, bith mon, ith chap us wor waytin on im dident bring it to me, un ax'd me fur th' brass. Aw thaut aw'm noane beawn fur to be dun, fur aw'l be buttert iv ony on um con tel weere me gowd is, un so aw sed, Wat dus te bring thee chylt's frok to me for? O, E sed, you're the last biddur. Am aw be hang'd us loike, aw sed, aw'm noane wed, mon, un wat mun aw doo we o chylt's frok? So then th'

[E that chylt's frok mun be moine, aw mun av it oppo tryste.]

okshuneere koed eawt, It's yours, Sir,—u gave me o nod, and konsequently it was nock'd down to u. Aw sed, Aw tel yo ogen aw'l ha naut to doo we't. Am aw to pay fur o chylt's frok evuri toime us aw nod me yed? aw sed; aw thynk yo dunnut kno weere aw kom fro. Heawsumevur, too ur thre chaps us stoode theere sed us they'd sin me bid, un they'rn fur mayin me ha th' frok whethur ur not, un aw seed us they'rn O rogues uv o lump, un aw wor detarmin'd aw woddent be dun. Aw sed, Yo con drop yor gausterin us sune us yo loiken, fur aw nevur bid naut, noathur we noddin me yed, nur oppenin me meawth, un iv yo getten ony brass fro me, aw dunnut kom fro Rachde; besoide, aw sed, aw nobbut getten fifteenpens e me pokit, un E that chylt's frok mun be moine, aw mun av it oppo tryste, that's O. Aw noed us aw'd sum gowd e me meawth, but aw wor noane sich o foo us to tel thame. Aw seed neaw us aw wor to mony for im, so wen E thaut us aw'd no brass, E dropt it, un sed us aw wor no gentulmun. Aw sed, Wel, aw'm noane beawn fur to fo eawt we yo oppo that questin,

saime toime aw kno sumboddi, aw dar sa, us thynks us aw'm us mich ov o gentulmun us yo, evuri bit; but, aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat, nesht toime us yo hausen fur to umbug onyboddi, just ax um e they komn fro Rachde, fur e they dun, yo'l may naut on um, yo may depend. E startud then un unloast sum mak o pots, us wor teede op we clewkin un pappur, un E sed, Now, me man, wil u bid at this? here's o bargin for yo. Aw sed, Thoose ur naut e maw rode, mon, fur they'r to britchil fur me, e yo'n aut ut's chep un lennok, aw's appen av o bit ov o doo we yo. E ax'd me wat aw meynt we sayin lennok. Aw sed, Waw, yo met nevur o bin tuth skoo, mon, fur onyboddi, weere aw kom fro, noes us lennok meyns thamp, un aut wat's raythur lennok ur thamp, mun be sauft. Bith mon, iv E dident luke us auvish us o gonner, un loike us iv E cuddent gawm o bit o gradely Inglish, so aw koome eawt un laft im. That gentulmun us aw'd getten so thik we (raskul, aw shud ko im), went eawt we me, un E sed aw'd bettur kepe me gowd e me meawth whol aw geet thru th' Strand, it wor sich o rode, E sed, fur pikpokits; so aw thankt im, un E shooke honds we me, un aw bid im gud da. Nobbut thynk o that skeawndril uv o hypocryte, — but yo'l yer obeawt im o bit fur on.

Wen aw'd getten obeawt hauve o moile fro th' okshun reawm, o lad koome runnin past me, un tumbult oer o stoane ur summut, us aw thaut, un we foin, E slattert sum haupenies us E ad in his hond, un startud o bellin eawt us iv E'd bin ill puns'd. Aw wor sury fur th' lad, un so aw gaytud o elpin im fur to gether op his brass. Wen aw'd welley finisht, o mon ax'd th' lad iv E'd fund O th' brass us wor laust, un E startud o cryin ogen, un sed us E'd fund it O but o gowd pese us E ad, un, bith mon, iv th' littul powsedurt dident boke his fingur ut me, un sed us aw ad it e me meawth; un E'd no sannur sed that, nur sum chap geet fast howd o me throte we his honds, un welley throttelt me blak ith faze, koin eawt saime toime fur me to drop th' lad's gowd eawt o me meawth. Aw noed wele, us aw'd naut e me meawth but wat belung'd to mesel, but wat cud aw doo? Aw wor beawn to be throttelt to dyeth fur aut us aw noed, so aw oppent me meawth, un eawt koome me suverin oppo th' floore. Eh! wat o arrunt raskul uv o thefe, fur shure. Whoo dun yo thynk it wor us ud

bin howdin me throte? Waw, wen aw koome to mesel, bith mon, iv aw dident see us it wor th' saime rapskallion us aw'd getten thik we ith okshun reawm. Eh! wat o skamp! E disarv't hangin twoice oer. Th' wurst uv O wor, us wen th' foke seed th' gowd drop eawt o me meawth, they'rn welley fit to poo me e peesus, un sed wat o rogue aw mut be fur to want to steyle th' lad's brass e that rode. Aw towd um ogen un ogen, us it wer me oan suverin, un aw sed, that skeawndril us ud throttelt me wor th' verri chap us hadvis't me fur to put it hinto me meawth, us noboddi met steyle it; un aw sed, Aw dunnut kno wat yo thynken, but aw ko it no joak fur to av me gowd stown, un be koed o rogue in uth bargin we o lott o nowmuns loike yo. But, aw sed, aw'm noane beawn to be dun, yo'l see; un we that, aw towd o poleese us koome op, O obeawt it, un heaw aw'd bin throttelt eawt uv o suverin us aw'd worch'd ard for, ofore aw laft Rachde. Wy, th' poleese sed, this gentulmun ses it belongs th' boy. Waw, aw sed, that chap us yo koen o gentulmun us won uth arruntist raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o shune, un aw con proove it too. Wel, E sed, u must all go with me; un oway we O wenten, un o kreawd o foke aftur us, un in o whoile we koome to sum plaze us we went hinto, un op sum stayres, til we koome too o greyt reawm we o rook o foke in, un o mon sittin in o cheer, lukin us fause us o skoomaistur. Th' poleese towd im wat E'd sin un yerd, un then E turnt to me un ax'd wat aw ad fur to sa; un aw sed, Aw gues yo'r o justis, iv yo plez? Wy, E sed, I'll try to doo u justis, my man. Now, tel us wat u hav to say. So aw towd im us aw'd komn fro Rachde to see th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un O obeawt gettin thik we that chap ith okshun reawm, un wat E'd hadvis't me fur to doo, un heaw th' saime mon ud elpt that lad fur to steyle me suverin; un, aw sed, e yo dun justis ut tis toime, aw shol lev this spot we that brass e me pokit, us thoose raskuls un getten. We that, E ax'd that gentulmun thefe wat E ad fur to say, un aw'l be hang'd ith villun dident say us E'd nevur sin me ofore noweere, un us E noathur noed me nur th' lad. Aw sed, E's lyin, Mestur Justis, E is, fur shure, yo may depend, un E's naut but o arrunt thefe, us shure us aw'm stonnin ofore yo. Stop my man, E sed, u must be silunt. I'm afrayd I can doo nothing for u. Wat. aw sed, connut

[E's lyin, Mestur Justis.]

yo ordur im fur to gie me that gowd bak us E's stown? But, E sed, the boy ses it belongs to im; hav u any one that saw u put the gold in your mowth? To be shure, aw sed, that chap theere bwoth seed me un hadvis't me fur to doo it. So E ax'd im iv it wor so, un th' lyin powsedurt sed us E nevur seed me ofore, noweere. Wel, aw sed, aw wondur us E's noane feyrd o bein struken dyed, fur E noes us E's o lyin thefe, us shure us yo'r o justis. Wel, E sed, I'm sorri I can doo nothing for u, my man; I'm afrayd u've faulen into bad hands, and I'm verri sorri. Un so am aw, aw sed, but sich loike justis dusent disaktly shute me, un it's noane sich us wod o bin dun e Rachde, iv aw'd braut that thefe ofore oathur Willium Chedik, ur Clemunt; fur oathur o thoose ud o made that skeawndril potter eawt maw suverin, aw kno they woden, urelze E'd o bin sent to Manchesstur Nu Baley. We O koome eawt neaw; un wen aw geet hinto th' strete, aw turnt mesel reawnd, o purpus fur to ax that waistril ov o thefe, heaw E cud fur shaime

uv his faze—un, bith mon, iv bwoth im un th' lad wern't eawt o seet. Eh! they met wele kut ther theevin stiks—mettent they? Shudent aw o drest th' nots hoff um; aw'd o letten um see, iv aw'd nobbut ad o chans o bloin eawt o bit. Eh! wat rogues, fur shure. Un nobbut thynk o me loysin me gowd, un bein taen fur o thefe in uth bargin. Aw shuddent o getten thik we that skamp, shud aw? Aw wor penni woise un peawnd fulish. Aw wor sum deawn-kest us aw wor gooin whoame obeawt bein dun so. Aw'd no pluk ut O fur ony moore seet-seein that neet, un so aw went streyt forrud to me lodgins. Un we this okeawnt o that terrubul throttlin konsarn,

Aw'l finish th' Sevent Chaptur.

CHAPTUR HEIGHT.

Obeawt gooin to Bukingum Palus, un seein hur grashus Magestie un Prins Halburt.—Seein Q Gardins, us belung'd to th' Quene's hunkel, th' King o Ann Over, us deed o weke ur too sin.—Obeawt o quare tre koed th' Viktorea Reegia, us aw seed grewin e waytur.—Obeawt bein raythur to mony fur o chap us aw wor gooin bak, un o lettur us aw geet fro Jinney, un summut elze, us yo'l see wen yo komn too it.

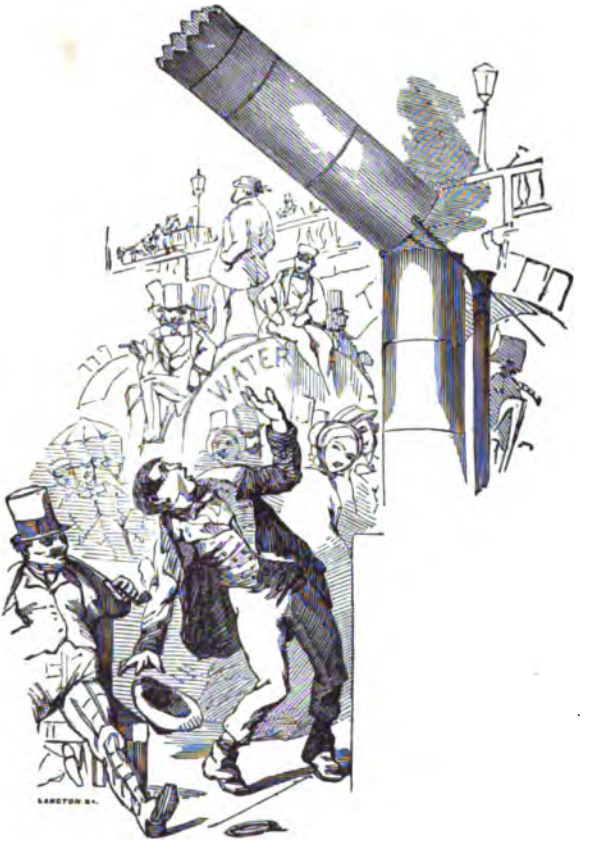
Aw finisht op th' last chaptur we tellin yo obeawt that throttlin dooment. Un wen aw geet to Mestur Simun Pike's, un towd im obeawt bein chettud eawt uv o suverin we that lyin feffnecute, E seed us aw wor dun, un E cud sa naut, nobbut us aw mut be moore watchfo, toime fur to kom. Wen aw went to bed, aw wor o lung whoile ofore aw cud fo oslepe, aw wor moydert so we studdyin obeawt that misfortin us aw towd yo on; un wen aw did fo oslepe, aw wor maunderin un dremin welley O neet obeawt pikpokits un rogues. Ith mornin, aw detarmint fur to may th' best on't, bekose they sen, "Wat connut be kewurt mun be enduert." Wen aw'd ad me breykfust, aw went streyt to Bukingum Palus, weere th' Quene livs, un ardly notist onyboddi oppo th' rode, fur aw'd ad enuf o that mak o wark th' neet ofore, un aw detarmint to kepe mesel to mesel ith futer. Aw seed th' bannur flyin oppo th' top uth Palus, un so aw noed we that, us th' Quene wor owhoame, un aw did so want fur to get o seet on hur. Aw geet fare oeronent th' frunt dur, o purpus fur to av o gradely seet. Eh! wat o greyt bildin it is, fur shure. Ther mun be sum stok o foires fur to leet in o mornin. Aw ax'd o sodier us wor waukin obeawt we o gun oppo his shilder, ith Quene wor beawn fur to kom eawt, un E sed hoo wor just gooin tuth Greyt Eggshibishun; un aw went okross th' rode, un aw haddent stoode theere mony minnits, ofore aw seed sum carrigus komin eawt; un so aw pood me hat hoff us sharp us leetenin, un stroak't me ure deawn us snod us evur aw cud. Aw bwoth wantud to see un be sin, un so aw stoode be mesel, un wen hur grashus

[Ello ! ello !]

Magestie koome oeronent weere aw wor, aw startud o twerlin me hat reawnd me yed, loike o heawse ofoire, un sheawtud, Ello! ello! whol me throte wor welley sore; un, bith mon, iv aw dident see hur nudge Prins Halburt fur to luke, un bwoth on um smylt un nodded ther yeds at me — they diden, fur shure. Eh! aw did fele sum quare, pertiklur wen aw seed un laff; un aw kept twerlin un sheawtin oway, whol hoo'd getten o hundurth yards hoff, to maw thynkin. Aw wor raythur moydert we seein mesel so klose tuth Quene o Inglun un hur husbun; un wen aw koome to mesel, aw unbethaut me us aw'd made o bit uv o blundur, we koin eawt ello osted uv urra, saime toime it mattert naut mich, fur won's us gud us tuther, fur aut us aw kno. Aw'd us lief o follud th' Quene, un gwon ogen hinto th' Krystil Palus, but aw dident loike fur to pay hauve o kreawne, pertiklur us aw'd bin robb'd, us aw towd yo on.

Next us aw did wor to spir me rode tuth waytur soide, fur to get hinto o steyme pakit, fur to av o roide deawn to wat they koen Q Gardins; un sum plest aw wor oppo th' rode, we thynkin us aw'd sin th' Quene. Aw wor noane so lung we foindin o bote, un hoff we seet deawn wat they koen th' Rivur Tems. Eh! it wor sum uv o way fro won soide tuth tuther. Th' brode waytur e Rachde us o foo too it; un ther wor sum stok o styem pakits sailin op un deawn, welley O on um crom'd we foke enew fur to may um goo oer th' yed. Un they'rn o deyle o botes besoide, we naut but koles in, bwoth kob un slek. They han no kolpits obeawt Lundun, they sen, so they mun ha sum stok to fot fro won plaze ur onuther, munnut they? Eh! aw did get sum freetent us we'rn gooin underneyth won uth brigus; aw wor lukin ut th' reech komin eawt uth top uth chimbley, un O uth suddin, to maw thynkin, it startud o foin disaktly weere aw stoode; bith mon, but aw jumpt loike o Hindiun rubber bo, un wor eawt uth rode e no toime; un sum felleys us wor osoide on me, startud o laffin fit to brast thersels. Aw turnt mesel reawnd fur to see iv ony mischoance ud befoen onyboddi elze, un wat shud aw see but th' verri saime irn chimbley stretchin itsel op ogen to weere aw thaut it ud foen fro. Thynks aw to mesel, that's quarist marluk us evur aw seed we o chimbley e maw loife; un so aw went un ax'd o chap obeawt it, un E towd me us th' chimbley wor to lung fur to goo underneyth th' brigus, un so, we turnin o hondel, it deawkt itsel deawn, just mete saime us o big chap dus wen E has fur to goo thru o littul dur ole. Wernt it verri quare? Aw seed mony o won feyrd us wele us me, furst toime us they'd sin it dun.

Wen aw koome to Q, aw follud th' foke us wor gooin tuth Gardins, un in we O wenten beawt payin aut. Eh! wat o bonny spot, fur shure, un th' gras wor us snod us o mowdewarp skin, un th' wauks un O wor us clen un smoote us o heawse floore ov o Setterde neet. They'rn so pertiklur whol noboddi wor 'leawd to heyte aut insoide, feyrd us th' crums met deet th' floore; un onyboddi us appent fur to be katcht dooin aut o that mak, wor oathur wele flyted, ur elze turnt eawt. Aw cud tel yo o greyt deyle obeawt o greyt glas heawse, we treese in fro forin parts, un whott heawsus, un sich loike; but aw'v noathur toime



[Aw jumpt loike o Hindiun rubber bo.]

nur reawm fur to sa aut moore, obut to tel yo obeawt o quare thyng us ad o heawse to itsel. It wor koed th' Viktorea Reegia, un koome, us aw wor towd, fro Seawth Omerika; un th' quarist thyng uv O wur, us it grew ith botham uv o lott o waytur, un sent it levs op tuth top, un theere they wern, swimmin loike o lott o greyt ponkakes, nobbut they'rn grene. Un so neaw, O us aw getten to sa

moore obeawt theese Q Gardins is, us iv ony on yo leets fur to goo to Lundun, yo mun be shure fur to goo un see um fur yorsels; un rekillekt us ther's naut to pay. Aw wor towd us theese Gardins, un o heawse us ther is, belung'd to th' King o Ann Over, o hunkel uth Quene's; but E's dyed neaw—E nobbut deed tuthre days sin.

Us we'rn sailin bak ogen to Lundun, aw seed o chap us wor waukin op un deawn th' pakit, kest his een mony o toime oppo me; un thynks aw to mesel, yo'r op to summut noane so gud, owd mon—appen o pikpokit ur onuther thefe, fur aut us aw kno. Us aw wor studdyin wat o greyt waytur it wor us we'rn sailin op, th' saime felley koome osoide o me, un startud o taukin, un aw thaut, theaw'l be fause e theaw gets thik we me, aw kno. Heawsumevur, E sed, It's o butiful day, Sur. Aw sed, Heaw diden yo foind that eawt? Thynks aw, no moore gettin thik we Lundun foke fur me. Wy, E sed, any won can perseeve that. Waw, then, aw sed, e that kaze, heaw leets yo fur to thynk us aw needud tellin? Aw ko it bwoth loysin toime un wynt. We that, E raythur stayrt o bit, un sed, Oh! In o bit, E try'd it on ogen, un sed, Doo u get hoff ut Lundun brige, Sur? Aw sed, Aw get hoff weere aw giv oer stoppin on. U're rather short, me man, E sed. Ah, aw sed, aw'm o suverin short, but no moore e that loine fur me. Wel, E sed, I'm sorri iv u've met with a loss. Noane hauve us sury us me, aw sed; un besoide, aw sed, "sin sorro's noane felt." But, aw sed, aw'l tel yo won thyng, Maistur, un yo munnut be mad at me fur sayin so, but whol aw stop e this kuntry, aw shol olis tay bwoth yo un evuriboddi elze us aw kno naut obeawt, fur bein no bettur nur yo shudden be. Wel, E sed, u're o kewreus mortul. Wat part ov Lundun may u be stayin at? Waw, aw sed, aw'm stayin theere weere aw'm stoppin at, fur shure. E wor beawn fur to sa summut, but just ut tis presunt toime th' bote pood op ut o plaze weare E ad fur to get hoff; un us E wor levin, aw koed eawt to im, Aw raythur moore whoite e me een nur yo thynken on, mon; aw con tel o B fro o bul foote, mon, yet. Aw raythur tikkelt sum chaps us stoode theere un yerd wat aw sed.

Sune aftur, aw londed mesel, un seet hoff to Gumshun-strete, fur it wor gettin lat, un aw stopt noweere oppo th' rode, nobbut o littul bit fur to see Punsh un Judy, un sum

wele it wor dun, fur shure. Wen Mestur Punsh wor nockin Judy's yed we his stik, thynks aw to mesel, aw woddent kare e that chap's yed wor theere us chettud me eawt o that suverin, saime toime, aw shuddent o wantud im fur to be kilt, nobbut pown o bit. Mestur Pike wor gwon eawt wen aw geet in, un so aw geet me suppur un went to bed, un we maunderin so, th' neet ofore, aw slept loike o top.

Us aw wor gettin me breykfust nesht mornin, Mestur Pike braut me o lettur us ud komn fro sumweere, un aw cuddent fur th' loife on me gaum weere it koome fro. Aw luk't in, furst ut won end un then ut tuther, un aw turnt it oer un oer ogen, un speylt th' direkshuns oer mony o toime, but aw cuddent fur th' loife on me gaum weere it koome fro; so, ut last uv O, aw kut it oppen un undubelt it, un whoo dun yo thynk it shud be fro, but Jinney hursel. Eh! aw wor sum gloppent un fane too, un aw'l just tel yo wat they'rn in. It startud e this rode:—

Pim Ole-strete,
Rachde.

Maw Dere Bob,

Theese fu loines koms hoppin fur to foind thee wele un harti, us they leven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Eh! aw wor sum plest this mornin fur to get o lettur fro thee, un aw nevur wor so gloppent e maw loife us aw wor wen aw yerd us theaw'd bin ith Parleyment Heawse. O mon dusent kno wen E koms hinto th' wurld, wat E may leet to get op too ofore E dees—dus E? It wod nevur o hentert hinto maw yed, nur thyne noathur, wonst uv o day, us evur theaw'd o gwon to Lundun ut O, un sa naut obeawt th' Parleyment Heawse. Aw'm wele plest us theaw loikes ut Mestur Pike's; un thee muthur ses us theaw mun tak kare o thoose foriners us theaw towd obeawt e thaw lettur. Aw shol be sum fane fur to yer thee tel obeawt wat theaw's sin we gooin to Lundun, un moore pertiklur wen we getten hinto o heawse uv us oane. Theaw ses e thaw lettur, us it ul noane be thaw faut iv its lung ofore, un, aw'm shure, iv it ul be onyboddi's faut, it ul be noane o moine. Thee muthur ses us aw mun tel thee us th' owd soo's ferried height littul pigs, un us Joan

o Rutchut's laust his shop last weke we gettin drunken. Wat o foo! isent E? Aw bin nittin thee o pare o stokins, un they'n be reddy be theaw koms whoame ogen nesht weke. Aw baut mesel o nu bonnit, but aw welley getten it hinto me yed, us aw shannut put it on ofore theaw noes wen, un theaw ses it ul noane be lung ofore. Theaw mun tak kare us noboddi steyles naut on thee, fur we'n sin it ith news us o deyle o foke un ad ther brass stown. Thee muthur ses us theaw'd bettur put thee gowd e thee watch fob. Jim ses us E'd o loik't wele enuf fur to bin we thee; but E ses us aw mun tel thee, iv evur theaw leets fur to av us mony childur us im, us theaw'l av wark enuf fur to luke ut thee oan eggshibishun owhoame, beawt gooin to Lundun. It ul be toime enuf wen it koms fur to thynk so—winnut it? Aw getten Billy o Jim's fur to roite this lettur, bekose theaw sed us theaw'd loike fur to yer fro me. Un so no moore ut presunt fro hur us ul be thyne us lung us hoo's koed

JINNEY.

Yo sin us Jinney nevur geet it hinto hur yed—heaw cud hoo?—wen hoo gan me that cawshus, us aw'd bin dun Oreddy eawt uv o suverin, we that gentulmun thefe, un that waystril uv o lad; but aw'l bother yo no moore obeawt that konsarn, aw'l drop it, fur it met o bin wor, mettent it?

Us aw'v dun we th' Eggshibishun neaw, aw'l just tel yo wat aw sin ith news sin aw geet whoame, un sin th' Eggshibishun wor shut op; un yo'l see wat o stok o brass ther's bin getten, eh! wat o deyle, fur shure. They'rn fore hundurth peawnd getten we haupennis un pennis fur foke weshin ther honds, un too theawsun fore hundurth un twenti-seven peawnd fur wat th' pappur koed "hessenshul konveniunsus," un wat thoose wor, aw kalkilate us yo noane us wele us me. Wel, then, they'rn height hundurth un thurti-won peawnd thre un thrippunze getten we naut but o chap takkin kare o foke's umbrels un stiks. Th' mon us ad 'freshment reawm gan foive theawsun foive hundurth peawnd, fur lev to sel veyle pyes un pop, un sich loike. E met wele ax sixpunze fur sich littul bits, mettent E, un sel his pop so mich dar nur they dun e Rachde? Wel, then, they geet ut th' durs, gooin in brass, us koome to too hundurth un seventi-foive theawsun peawnd, O e

silvur, evuri haupenni on't, un they'rn heighti-won theawsun peawnds taen ut th' durs e naut but gowd, un us mich bad brass us koome Otogethur to noinety peawnd. Ther mun ha sum stok o skeawndrils gwon in, fur O that bad brass to be pade.

Theese tuthre pertiklurs us aw gan yo neaw, ul finish op O us aw av fur to sa obeawt th' Eggshibishun un th' Krystil Palus, un fur o chap loike me, we noane hauve us mich larnin us sum foke han, to maw thynkin, aw dun meterly wele, saime toime aw dar sa us mony o won us reeds maw "ful, tru, un pertikler okeawnt," ul be foindin faut we summut, but us aw towd yo ut startin, "Englun hexpekts evuri mon fur to doo is duti," un aw bin tryin fur to doo moine, un e foke win foind faut, let um, that's wat aw getten fur to sa.

It wor Setterde mornin wen aw geet me lettur fro Jinney, un wen aw'd gwon thru it twoice, un lapp'd it op ogen, aw startud hoff fur to see wat they koen th' "Tems Tunnil." Wat aw seed oppo th' rode, yo'l nevur kno, bekose aw's nevur tel noathur yo nur noboddi elze, fur aw seed naut us yo'd larn aut we, iv yo'rn towd. Wen aw koome to th' Tunnil, aw went deawn o greyt rook o steps til aw koome tuth botham, un then aw gues aw wor underneyth th' waytur, un we that bein e maw yed O th' whoile, aw cuddent Otogethur sattle mesel, fur aw seed wele enuf ith waytur wor fur to brast thru, aw shud be dun for, un it wod o bin o bonny konsarn, iv aw'd o gan o penni fur to get dreawnt. Th' Tunnil wor leetud we gas, un they'rn stonnins in fur foke to sel stuf at, un to maw thynkin, it wor just mete saime us waukin thru o lung styem pon we leets hin. Aw bin towd us it kost six hundurth un foretene theawsun peawnd—o bonny seet o brass that, fur borin o ole underneyth th' waytur fur foke to wauk thru ut o penni opese.

Fro theere aw went ramblin obeawt til aw koome to wat they koed Madum Tussawds, un aw went op sum stayres, un wen aw'd pade me shillin, hin aw went, un eh! wat o seet, fur shure—Kings un Quenes be wholsale, un they fare glittert ogen. We bein raythur tyert, aw seete mesel deawn oppo o shet oeronent o rook o foine figgers, osoide uv o owd gray yedded chap we o leet-culurt quot on, us wor stayrin at um loike o gud un. Thynks aw to

mesel, th' owd felley mun nevur o bin e sich o spot us this ofore, E luk't so gloppent. Aw sed to im, This is o grand konsarn, Mestur, iv yo plez, but E stayrt oway un nevur sed naut. Onuther mon us wor nesht to me uth tuther soide sed, U must speke op, me man, the old gentulmun's o littul def. Aw sed, O, is E? but aw'l may im yer, yo's see, un aw koed eawt raythur leawd, Dunnut yo thynk us this us o grand konsarn? But E stayert oway, un seet theere us quoite us o meawse. Just then, aw seed tuthre foke laffin, un kestin ther een obeawt weere aw wor, un o mon tutcht me shilder un sed, The old man's wax-wurk, Sur. Aw sed, Nevur, fur shure! Aw gan im o gradely

[Aw sed, Nevur, fur shure!]

stayre ith faze, un aw'l be sunken iv E wornt o wax chap saime us tuther, but aut moore natteruble cuddent be dun, to maw thynkin. Whoo dun yo thynk it wor? Waw, it

wor owd Billy Kobbitt, fur aw noed im we wonst yerin im lektur e Rachde. It wor ith Unitayriun Chappil, un aw rekillekt verri wele us his kanduls wantud snuffin, un o chap koed eawt ith gallury us they'rn o pare o snuffers osoide on im, un Billy geet howd on um, un made us laff we sayin, Aw gues o politikul parsun mun snuf his oan kanduls. E wor o funny owd dog, wor Billy, wen E'd o moind. Sum uth figgers wor unkommun natterul, moore pertiklur thoose us turnt ther yeds reawnd, un heaw that wor dun aw connut gaum fur th' loife on me. Wen aw geet tuth fur end, o chap ax'd me iv aw'd goo hinto th' chaimbur o orrors. Aw sed, Wat han yo e that orrubul chaimbur us yo koen it? Wy, E sed, o number ov the biggest skoundrils that evur liv'd. Nay, aw sed, yo'r mistaen theere, mon, fur ther's won rapskallion us yo shudden av in ofore th' reawm ul be gradely fit op e that loine, o biggur thefe, to maw thynkin, nur ony us yo han theere. Whoo's that? E sed. Waw, aw sed, o villun ov o powsedurt ov o thefe, us rogued me eawt ov o suverin tuther day; heawsumevur, aw sed, aw'l av o bit ov o pepe at um, un aw wor gooin in, but E koed eawt, Ther's six-punze to pay. Noane fur me, aw sed, aw'd o gin o shillin rathur nur o sin that thefe us aw towd yo on, un aw'm noane sich o foo us to gie yo sixpunze fur to see hauve o duzzen sich loike, un we that aw turnt mesel reawnd ogen, un wen aw'd luke't ut th' whacks-wurk kraturs whol aw wor tyert aw went streyt whoame to Mestur Pike's. It wor Setterde neet, un aw thaut aw'd get in o bit suner fur wonst.

It's no use me tellin yo us aw went to bed un geet op th' nesht mornin, aw towd yo that so mony toimes oer, un so aw'l start we tellin yo, us wen aw'd ad me breykfust, aw startud eawt o seechin oathur o church ur o chappil, fur aw wor olis o chap us nevur rambult obeawt mich uv o Sunde, fur naut gud nevur koms o that mak o wark. Us aw wor gooin op th' Strand, aw seed o rook o greyt foke gooin hinto o plaze, un o poleese towd me us it wor koed Hexetur All, un E sed they'rn beawn fur to be sarvis in, un so aw went op o greyt rook o stayres, un wen aw geet hinto th' dur ole, eh! wat o seet aw did see—they'rn hun-hurths un theawsunds o foke. Aw geet show'd too o shet, un th' orgin play'd, un we O startud o singin eawt o littul

himbukes us wor put ith shets o purpus, un it wor sum grand, fur shure, it wor bettur nur evur aw yerd ut o singin day onyweere obeawt Rachde. Th' Skriptur wor red, un th' preychur pray'd, un wen we'd dun singin ogen, aw yerd won uth best sarmuns, to maw thynkin, us evur koome eawt uv o mon's meawth, un aw loik't so wele whol aw went ogen uth neet, un tuke Mestur Pike we me. Aw shud o towd yo moore obeawt th' preychur, but aw'm short o reawm, fur yo noane verri wele, us it ul doo noane fur me to crom to mich hinto maw buke fur th' brass, fur iv aw doo, aw shol be koed o nobstik we thoose us roites bukes loike aw doo.

[We'rn avin us poipes uth Sunde neet.]

Aw'd o deyle o tauk we Mestur Pike, us we'rn avin us poipes uth Sunde neet, fur aw wor beawn fur to lev im ith mornin, un met nevur see im ogen, un aw towd im iv evur E koome to Rachde aw'd show im uth Church Steps, un Tim Bobbin's grave-stoane, un th' brode waytur, un sich loike. Nesht mornin, aw startud hoff to th' ralerode, un

we did goo ut sum uv o rattul; heawsumevur, aw geet saife bak to Rachde uth Munde neet. Jinney wor watchin for me uth ralerode, un aw gan hur o bit uv o smeawch, un oway we jogg'd to Pim Ole strete, un hoo wor us fane fur to see me us aw wor fur to see hur; un me owd muthur, bles hur, wor us plest us iv hoo hadent sin me fur o twelmun. Aw'l warrunt yo we'n ad sum stok o diskours obeawt wat aw seed un yerd we gooin tuth Greyt Eggshibishun e Lundun, un welley evuri day ther's summut koms hinto me yed us aw hannut towd um, whol aw thynk mony o toime us aw shol kepe um gooin O Wintur, Un neaw, gentul reedur, aw wish yo o deyle o plessur we reedin maw buke, un iv yo leeten to loike it noane so wele us yo thaut yo shudden o dun, yo mun try fur to thynk us th' faut's e yorsel, un noane ith

FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

THEAW NEVVUR SEEDE NAUT LOIKE THAT OFORE, SCHUZHEAW.

O FULL TRUE UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT

O WAT ME UN MAW MISTRIS SEEDE UN YERD

WI' GOOIN TO

TH' GREYTE EGGSHIBISHUN

E LUNDUN,

E' EYGHTENE HUNDURTH UN SIXTY TWO,

PRINTED OER OGEN FRO TH' "RACHDE OBSERVER," OPPOKEAWNT O SO MONNY FOKE AXIN FOR IT,

'Lustrayted wi' o Rooke o Pratty Pikters;

CONTAINING LOIKEWOISE

O DIKSHUNAYRY,

SAIME LOIKE US AW GAN YO E' ME TUTHER BUKE, NOBBUT RAYTHUR IV OATHER BIGGER YO KNONE,

BE

O FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

"Rank is nobbut th' guinea stamp,
The Mon's the gowd fur O that."

1864.

INTRODUCTION.

The following *Brochure* is intended to give a representation of the Lancashire Dialect, as spoken in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, and with various though slight modifications, throughout the district of South Lancashire.

Since the days of "Tim Bobbin" various causes have tended, particularly of late years, not only to soften and modify the pronunciation, but to the abandonment of many words found in the writings of John Collier. The improved education of the people, and the more frequent intercourse of the better educated with the illiterate classes, especially in connection with Sunday School operations, must have conduced to improve their speech, and also to mollify their general manners.

As establishing the dialect of 1753, Collier's work must be regarded as valuable, but many of the terms used by him are now obsolete, and such designations as Yeandurth, *before noon;* Oandurth, *afternoon;* Yepsintle, *a handful;* scoance, *a lantern;* yammer, *to eagerly desire;* eawt cumling, *a stranger;* and many others which might be named must now be regarded as belonging only to bygone days.

Mr. Heywood, in his able remarks on the South Lancashire dialect, printed for the Cheetham Society, observes that, "it is so unfixed that not only colloquially but in books intended carefully to set down the dialect, the pronoun I is given as I, E, He, eh, aw, and oi, and Collier's own Rachdaw possessing his shrine and the celebrated Church-steps, is actually converted into Rachde by its own "felley."

This remark will apply to many other words besides those specified, and doubtless some of these variations are the result of either a limited acquaintance with the dialect, or of a difficulty experienced in seeking to convey a knowledge of the exact pronunciation, whilst others may fairly be regarded as setting forth the dialect as *now* spoken, exhibiting considerable modifications, brought gradually about since the days of "Tummus and Meary."

The following chapters contain the substance of a series of letters which appeared in the columns of the "Rochdale Observer," and are now, after revision, presented to the public in a more permanent form, to meet the wishes of a number of friends, who it may be, have formed too favourable an opinion of a similar production published a few years ago.

JUNE, 1864.

PREFFUS.

Ther'l be sum stayrin, mich e' ther winnot, when foke getten to yer us aw bin ut th' labbur fur to may onuther buke. Yod'n thynk it meterly wele fur me when aw made me tuther buke, aw dar say, un it wer th' furrest thaut e' maw yed us evvur aw shud hause fur to may onuther. Heawsumevvur yo sin us aw hav dun schuzheaw, an here it is. This toime yo sin Jinny went wi' me to th' Eggshibishun un oppokeawnt o that yone yer what hoo has fur to say us wele us me. Hoo's us mich in hur, us heere un theere one aw'l warrunt yo, un wi' hur being o 'quisitive mak ov o wummun, hoo geete fur to kno o deyle moore nur o deyle o foke wodn o dun, us went o'er th' same greawnd; Symon Pyke sed so, schuzheaw.

Yo'l see us aw gan yo o meterly gud inseete into o deyle o things us wer fur to be sin e' th' Greyte Eggshibishun, un o grand consarn it wer aw'l ophowd yo, tak it Otogethur. Yo nevvur seed noboddy so capt us Jinny wer, sin yo'rn born, but yo sin wi' me being ut th' tuther Eggshibishun, aw wern't hauve us mich taen on us maw mistris wer. Hoo sed monny o toime, un monny o toime ogen, us hoo nevvur seede th' marro too't, un nevvur mut ogen us furr us hoo thaut. If hoo'd bin us timmersome us sum wimmen foke ar, hoo wodn't o sin hauve us mich us hoo did, but hoo wern't o bit flustraytud wi' naut, obut being o bit gloppent eych neaw un then, un hoo spirr'd obeawt aut us hoo wantud fur to understond, loike o gud un. Neaw yo knone aw hannot towd yo obeawt th' hauve us we seede, naw nur o quarter aw dar say, saime toime aw

towd yo obeawt o meterly deyle us yo'l see. Heawsum-evvur yo knone it 'ul do noane fur me to rooze me oan buke fur that 'ul com, bettur fro yo nur fro me us onny-boddy knoes. Yo'l be plest wi' th' pikters aw dar say, e' naut elze plezzus yo, onnyheaw yo shudn be, fur th' mon us did 'um made o seete o labber on 'um, us onnyboddy con see.

Aw'm gettin o meterly deyle on 'um printed bekose yo knone e' Rachde foke ur to ha' nobbut one o pese, thoose 'ul tay forty theawsun, un then yo knone uther foke 'ul want fitting op besoide. Mich e' pappur dusn't get op, schuzheaw.

Th' Dikshunary's bigger be th' hauve nur my tuther wer, un oppokeawnt o that onnyboddy us had a yedpese th' valerayshun ov o boadle, shud gawm O us aw've ritten, quare e' they dunnot. Un so neaw aw naut moore fur to say, nobbut e' yore plest aw shol be plest, un e' yo arn't aw's noane bother me yed obeawt it, fur aw likker think us thoose us foinds faut 'ud ha' ther wark e' they haus'd fur to mend it, onnyheaw, Symon Pyke's woife ses so, e' Jinny tels tru.

Visit to th' Greyte Eggshibishun.

CHAPTUR FURST.

Obeawt me un maw Mistris gooin to th' Greyte Eggshibishun e Lundun, e Heightene Hundurth un Sixty Two, un o lettur us aw sent to Symon Pyke obeawt us stoppin wi' him, same loike us aw did afore theere wen th' tuther Eggshibishun wer, un obeawt us gettin safe to Lundun, un wat we seede oppo th' rode, un sich loike.

SUM foke 'ul be raythe gloppent, mich e they winnot, wen they yern obeawt me gooin to th' Greyte Eggshibishun ogen, saime loike yo knone us aw did afore theere e heightene hundurth and fifty-one.

Saime toime aw knoed missel lung sin, us aw shud be shure fur to goo wen th' toime koome, iv aw wer nobbut wele un harty; ah! us sartin us aw knoed us 'Meriko cottun didn't kome fro Shurat. Sum chaps, yo sin, nevvur han no brass fur to goo o seete seein wi', fur they'dn eldur keawer O day in o ale heawse un sing "We winnot goo whomme til mornin," whawl they maen naut but foos o thersels, osted o hawsin fur to lay summut by fur o rainy day, us evvury mon shud doo likker, iv E nobbut con doo yo knone — Saime toime yo knone wen o mon connut, E connut, un just mete neaw, wen o greyte deyle oboone th' t'one hauve o'th foke connut get hauve meyte, wi' being so short o wark yo knone, they connut save naut, con they? noather fur th' Eggshibishun nur fur naut elze, to maw thinkin. Its bin o bonny job for us has this 'Meriko warr, hasn't it? Eh! ther mun ha' bin sum stok o foke kilt, fur shure, un wat a brunnin shame it wer for 'um to set foire to sich a seete o cottun, seeing us heaw we wantud it so ill e this kuntry. Ther's one good job 'ul kome eawt on it schuzheaw, blak foke 'ul be ther oan maisturs, mich e they winnot, un e they connut wesh ther fazus whoite, they con

ko 'um ther oan, fur, iv aw'm noane mistaen, it winnot be so lung ofore we yern naut no moore obeawt Slavury e that kuntry.

Aw ko those 'Meriko chaps, e th' seawth, us they koen it, o bad lott, o sett o waistrils; waw! they thinken no moore obeawt killin o mon nur they dun obeawt stikkin a pig; wen they wantud auterayshuns, ur considert us aut wer gooin rang, they shuden o petishunt obeawt it, us we dun e this kuntry, osted o startin o feighting un steyling th' public brass as they did'n doo.

Heawsumevvur, us aw wer beawn fur to tell yo, maw mistris (Jinny yo knone) olis bargaint fur to goo wi' me, iv evvur they'rn onuther Eggshibishun, un aw knoed verry wele us heaw hoo dissarvt o eawt evvury bit us wele us aw did missel, un that's o deyle fur to say, isn't it! So, yo sin, oppo that footein we'rn cheek be jowl, un had naut fur to fo eawt obeawt. Aw towd hur us heaw, e we'rn fur to turn eawt saime loike us uther fok did'n aw mut giv o'er shavin missel, un hoo mut don hursel in o kock op bonnit wi' posies in. Wel, hoo sed, hoo'd doo us aw loik't obeawt hur bonnit, but they'rn plenty o foke, hoo sed, mayin thersels loike billy-gotes 'beawt me startin, un hood leifer us aw kept missel loike a gradely Inglishmun, un then foke 'ud kno 'beawt spirrin wat kuntry aw koome fro. Hoo sed wen hoo wer a little 'un, hur gronfayther olis sed us it wer th' moind us made o mon, but neaw, hoo sed, sin they'rn so mich sodiering ogate, evvury boddy welley 'ud getten it hinto ther yeds us it wer th' beyrd us made o mon, un hoo made naut o sich nu fangelt wark. It wer tru, hoo sed, wat th' Skripter towd on, ut "God ud made mon opreete, but E'd fund eawt monny invenshuns." Us fur us hoo wer consarnt, hoo sed, hoo'd konsidert us heaw iv Lundon wer hauve us full o foke us th' pappurs towd on, ther wodn't be reawm fur mich krinolyne schuzheaw. Wel, yo sin, wi' yerrin obeawt so monny foke being e Lundon, thinks aw to missel, it 'ud be o bonny doo e Jinny un me londed theere un cudn't foind o spot fur to put us yeds in, un so oppo keawnt o that aw sent o letter to Mestur Symon Pyke, fur to ax him iv E cud tay me un Jinny in, saime loike us E did me, th' toime ofore theere, yo knone, wen th' tuther Eggshibishun wer, un aw sed

"Mestur Pyke,

"These fu loines coms hoppin fur to foind yo wele un harty us they levven me un maw mistris ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Maw lettur coms fur to ax yo e yo con foind reawm fur me un maw mistris, fur we're bwoth on us beawn fur to com to th' greyte Eggshibishun. Yo'l rekillekt aw dar say, us yo un me wur us thick us inkle wheyvurs wen aw wur ut yo're heawse ofore, un yo'rn wele plest, wern't yo, wen aw use't fur to insense yo hinto maw seete seeing, un sich loike?

"Aw gues yo'ne moore foke e Lundon likker neaw, nur ther wern wen aw wur ut yo're heawse ofore, un they'rn o meterly greyte lott then, wern't ther? it capt me weere they O koome fro. Aw gues yo livven e Gumshun Strete, saime loike us yo did'n ofore, un so oppo keawnt o that aw'l send maw lettur theere, wi' o penny stamp on, un yo mun be shure fur to let me kno e yo'ne flittud, un iv maw lettur doesn't kome reete. Aw'l put it uth' eawtsoide fur th' lettur mon to spir wheere yo're gwone too e yo connut be fund e Gumshun Strete. O mon us aw'm thick wi' heere, towd me us heaw aw mut put S.W. oppo th' eawtsoide o me lettur, bekose it wur fur Lundon, but aw towd him E mut be mistaen, fur that cud'nt ston fur Symon Pyke, heaw cud it? Aw shol be fain fur to yer fro yo, us sune us evvur yo con, oppo keawnt yo knone uv us havin us clewus fur to get reddy, un sich loike. Aw gues yo'ne yerd obeawt us havin o Mayor un Haldermen un Teawn Keawnsillurs e Rachde. Mestur John Pagun's th' Mayor neaw, un E braut his mistris to th' oppenin o th' Eggshibishun; E pyk't hur eawt fro sumweere obeawt Liverpule they sen. Un so neaw aw likker think us heaw aw've ritten yo o meterly lung lettur, un so no moore ut presunt."

Maw lettur geete o reete to th' fur end, O fur o penny, chep, wern't it? un Symon sent me wort us E'd foind reawm for us, un E sed ther wern't o mon e O Englundshire us E'd be moore fainer fur to get o seete on nur me, un E said us E'd doo O us lee in his peawer fur to may us cumfurtuble, un his mistris too.

Wel yo sin, we startud o gettin ursels reddy, me wi' bein clen shav't us smoote us o mowdywarp, un Jinny wi'

o bran nu kock op bonnit, un o krinolyne us made hur us big us two foke welley, un hoff we seete to Manchestur wi' sum tickits us we geete fro Mestur Haldermun Livsey, e th' Blackwaytur; foke use't fur to ko him Tom ofore E wur o Haldermun, but it 'ud do noane to Tom him neaw, wod it? seein us heaw E's a greyte mon. Aw onc't yerd tel ov o mon us went to th' saut waytur, aw think it wur Blackpule. Aw bin towd weere E koome fro, but O us aw shol say oppo that footein 'ul be, us E didn't goo fro Rachde. Wel, yo sin, this mon 'ud bin made o Teawn Keawnsillur, un wen o lettur koome for him we keawnsillur on, E wer feyrd us foke metn't kno wat o greyte mon E wer, un so wen E oppent his letturs in o mornin E laft th' honvelopes wi' Keawnsillur Softnoddle on, oppo th' tabul, un rekkont to furget 'um, opurpus fur to let foke get o seete on 'um. Wern't E o gawky ov o chap? Wel, us aw wer tellin yo, we seete hoff to Manchestur, un fro theere we went streyght forrud to Lundon us fast us evvur styem cud tak us. It raint meterly fast moyst o' th' rode, but yo sin it mattert naut mich, fur we'rn wele cuvert op un had noice shets fur to keawer on, verry! We bowlt oway us sharp us leetenin welley, til we koome to Sheffil, un fro theere we went forrud til we koome too a plaze koed Peterboro', un they leete us get eawt theere fur to get summut to heyte, thoose us wantud yo knone. Eh! wat o rook geete eawt fur shure, un th' 'freshment reawm wer welley crom'd ful o foke, un wi' noane havin so mich toime they'rn welley fit to run oer one onuther. One mon jow'd ogen Jinny, whawl aw welley thaut us E'd o keyved hur oer, un hoo koed eawt, gaw yon yo maister, connut yo be daysunt wi' foke, yo met nevvur o had naut to heyte ov O day, yo gwone on so, heaw con yo furshame o yur faze. Wel, yo sin, we didn't stop theere monny minnits, but ther mun ha' bin sum stok o brass tay'n, fur ther'rn O heytin un suppin us hard us evvur they cudn do, O th' toime, un wen th' bell gaytud o ringin, they'rn o bonny skamper aw'l warrunt yo, they met o bin o rook o Volunteers us ud just getten o seete o th' Frensh londin sumweere.

Wen wed'n O getten hinto us shets ogen, we bowlt oway sum un fast, past monny o spot us aw knoed naut mich obeawt, un then we koome to a plaze koed Steevenage, un o mon us keawert osoide o me towd me to luke ut

o lot o green hillocks; they'rn o gud tuthre on um Otogether, un E sed us they cuvert op o vaste seete o foke us wer braut theere O th' rode fro Lundon to be berrid, poor kraturs, wen that greyt plague wer theere e sixteene hundurth un sixty-foive, th' toime wen King Charls wer ut th' yed on us. It wer his faythur us had his yed chopt hoff; o sattler for him, that wer, wern't it? It wer o terribul consarn wer that plague. They'rn monny o theawsun o day deede, oboon eight theawsun sum days, un foke wer sum faine wen it gan oer, they'rn so loike.

Wel, yo sin, ut last uv O we geete safe un seawnd to Lundon; Eh! un ther wer sum stok o foke geete eawt uth train, aw'l warrunt yo; aw sed to sum on 'um, it ud be quare to me e meyte un pottytus wodn't be dar we sich o seete on us komin to live theere O ut onc't..

We geete eawt ut o plaze koed King Cross, un aw sed to Jinny us we shud be loike fur to hav o cab fur onc't in us loife, fur we'dn o meterly greyte box wi' us clewus in, un aw shud nevvur hause fur to carry it O th' rode to Symon Pyke's; saime toime aw knoed wele enuf us th' cab chaps e Lundon wer sich arrunt waistrils, whawl aw wantud fur to ha' naut mich fur to doo wi' 'um iv aw cud nobbut elp it. Wel, Jinny sed, "Wat connut be kuer't mun be enduer't." So aw sed to one uth sarvunts us aw seede stonnin theere, aw'l thank yo fur to ko o cab fur me un maw mistris fur to roide in to Symon Pyke's, appen, aw sed, yo knone Symon. E sed us E knoed naut obeawt noathur Symon Pyke nur no Pyke elze, un E didn't thynk us they'rn o cab to be fund, bekose theyd'n bin o vaste seete o foke londin theere just ofore us, un they'd taen um O. Wel, aw sed, yo'ne no cayshun fur to be so nattle wi' foke, schuzheaw, fur e ther isn't o cab we can goo beawt, connut us? Heawsumevvur aw seete hoff missel o seechin one, un laft Jinny keawerin oppo th' box, un aw sed, neaw, theaw munnot stur fro that shet til aw see thee ogen, fur thers o vaste seete o raskuls e this kuntry, un we's luke bonny foos e we komn O this rode un gets us clewus stown. Wel, yo sin, aw went o meterly lung way ofore aw cud leete o one, but ut last ov O, aw geete o mon us wer droiving wat they koen o hansum, un so aw geete in us sharp us leetenin welley, un aw towd him fur to turn hissel reawnd un goo wi' me fur to pyke Jinny op, un we sune koome e

th' seete on hur, un wen wed'n bwoth on us getten in un th' box un O, aw sed, neaw droive hoff wi' thee to Gumshun Strete, un hoff E seete loike o gud 'un.

We'rn sune theere aw'l uphowd yo, un eawt we bwoth on us geete, un Mistris Pyke koome to th' dur un leete us in, un hoo sed us heaw hoo wer verry fain fur to see us bwoth. Wen we'dn getten us box deawn, aw gan th' mon o shillin un o sixpunze besoide, un aw'l be butter't iv E didn't say us that 'ud do noane, fur E mut ha' sixpunze moore. Aw sed, theaw'l be meterly fause e theaw gets it, owd chap, fur aw'm o Dutchmon iv aw hannot gan thee to mich Oreddy. Wel but, E sed, too shillin wer th' fare. Aw sed, theaw knoes bettur mon, un theaw's getten O us theaw mun hav, un theaw'd bettur howd thi din, fur aw'v bin e this kuntry ofore mon. Wel, E sed, aw wer no gentlemun, un aw sed, aw'm noane uth th' saime rode o thinkin us thee oppo that poynt mon, un e theaw wants fur to kno whethur aw'm o gentlemun ur aw am'ot, thee ax maw mistris, fur hoo knoes a vaste seete moore obeawt me nur theaw dus, aw'l warrunt te. Wel but, E sed, E'd summuns me iv aw didn't pay O us E wantud, un E ax'd me wat aw wer koed. Wel, aw sed, aw'm o felley fro Rachde, un theaw mun summuns oway us hard us theaw loikes, un aw'l kome wen aw'm wantud, un so neaw, aw sed, theaw'd bettur be shuntin, un wi' that, E turn't hoff, koin me O us wer naut. Jinny sed hoo'd o pade him th' brass ofore hoo'd o had O that din, but aw sed aw wodn't, un e ther wer noboddy e that kuntry us 'ud teych foke fur to be honist aw'd see wat aw cud doo, un be ut o bit o labber fur to do sum gud whawl aw wer oway fro whomme.

Mestur Pyke un his mistris wer wele plest fur to see us, un wen we'rn gettin us baggin, they towd us o greyte deyle obeawt wat wer to be sin e th' Greyte Eggshibishun, un obeawt th' gowd pillur fro Australey, un th' Majoliko fountun un sich loike, un wat o vast seete o pikters ther wer fur to be sin.

Aw towd 'um obeawt foke being so ill hoff e Rachde, un heaw they'rn kept fro clemmin to dyeth wi' havin supe un brade un meyle gan too 'um; un aw leete 'um kno wat a shindy there'd bin wi' th' Gardiuns un th' Poor-law Kommisshuners, obeawt wat they koen th' labur test, un obeawt th' Gardiuns mayin poor foke goo to Hollin'urth

o breyking stones, un heaw Mestur George Leech Ash'urth, one o th' justisus, un Tom, aw meyn Haldermun Livsey, un sum moore, wer ogen th' poor foke bein dun too saime loike us they dun to foke. us wodn't worch e they had'n it fur to doo. Symon sed us heaw E considert it wer o brunnin shame fur to mix op foke us wantud wark verry ill, wi' o lot o waistrils us wodn't worch e they cud get it fur to doo. Jinny sed us ony boddy knoed verry wele us "hunger 'ud breyke thru o stone wole," but fur O that hoo seede no rezzun e mayin o mon breyke stones wi' o empty bally; un Symon sed us E wer mich uth saime rode o thinkin hissel.

Wel yo sin, wen wed'n diskorst obeawt welley O us we cud unbethink us on, aw sed it wer toime for us O fur to goo to bed, fur it 'ud nevvur doo for us O to be oslepe wen we shud be gooin to th' Eggshibishun e th' mornin. Wel, Symon sed aw wer reete e that, un he meynt fur to goo wi' me un Jinny th' furst toime, opurpus to tel us O us E knoed obeawt it. But E sed us heaw E'd taen op o greyte deyle wi' religun sin aw wer theere ofore, un they olis red sum uth skriptur un sed ther prayurs ofore they went'n op th' stares, un so E sed iv aw'd naut ogen it, they'dn doo so that neet. Wel, aw sed, aw'd leifer they did'n so missel nur aut elze, fur wed'n komn o lung way safe un seawnd wi' no mischoances Obut o bit o hard thrutchin eych neaw un then, un it wer naut but rezzonuble for us to thank God for it. So, wi' that, Mistris Pyke geete eawt o greyte Bibul, un hoo red oer o bonny chaptur, verry; it wer obeawt that mon us went fro Jerusolum to Jeriko un geete O his thyngs stown wi' sum raskuls us wer oppo th' saime rode. It wer o terribul doo for him, to ha' bwoth his brass un his clewus stown, wern't it? That tuther mon us fund him, un fettelt op his sore spots, un had him takken to weere E cud be taen care on, mun ha' bin o daysunt chap, that Samaritun mut, fur shure. Wel, yo sin, wen hoo'd dun, Symon pray'd, un verry wele too, beawt buke, un then we O went'n too us beds, un aw towd 'um fur to be shure to wakkun us e gradely gud toime e th' mornin. Aw slept loike o top O neet, un th' saime loike wi' Jinny, but aw wakkunt rayther iv Oathur sanner nur aw shud o dun wi' being feyrd o dooin to mich, un aw wer deawn th' stares o lung whoile ofore th' breykefust wer reddy un so aw turn't

eawt hinto th' strete fur to see wat wer gooin on loike. Ofore aw oppent th' dur, aw yerd wat aw considert wer o mon droivin sum keaws, un thinks aw to missel, aw'l see wat mak o beyse they han e this kuntry, un wen aw geete hinto th' strete aw look't reet un lift un O rodes, but aw cud see noather yed nur tail uv o keaw ony wheere. Whawl aw wer studdyin heaw the hangmun it wer, o mon wi' two tins oer his shilders, just osoide on me oppo th' kosey, sheawted eawt saime us aw'd bin yerrin ofore aw oppent th' dur, un aw sed, Oh! maister, is it yo wat's bin mayin that din? aw bin lukin eawt fur sum keaws, aw sed; but wat han yo e thoose tins ses aw, un E sed nobbut milk. Oh! aw sed, is it? then e yor'n sellin mutten aw gues yo'd bah loike o sheep, wod'n yo? Noane eggsactly, E sed. Wel, but aw sed, e foke yerd yo may that mak ov a din, weere aw kom fro, theyd'n think us summut wer rang e they didn't get th' seete ov o keaw tail sumweere. So wi' that E turn't hinto Mestur Pyke's, un aw went forrud up th' strete fur to see wat wer gooin on loike. Aw seed o mon stonnin ut o shop dur, un so thinks aw to missel aw'l may bowd fur to hav o bit ov o gossup wi' him, un so aw sed, wel, maistur, heaw'r yo to day, un E sed, verry wel thank u sir; aw sed yo'ne nevvur sin me ofore likker, fur aw'm o lung way fro whomme; yo sin me un maw mistris ur komn heere fur to see th' Eggshibishun. Indeed, E sed! Ah, aw sed, we're stoppin noane so furr fro heere wi' Mestur Symon Pyke. Wel, E sed, Mestur Pyke wer o verry honist mak of o chap. Ah! aw sed, aw lippen so, urelze we shudn't nevvur o stopt wi' him, aw'l warrunt yo. But aw sed, aw gues yo'ne O maks O foke heere, saime loike us we han weere aw kom fro, Obut yo'ne raythur moore uth rang mak, aw dar say. Wen aw towd him us aw koome fro Rachde, E ax'd me e foke wern't verry ill hoff, un aw sed, ah they wer'n, un gooin obeawt stretes loike o lot o'notamies. Aw sed this 'Meriko warr us made wark wi' us, aw'l warrunt yo, but wich soide ur yo on, maistur? Wel, E sed, E'd be fain to yer obeawt Oathur on 'um winnin, e theyd'n nobbut get it sattelt, fur it wer o terribul consarn for 'um to be killin sich o seete o foke us they wer'n dooin. Wel, aw sed, aw'm welley uth saime rode o thinkin missel, maistur, but thoose us gaytud furst wer moyst fur to be fund faut wi', to maw thinkin, un

dissarv't ther noses ringing, urelze buckthwanging. But e they gwone on o bit furr they'n bwoth on 'um get th' swagger taen eawt on 'um, schuzheaw. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, us me un maw mistris ur beawn to th' Eggshibishun aw mun be gooin, fur we'r startin us sune us we'n had ur breykefusts, un hoo'l be gettin nattle iv hoo's lung to watch fur me, un aw's be seein yo ogen likker ofore aw lev this kuntry. Wen aw geete bak to Mestur Pyke's th' breykefust wer O reddy, un they cudn't tel fur th' loife on 'um wat aw'd dun wi missel. Aw'l warrunt yo we sune polish't hoff wat they had'n for us, fur bwoth Jinny un me wer feyrd o noane bein ut th' Eggshibishun us sune us evvur th' durs wer oppent, un wed'n o meterly lung way fur to goo, but yo'ne get o bit ov o inseete obeawt us gooins on e th' next chaptur.

This us O aw shol put e th' furst chaptur.

SEKUND CHAPTUR.

Gooin fro Symon Pyke's to th' Eggshibishun, un consarnin th' terribul doo us we had'n fur to get theere.—Heaw glop-pent Jinny wer wi' wat hoo seede, un o doo us hoo had wi' o Frenshmun obeawt sum perls, un heaw taen on hoo wer wen hoo ax't th' proice on 'um.—Un obeawt o rook o thyngs us we seede us th' Vyseroy o Agypt 'ud baut; him us coome fro theere weere th' Childer o Isrel ond't wer.—Un o deyle o things besoide.

WEL, yo sin, wen we seete off, aw towd Jinny us hoo mut link wi' me, urelze hoo'd be gettin laust ur sum mischoance koming too hur; so wi' that hoo geete howd o mi arm, un off we went'n, Mestur Pyke leyding th' rode for us. Wel, we jogg'd oway omung o vaste seete o foke us evvur aw clapt me een on, but we didn't get forrud hauve us wele us aw lippent on, for wat wi' Jinny bein so woide, un foke thrutchin so, we koome mony o toime too o ston stil welley, un ut last ov O, aw sed it matters naut Jinny, but theaw'l ha' to let lose o me, urelze we's nevur get to th' greyte Eggshibishun, un besoide, aw sed, e we gwone on mich furr e this rode, thaw krinolyne 'ul welley rub o ole e maw halloday breechus, un may me o shame fur to be sin. So wi' that hoo leete lose, un aw sed thee foller Symon, un iv aw foller thee aw shol be sure fur to get on missel, fur theaw'l may reawm enuf for two foke. Wen aw seede sich o rooke o foke gooin, aw wer feyrd us ther metn't be reawm fur us O, un aw koed eawt fur bwoth hur un Symon fur to put th' best foote forruds, un aw'l warrant yo we geete on ut sum ov a rattle. Th' omnibus's wer us ful o foke us evvur they cud crom, bwoth insoide un eawt, un ther mun ha' bin hundurths ogen on 'um.

Wel, yo sin, ut th' last uv O, we koome fare oeronent th' greyte Eggshibishun, un it capt me heaw we wern fur to get oer th' strete beawt bein run oer, they'rn sich o seete o cabs un coachus un sich loike. Symon wer us bowd us Hectur un made naut ut O on 'um, un E geete oer in o crak, safe un seawnd, gooin in un eawt us foke sen, "loike

o dog in o fair," un E howded op his hond for us to foller him. Aw sed neaw Jinny, theaw mun kepe close to me, un aw'd nobbut just getten one foote hoff th' kosey, wen hoo geete howd o me quotte lap un pood us iv hoo'd o rivven it fare hoff, un hoo sed theaw'l be kilt mon fur shure will te, un hoo stoode theere ditherin us ill us iv hoo'd bin ofore o bword o gardiuns.

Heawsumevvur ut last ov O, o poleese koome too us wi' seein hur e sich o flunter, un E sed e we'd nobbut foller him E'd see us bwoth safe oer, un wi' that E waukt streight forrud un Jinny between him un me, un E beckont fur th' cab chaps to howd on whawl we'rn past, un we geete clen oer wat they kone th' Crummil rode un Jinny link'd sum un fast to me, aw'l warrunt yo, welley us hard us hoo did wen wer'n gooing o gettin wed.

Symon wer sum tikkelt wi' seein hur so flayed, un aw towd hur us heaw iv hoo wern't moor bowder nur O that koome to, hoo'd do noane fur to goo o seete seein e that kuntry. Wel, hoo sed, heaw cud onnyboddy be bowd wen they'rn naut but orsus yeds un tails ov O soides on 'um, fur us foke sen, " to mich ov aut is gud fur naut."

We sune geete to th' Eggshibishun dur, un aw eawt wi' me brass, o shillin o pese for us, un we went'n streight op to th' turnstele us towd heaw mony foke geete thru, un aw sed to th' gentlemun us tuke th' brass, Wel, heaw'r yo to day? un wi' that o poleese us wor osoide on him sed, Now pass on; aw sed, It's noane yo us aw'm speyken too; un aw sed to th' gentlemun, Yo'ne furgetten me aw dar say; wern't it yo us tuke th' brass ut th' tuther Eggshibishun us aw koome too? No sur, E sed. Wel, but aw sed, yo favver'n him, schuzheaw. Pass on, pass on, th' poleese koed eawt ogen—aw'm komin aw sed, un this us maw mistris; we'r bwoth on us fro Rachde, un we's be seein yo ogen aw dar say, un in we bwoth on us went, us bowd us onybody.

Aw sed, come on Jinny, un theaw'l sune see summut us 'ul may thee oppen thi een, aw'l warrunt te. Wen wed'n gwone o pese furr, un op tuthre steps, hoo stoode us stok still us o moil-stone, un hoo koed eawt Eh! did evvur! Aw sed, theaw nevvur seede naut loike that ofore, to maw thinkin. Heawsumevvur, Mestur Pyke sed us it 'ud do noane fur us to ston so lung e one spot, they'rn sich o vaste

deyle o stuff fur to be sin, un so wi' that E went forrud hinto wat they koen th' French Court, un sum stok o thyngs they'rn in it, aw'l uphowd yo, ov O maks welley. They'dn o vaste seete o reawm to thersels, th' Frensh had, un we'rn towd ut oboone foive theawsun on 'um Otogether 'ud sent O thoose thyngs us we'rn lukin at, un thoose us wern op e th' loft oboone. That wer o greyte lott, wern't it, O fro one kuntry yo sin. They'rn o greyte lott o wat they koen mineruls, fro Algeers, theere weere Mestur Cobdin, eawr member o Parleyment stopt so lung, toime wen E wur noane so wele, theere. Aw dar say us sum on yo 'ul rekillekt us E towd us in o lettur us E sent fro theere us heaw they'rn nu pottytus, un grene peys, un strauberrys un O, wen it wer so cowd heere whawl foke fare dithert ogen, un E sed it wer o grand spot fur ony mon ur wommun Oathur, fur to goo un liv at.

But aw mun goo forrud wi' telling yo obeawt me seete seeing. Besoide wat aw just towd yo on, they'rn o deyle o stuff us wer grewn e Algeers, un differunt maks o thyngs us foke put on wen they donn'd thersels, us gan one o bit ov o inseete hinto wat rum customers sum foke manefaktert thersels hinto. They'rn o vaste seete o thyngs of O maks fur heytin, un sum figs, un grapes, and pomegranuts us they koen um, sich us Skriptur tels on, e that kuntry ut th' Childer o Isrel went o livvin too. They'rn us bonny o rooke o paintud pots, vaasus aw think they sed they wern, us evvur ony mon clapt his een on, aw'm shure. In onuther spot we seede sum very pratty jewils us Jinny wur terrubly taen op wi', un they'rn onuther lott ut th' soide on 'um us favvert 'um us mich us peys favvern one onuther welley, but they'rn nobbut shams as we'rn towd, un noane hauve us mich gud too us tuther wern.

Jinny wer moyst taen on wi' o rooke o perls us wer in o glass caze, un hoo sed iv aw meynt fur to trate hur wi' aught, hoo'd us lief ha' sum o thoose, us aught us hoo'd sin, so furr. Wel, aw sed, theaw's sin naut ut O, ardly yet; heawsumevvur, aw sed, theaw mun ax him wat th' proice on um is, fur aw dar say, iv E winnot sel thame, E likker has moore loike 'um owhomme, us E'l sel to thi. Wel, hoo sed, they'rn no harm e axin, un "naut venturt naut won," us foke sen; un so wi' that hoo made bowd fur to goo too him, un hoo sed, maister, heaw mich dun yo ax

fur thoose tuthre perls, yo han theere? It wer o Frenshmun us hoo wer taukin too, un E sed, Is it de prize ob dem, madam? un hoo sed, ah! aw'm wantin maw maistur to trayte me wi' 'um. Vel, E sed, de six ob dem strings of perls ish vorth heighteen tousand powns an fife hunthred. Eh! gud grayshus, maistur, hoo sed, yo nevvur sen so?

[Eh! gud grayshus, maistur, hoo sed, yo nevvur sen so?]

Yes, madam, E sed, an all in dat case is de valu ob fifte tousand powns. Wel, Jinny sed, yo'ne shut me op maistur, fur shure han yo. Ah, aw sed, theaw'rt sowd this toime maw lass, un to maw thinkin theaw'rt oppo th' rang soiding, un theaw'd bettur be shuntin schuzheaw. Wel, hoo sed, it wer sum ov o seete o brass, us E ax't, wern't it? Us we'rn

gooin o bit furr on, Jinny sed, did teaw yer him ko me madum, sausey powse us E is. Nay, aw sed, theaw munnot ko him so, fur that's wat they olis sen weere E koms fro. O, hoo sed, is it? Then "that's wele spokken 'uts wele taen," us foke sen.

Th' next thyng us we koome too wer o rooke o'th bonniest shandeleers un lamps, us evvur ony mon seede, un o deyle o bronze figgurs ov O mickels un shaps. They'rn two on 'um us big us me welley, un Symon koed on us to luke at 'um. They'rn howding lamps e ther honds, un "sowd" wer put on 'um wi' o tikket. Aw sed too a gentlemun us wer takkin care on 'um, yo'ne sune sowd thoose, schuzheaw. E sed, yes Sir; wel, aw sed, sumboddy mun uv had o deyle o brass wi' 'um. E sed, they'rn sowd to th' Vyseroy o Agypt fur oboone o hundurth ginneys, un E sed, us heaw E'd spokken fur o deyle o thyngs besoide O op un deawn th' Eggshibishun, us 'ud com to monny o theawsun peawnd Otogether. O has E, aw sed, aw shud loike fur to get o seete o that chap, fur aw've sin o deyle obeawt him e th' pappurs. But aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, its yessy enuf gettin brass weere E coms fro, e they pay'n no moore wajus nur they did'n wen th' childer o' Isrel wer theere, fur they welley worcht 'um to dyeth, un gan 'um naut mich but ther meyte. Wel, Jinny sed, "o fare day's wage fur o fare day's wark" us wat aw olis say us reete betweene mon un mon, wether they worchen e Agypt ur e Owdhum, un Faro mut ha' fund it eawt us E'd bin dooing rang, wen E seede th' childer o Isrel oppo th' stroike, un Mosus un Arun komin fur to fot 'um oway. Aw sed, olis let o mon doo that 'uts reete, un E's sartin shure fur to kome eawt th' best ut last ov O. Ah, Jinny sed, un yo may depend on't us "th' Devil's childer olis han th' Devil's luck," us they sen.

O bit furr on just oeronent us, Symon leete us luke ut o grand consarn koed o kabinet, made o wat they koen ebony, wi' o deyle o silver wark obeawt it. Us sune us Jinny kest hur een on it, hoo koed eawt, Eh, did evvur! Hoo sed it wod'nt o bin lost labber fur to kome O th' rode fro Rachde fur to see wat hoo'd Oreddy sin, un Mestur Pyke sed, e we went'n on taukin wi' foke us we had'n bin dooin, it 'ud tak us o twelmun to see th' t'one hauve o wat ther wer'n e th' Eggshibishun. Wel, aw sed, they olis sen

" wat wer wele dun wer twoice dun," un wed'n bettur doo o bit o seete seeing gradely wele, us goo whomme loike two foos, us cud'nt tel naut obeawt wat wed'n sin, un Jinny sed, " thoose us wer in o hurry fish't in o empty poand," us they sen.

Th' next thyng us we seede wer sum very pratty pappurs wi' pickturs on, fur th' woles o reawms, bonnier o vaste seete nur ony us aw'd evvur sin ofore ony weere, un o rooke o wat they koed mekanikul toyes; but wat gloppent us moyst wer o rooke o little brids us wer hoppin obeawt oppo o little tree us wer cuvert op wi' a glass, un they wisselt oway loike gud uns, un Jinny cud ardly beleeve hur oan een wen aw towd hur us they'rn noan wick. Wer'n bwoth on us moyst tikkelt wi' seein o hare us wer hausin to play wat they koen o gittar, fur it nodded it yed, un wink't it een, us natturabul us evvur aut cud be us wern't gradely; un they'rn o rabbit besoide, us wer drummin oway, un luk't us fause us two foke. It made me unbethink missel o wat aw towd e maw tuther buke theere, obeawt thoose stuff't craturs fro Jarmuny, us wer gettin o tay baggin, un playin o peeanno un sich loike. Oh! aw munnot furget to tel yo obeawt o Turkey cock besoide, us kok't it yed op un crowed us iv it cared naut fur noboddy.

Th' next us we seede wer sum pratty silks un shawls, foine enuf fur ony boddy fur to be wed in, un o deyle o artifishul fleawrs, un fithers, un sich loike. In onuther spot we seede o greyte rooke o bottuls wi' differunt maks o stuff in 'um, un sum lumps o summut us favvert culert stone, un aw sed to th' mon us tented 'um, wat dun yo ko thoose thyngs? Oh, E sed, they'rn kemikuls. Wel, aw sed, yod'n noan bin so furr hoff maister e yod'n koed um komikuls, fur aw con gaume naut ut O obeawt 'um, un aw sed britchil thyngs loike thoose, mon, 'ul want meterly wele tentin, fur they'dn breyke, mich e they wodn't, iv onny boddy wer to keyve 'um oer. Ah! Jinny sed, iv ony boddy wer to waut 'um for yo, it 'ud put yo e sum uv o flunter, un may yo ko eawt us ill us sumbrey us 'ud getten th' crump aw dar say, but hoo sed, " payshuns us o playstur fur O maks o sores," us they sen.

Symon koed eawt on us to goo forrud, un we luk't o'er so mony thyngs whawl aw wer raythur moydert omung 'um,

but iv aw'd had a yed-pese loike sum foke han, aw'd o towd yo obeawt 'um, but it's no use me hausing fur to doo aut ut th' soart, fur iv aw did aw shud nobbut may o ninny-hommer o missel, un foke met get it hinto ther yeds us aw'd "noane O me cheers owhomme." Eh! it did get sum thrang ofore we geete eawt o that Frensh spot, fur shure, whawl they'rn ardly ony choance o seein aut gradely. Jinny sed us heaw hoo wer startin o being rather peckish, wi' havin hur breykefust so sune, un aw sed maw bally didn't fele us ful us it did wen we startud fro Gumshun-strete, but aw sed we'd goo un seech eawt o spot fur to get summut to heyte at. Symon sed us E'd sune tak us too a reawm weere we cud get welley aut us we wantud, un so off we seete th' wholle thre on us, but they'rn so mony grand thyngs ov O soides, whawl it wer us mich us aw cud doo to get Jinny forrud.

Heawsumevvur ut last ov O we geete too it, un in we went'n. Th' furst plaze ut Symon show'd us wer koed th' Meriko Bar, weere O maks o suppin stuf wer sowd. Thinks aw to missel aw'l hav o doo wi' that chap, fur aw'm us dry us a kex. So wi' that me un Jinny went streyght bang op to th' tabul un aw sed, Wel, maistur, heaw'r yo to-day? un E made onsur un sed, Very wal, sur. Wel, aw sed, aw'm fain to yer it, un its wele fur yo us yo're e this kuntry, schuzheaw, for yod'n o bin kilt likker ofore neaw e yod'n bin in Omerico. Wel, aw sed, but wat han yo to sup, maistur? Wal, E sed, we've cocktails, cobblers, rattul-snakes, un gumtikklers. Wat! aw sed, un ar thoose to sup? un E sed, Yes, sur. Wel, aw sed, its quare iv ony boddy 'ul sup thoose? but han yo naut elze? Wel, E sed, yes; we've eye-openurs, flashus o lightenin, brandysmashers, un stonefences. Un o bonny kettle o fish thoose 'ud be fur ony boddy to sup, aw sed. Wat dus theaw think, Jinny? Waw! hoo sed, thoose ur naut e maw rode, un aw'd leifer hav o saup o buttermilk, e there's ony to be getten.

Wel, maistur, aw sed, me un maw mistris ur bwoth oppo th' same rode o thinkin, un aw dunnot see us we con doo aut wi' yo to-day, schuzheaw. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, aw'l hav o glass o Bull run e yo han ony. Eh! yo shud o sin heaw E glooart at me, un thinks aw to missel, aw mun shunt urelze aw's be e th' rang box, un wi' that aw crope

oway us quoite us o sick munkey, un Jinny sed hoo wondert us aw'd goo on jawin foke e that rode, fur hoo sed, sich mak o wark wer "loike o pig tail, gooin O day, un they'rn naut dun ut neet," us foke sen.

We sune koome too onuther reawm un seede mony o hundurth foke O gettin summut to heyte, un us sune us wed'n keaw'rd us deawn aw koed to one uth chaps us wer waytin on, un aw sed neaw maistur, wat han yo to heyte, fur me un maw mistris ur welley parisht fur want o summut. E sed, we've cold befe, cold ham, cold foul, un veal un ham pye. O cowd consarn Otogethur, isn't it Jinny, aw sed? but thee just ax thissel wat theaw'd loike, un E'l fot it for thi; aw'l ha' sum veyle un ham pye, schuzheaw.

Wel, hoo sed, aw'd leifer ha' sum tharkake nur aut us E's towd on, so furr. Eh, fur gudnis sake aw sed, theaw munnot tauk obeawt tharkake e this kuntry, fur they knone no moore obeawt it nur theaw did obeawt th' vallerayshun o thoose Perls us theaw spirred obeawt o bit sin. Wel then, hoo sed, aw'l tay sum veyle un ham pye, saime loike us thee. So wi' that aw sed, neaw maistur, veyle un ham pye fur bwoth on us, un us mich us evvur yo con fur th' brass; but aw sed, aw onc't yerd o chap tel 'ut yo put cats e yo're veyle pyes e this kuntry, is ther aut in it? bekose it 'ul be ruf wi' thoose us brings aut o that mak fur Oathur me or maw mistris. E sed ther wern't o cat e th' wholle Eggshibishun us E knoed on, noather dyed nur wick. Jinny sed yo mun nevvur hede maw maistur, fur E's ollis ogate o sum marluk, un yo dun reete to "speyke th' truth un shame the devil," us they sen. Wel, but aw sed, we're fro Rachde yo sin, un we're onist spokken foke, un e ther's aut in us we're welley shure fur to let it eawt.

We waitud o meterly lung whoile ofore we geete wat we ax't for, but at last ov O it koome, un aw mollicrush't moine e quik stiks, un Jinny wer noane so furr behinnd, un then we geete o dish o tay o pese, un Jinny sed us hoo considert us they'rn naut mich bettur nur o saup o gud tay, un wat hoo'd had 'ud dun hur o peaw'r o gud. Symon 'ud gwone o fendin fur hissel, noane so furr fro weere we wer'n; aw cud just see his yed wen aw wer keawr't deawn. Aw seede th' mon us waitud on, eych neaw un then, kest his een weere we wer'n. Thinks aw to missel, E's appen feyrd us we metn't sattle wi' him ofore we gwone, un so aw

koed on him un ax'd heaw mich th' damige wer, un E made onsur un sed, thre shillins Otogethur, un so aw deawn wi' th' brass, un E sed, waitur, sir; naw, aw sed, aw want no waytur, fur th' tay us we'n had us slak't me meterly wele. O gentlemun us wer oppo th' same shet us me sed, E wants u to remembur him; to be shure, aw sed, aw'l luke eawt for him wen aw kom heere ogen, un hav onuther doo wi' him, aw dar say. Jinny turn't to me un hoo sed, theaw dusn't tak him gradely mon, E wants thee fur to giv him sum brass. Waw, aw sed, it caps me e we hannut gan meterly wele Oreddy, heawsumevvur aw deawn wi' two nu penny peesus, un aw sed thoose ur bonny uns arn't they? un wi' that E sed thank u sur, un bowtud. Th' gentlemun sed, I think u come from the north, sir. Naw aw dunnut, aw sed, aw kome fro Rachde, un th' north, us yo koen it, yo knone us op e Scotlun un theere, they olis sen so schuzheaw weere aw kome fro. Wel, but he sed, we consider all about Manchestur in the North. Wel, but aw sed, heaw con th' North be e two spots, un yo dunnot say ut aw'm rang wen aw tel yo us its e Scotlun. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, we'n noane fo eawt obeawt it, un yo con ha' yore North, un aw'l ha' moine. But, aw sed, weere dun yo com fro, e yo plez? Wel, E sed, E koome fro Dorsetshur. Waw! aw sed, that's weere they maen poor foke worch fur so littul brass, fur us aw'm towd o gradely big felley connut addle mich, un mun worch o wholle weke fur th' vallerayshun o sevun ur eyght shillin o weke fur hissel un o heawse ful o childer. Wel, E sed, they grumbelt noane. But, aw sed, iv aw'd us mich brass us sum o yo greyte farmurs han, aw cudn't furshame sho me yed eawt uth dur iv aw nobbut pade o mon e that rode. Waw! aw sed, E cudn't get hauve meyte un say naut obeawt clewus. Heaw mich dun yo think o mon cud lay by fur owd age eawt o sevun shillin o weke? Wel, E sed, E cudn't tel. Naw, aw sed, it 'ud tay o cliverer chap nur yo to rekkon that op mon. Waw! aw sed, aw rekillekt verry wele wen Mestur Cobdin un John Bright wer dooin ogen th' Corn Laus they fund o mon fro yore kuntry us ud petched his breechus so mich whawl they weighed oboone twenty peawnd, un aw sed iv E's livvin neaw, un bin petchin 'um evvur sin, they'n be hauve o hundurth weight be neaw, aw dar say, un ston op o thersels wen E gets eawt on 'um,

likker. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, we mun bid yo gud day, fur we'n o deyle o seete seein fur to doo ofore we gwone whomme. This us maw mistris aw sed us Jinny just geet hoff hur shet, hoo's wat they koen o Lankishur witch, dunnut yo think hoo's o farruntly luking lass? Aw wish theaw'd howd thi din, Jinny sed, fur that gentlemun knoes verry wele us "ther's us gud fish e th' say yet us evvur wer catcht," us they sen. Aw sed to th' gentlemun, gud day to yo, un e yo leeten fur to see that mon wi' his halloday breechus, win yo ax him wat E'l tay a peawnd for 'um; un us we laft him E sed gud day my man, un brasted eawt o laffin.

Aw ax'd Symon to tak us to th' majoliko fountain un th' gowd pillur fro Australey, un hoff E seete omung o greyte rook o foke, un me un Jinny follerin aftur, till we coome streyght too um. Th' fountun wer verry grand, wi' lotts o waytur fizzin eawt ut monny o spot, un it smelt us noice us ony posey wi' sum mak o stuff us theyd'n put in, un ther'n wat they koed Sent George un th' Dragun ut top on't, un we'rn towd us it wer six un thurty foote fro th' botham to th' top, un noine un thurty foote reawnd th' botham. Sum chap koed Mintun they sen made it, un th' majolico wer sum mak o pot stuf.

They'rn o vaste seete o foke O reawnd it, un sum o th' quarest tykes us evvur geet hinto o pare o breechus. O deyle on 'um wer keawert deawn oppo sum shets us ther wer'n, un sum on 'um wer gradely knokt op wi' ther seete seein. One chap 'ud foen fast oslepe, un, thinks aw to missel, yo'ne sin us mich us yo want'n, schuzheaw, urelze yo wodn't shut yer een on it e that rode. Th' gowd pillur fro Australey wer close osoide o th' fountun, un sum pratty it luke't fur shure. Aw yerd one mon axin iv it wer gradely gowd, un o gentlemun us stoode osoide on't sed, no sir. Wel, aw sed, iv it isn't gowd it favvers it maistur, schuzheaw, but, aw sed, aw'l be obleigh't to yo e yo'l tel me un maw mistris un Symon heere, O us yo knone obeawt it, fur Rachde foke 'ul likker be spirrin obeawt wat we'n sin wen we'n getten whomme ogen, un aw gues we's ha' to insense 'um hinto it O. So wi' that E towd us iv O that gowd us wer getten e Austrayley fro eyghtene hundurth un fifte one, to eyghtene hundurth un sixte one, wer put e

one pese, it 'ud be th' saime loike us that us we'rn stonnin ofore, un E sed it weyghed twenti six milliun one hundurth un sixte two theawsun fore hundurth un thurty two eawnces, wat they koen troy weyght, un E sed that 'ud be one milliun sevun hundurth un nointy thre theawsun, noine hundurth un nointy foive peawnd, averdypoys weyght, aw think E koed it, un E sed that 'ud be eyght hundurth tons, sevuntene hundurth weyght, thre quarturns, un sevun peawnd. Wel, aw sed, maistur, it 'ud tay o mon to be meterly furr larned to tay O that in his yed, wodn't it? Wel, but E sed, E'd tel us summut elze; it messert one theawsun fore hundurth un nointy two kewbit foote un o hauve, un th' vallerayshun on it O wer one hundurth un fore milliuns, six hundurth un forty noine theawsun sevun hundurth un twenti eyght peawnd. Wel, aw sed, that's o vaste seete o brass, un it mun o taen o deyle o scrattin op, mun O that gowd. Just us aw wer turnin missel reawnd to th' reete hond, who shud aw see but Jone o' Peter's ov owd Mikel's o th' Two Lone Ends. Jinny stayr't us iv hoo cudn't beleeve hur oan een, un iv E'd bin o greyte eddycrop hoo cudn't o bin moore taen on. Heawsum-evvur we shooke honds t'one wi' th' tuther, un Jinny ax't him heaw leets E didn't bring his mistris wi' him, un E sed us E considert us heaw hoo wer us wele owhomme, fur iv O went on reete E rayther lippent us hoo'd be gettin hur bed in obeawt o fortnith. Wel, Jinny sed, oppo that footin E'd dun reete fur to lev hur behinnd; but hoo sed, heaw's yore Nancy un 'Lizobuth gettin on. Wel, E sed, noane so wele, fur wat wi' short toime un no time, un Shurat, they'rn welley parish't, un noathur on 'um doed so wele just mete neaw. Wel, Jinny sed, hoo'd yerd monny o one say us "hunger wer th' best sauce," but hoo con-sidert us that mak o sauce wer naut mich gud too, e they'rn no meyte un pottytus. Wel, aw sed, its o lung lone Jone, us has nevvur o turn, un aw gues O 'ul com reete ut th' last uv O, but foke ur gooin thru Sent Petur's needul, just mete neaw, schuzheaw. Wi' that we bid him gud day, un aw towd him us we met happun leete on him ogen ofore we laft. Jone's unkel Abrum wer o member o th' Ainshunt Ordur o th' Antydeluviun Buffaloes, un one ov his lads wer o terribul chap fur doancin, un sich loike, un koome o'er fro Bowtun too o grand baul us wer gan ut

th' Grene Mon, ut Smobridge—gentulmen forepenze o pese, un ladies two fur threppunze haupenny, th' profits to be gan fur to buy o nu geawnpese fur th' lonlort's woife; un th' lossus wer fur to be dividud share un share oloike omung thoose us stopt fuddlin aftur elevun o'klok ut neete.

Symon stoode theere watchin on us, un so aw towd him fur to let us goo un see wat ther wer to be sin e Australey, un oway O thre on us went streyght to it. We went'n in underneyth o greyt arch made o littul secks o wul, un sum noice they'rn dun op, fur shure. They'rn fifty on 'um us we'rn towd. Ofore we went'n in, we seede o bonny glas caze, wi' o rooke o gowd nuggits in, fro th' diggings, sum on 'um meterly big uns too, un o mon sed us Otogethur they'rn worth fro eyghty to nointy theawsun peawnd. We seede th' shap o wat they koen th' welcom nuggit, us weyghed one hundurth weyght, one quarter un twelv peawnd, un sowd fur ten theawsun foive hundurth peawnd; it met wele be koed th' welcom nuggit, saime toime it wer welley enuf to turn th' mon's yed us fund it, fur yo sin it wer o fortin fund O ut onc't. They'rn th' shap uv onuther noane th' saime mikle be o greyte deyl, heawsumevvur that sowd fur fiftene hundurth un eyght peawnd, un onuther besoide us o mon gan noine hundurth un sevunty two peawnd for. Noane so furr fro theere we seede foive hundurth un forty sevun maks o wood, o deyl that to com fro one kuntry, wern't it? un sum on 'um wer verry pratty fur to luke at, un us hard us brazzil.

Aw seede o gentlemun e th' insoide keawer't deawn roitin, un aw sed, yo'ne komn o lung way maistur, schuzheaw. Yes sir, E sed. Wel, aw sed, did'n yo kno o mon koed Solomun Butter'uth, E wer hauf cuzzen to maw unkel Mikel's neffey, oppo th' woife's soide. Wat part o Australey did E go too, E sed. Wel, aw sed, it wer sumweere e that kuntry, that's O us aw kno. E wer o biggish mon wi' blak wiskurs, but noane hauve us mich ure oppo his faze us sum o yo chaps han, un raythur o ful body'd mon e th' faze, yo shud'n kno him aw gues e yo komn fro that kuntry. Heawsumevvur it matters naut, fur e yo dunnut kno him sumbrey elze dus, likker, un e ther's ony boddy theere us has aut to sel oppo tryst they'n get to kno him, mich e they dunnut. Con yo foind o noice spot ony-

wheere theere fur me un maw mistris, iv hoo'd tay it hinto hur yed fur to goo; this us hur, yo sin, us stons heere. Jinny, aw sed, just ston forrud un sho thissel, un wi' that hoo koome forrud un sed, maistur yo mun nevvur heede this chap o moine, fur E knoes verry wele us aw shud no moore hause fur to goo weere yo comn fro, nur aw shud hause to goo o'er Blondin rope wi' o pare o pattins; aw no noshun o bein dreawn't, un hetten wi' bulljoans un jack-sharps, "Owd brids ur noane catch't wi' chaff," us they sen. Wel, but, aw sed, theaw mun kno, e' theaw con beleeve thi oan 'een, us its gowd, un noane chaff, us foke getten wi' gooin weere this chap coms fro. Wel but, hoo sed, t'one 'ud be just us gud us th' tuther to me iv aw wer uth bothum o th' say, wodn't it? un theaw knoes we shud "nevvur rekkon ur chikkins ofore they'rn hatch't," us foke sen. Wel but, aw sed, maistur, hoo con goo be lond, connut hoo? fur aw bin towd us th' letturs comn that rode, un aw seede one missel us Mikel Goslin geete, un it wer put ut th' eawt soide "be th' overlond mail." No, E sed, it wer moystly sailin that rode, fur ther'n nobbut two peesus o lond us foke went oer, us didn't tak hauve o weeke O-together to cros oer, un O th' tuther, us tuke welley six weeke to get oer, wer naut but waytur. Wel, aw sed, it lukes loike dissavin foke fur to ko that overlond, fur us fur us aw con see, ther's welley us mich waytur to goo o'er us ther is th' tuther rode. Wel, Jinny sed, e' ther'n nobbut hauve o moile o waythur hoo'd goo noane, fur o mon met be dreawn't monny o toime oer wi' gooin nobbut so furr, un hoo sed aw'l warrunt yo us aw'm noane beawn fur to "put O maw eggs e' one baskit," us they sen.

Wel, maistur, aw sed, yo sin hoo stons too hur guns, so aw gues we's be loike fur to keepe oppo droy lond, but, aw sed, we mun be gooin forrud, urelze Symon theere 'ul be gettin rotten cross wi' watchin on us, un so we'n just luke reawnd, un spir wat mak o things elze yo'ne getten. O sertinly, sur, E sed. Aw'd loike to furgetten fur to tel yo us aw seede Mestur Zak Mellor, th' Teawn Clark, un Mestur Reed, wats o teawn keawnsillur; they knoed me un aw knoed thame, un we spoke t'one to th' tuther, un went forrud, fur yo knone it wodn't o dun fur o mon loike me to may so bowd wi' o Teawn Clark un o keawnsillur. Aw gues E considert us E mut ha' one keawnsillur wi' him,

schuzheaw, seein us E wer comin to th' Eggshibishun—Solomun, yo knone, sed us heaw in o multitude o keawnsillurs ther'n safety, but E sed naut obeawt haldermen, us furr us aw con see. They'n welley olis had Teawn Clarks. Skripter, yo knone, tels obeawt one us geete his livvin ut Effesus, o spot sumweere oppo th' rode to Agypt; un us furr us we con larn, E wer o daysunt mak ov o chap, considerin us E wer i'th law, yo knone. Wel, yo sin, ther'n o greyte row ut Effesus wi' o rooke o tomnoddys us had no moore wit nur worship o wummun koed Diano. O mon theere koed Dimetrius 'ud joynt 'um just mete bekose E considert us E cud get sum brass eawt on 'um, un o bonny tyke E mut be fur to start o bein religius, sich us it wer, fur naut elze but to may sum brass. O mon o that mak 'ud sarve owd Scrat iv E cud nobbut may moore eawt on him. Wel, yo sin, wen E fund eawt us Paul's preychin wer tayin his trade oway, E coed O his jurneymen togethur un towd 'um us very sune they'dn ha' naut to doo, un o bonny shindy they kik't op fur shure, fur th' wholle teawn geete into o uproar, un they made sich o din whawl no mon cud lippen wat onuther chap wer sayin. One felley, koed Alick, geete op un geete it into his yed us E cud sattle 'um, but they wodn't yer him ut O. Heawsumevvur th' Teawn Clark geete on to his legs, feyrd aw dar say us E met loyse his shop, un E sattelt 'um, fur E towd 'um us heaw e' ther'n aut in it e' wat Paul 'ud bin tellin 'um, it wer shure fur to goo forrud, but e' ther wer naut in it, it 'ud com to naut, it wer so loike, un so wi' that they O went whomme; mich e' ther wern't o deyle o windus brokken whawl they'rn ogate, us sumbrey 'ud ha' to pay for. Eh! heaw aw'm furgettin to tel obeawt me seete seein, but yo mun nevvur hede, fur yo knone aw'm o ramblin mak ov o chap, but th' next chaptur 'ul tel yo obeawt wat we seede besoide, yo'ne see, e' yo'ne nobbut be ut th' labbur to rede it.

THURD CHAPTUR.

Obeawt wat we seede e' th' Eggshibishun besoide wat aw towd on e' th' Chaptur us gwos ofore this.—Sum tauk wi' o felley fro Queenslun', un o chap fro Omeriko.—Obeawt th' pikters us we seede un sich loike, un pertikler obeawt a quare mak ov o doo us aw had missel wi' o Chep John chap oppo th' rode bak to Mestur Pyke's, un th' diskourse us we had'n togethur ut Symon's wen we'dn had us baggin, obeawt th' seete o stuf us ther is hetten un drunken e' Lundun in o twel'mun, un sich loike.

WEL, yo sin, aw towd yo ofore obeawt us tawkin wi' that chap fro Australey, un so wen we laft him fur to goo un see O us E had fur foke to luke at fro th' kuntry us E coome fro, we seede sum copper, un coles, un irun, un silk besoide, un then we coome too o rooke o sevun stuff't shepe, o sum mak, us luk't us natteruble us iv they'rn in o feelt. Th' gentulmun sed us they'rn koed lamas un alpakus. Th' lamas wer th' biggest, but th' wul on 'um wer noane so lung us tuther, saime toime ther ears wer us lung us jackassus welley. We'rn towd us these lamas wer sent to Australey be o mon koed Ledger, us geete 'um, aftur o deyle o bother, e' Seawth Omeriko, un sent 'um O in o ship to that kuntry, oboone thre hundurth on 'um Otogethur. They'dn heyte o deyle o meyte o sum mak ofore they geete to th' furr end, wodn't they? Ther's bin one lott o wul sent hoff 'um to this kuntry Oreddy, un they sen ther'n be o vaste seete comin ofore aut's lung. It wer o mon koed Titus Salt us first made geawn peesus fro this mak o wul, sumweere noane so fur fro Bradfurth, e' Yorshur, un sum seete o brass E's made they sen. Ther'n o greyte deyle o maks o wine to be sin, so they'rn noane O teetotullurs e' that kuntry, schuzheaw. Us sune us wed'n sin sum pratty fleawrs made o fithers, un o ladis muff made o pol parrut fithers, us Jinny wer o deyle taen op wi', O on us went into Queenslun', un we seede o deyle o wul theere un greyte big bawks o wood us gan us o bit ov o inseete into wat big treese ther mun be e' that kuntry. Ther'n sum 'bacco, un shugar, un cottun, un sampuls o welley O

maks o heytin stuff us they grewn theere, un fishin takkel, un summut us they koen tommyhawks, us th' black chaps use'n, un us monny things besoide, us 'ud welley crak o mon's yed fur to tay 'um O oway.

Symon sed us we'd bettur be gooin forrud, fur we hadn't so verry lung fur to stop in, un E sed wen th' bells startud o ringin evvury mon jack on us mut cut ther stiks, fur it wer considert us th' foke 'ud O had o gud shillin'urth be then. Wel, aw sed, aw'd kalkilatud us it 'ud be raythur iv Oather oboone o penny farthin o heawr, un okwording to th' big clok us we seede, we'dn nobbut had heyght penn'urth so furr, bekose it 'ud nobbut just strukken fore, un e' we startud then un went'n forrud meterly fast, we likker met see us mich fur th' tuther forepunze us we'dn sin Oreddy. But aw sed ther's o mon theere fro Queens-lun' us aw mun hav o bit o diskorse wi' ofore we gwone oway, schuzheaw. Jinny sed iv hoo wer me hoo'd let him o be, fur hoo seede no sense e' me bullockin foke us mich us aw did, un hoo sed foke olis sen us "o wise yed made o stil tunge." Wel, aw sed, that connut be olis tru, fur sum uth fawsist chaps us we had'n e' th' Parleyment con foind tawkin stuff fur to last 'um foive heawrs ut one doo, saime toime, aw sed, aw'd yerd monny o one say us wen o mon had naut mich in him E welley olis made o greyte din wi' lettin eawt wat bit E had. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, aw'l sune sattle wi' him theaw's see. Wi' that aw made bowd fur to goo too him, un aw sed, heaw'r yo to-day maistur, un E made onsur un sed, verry wel thank u sur. Wel, aw sed, that's gud us furr us it gwos, but aw sed, aw sin o mon coed Jordun us coome fro yore kuntry, did'n yo kno him? O yes, E sed, verry wel. Wel, aw sed, aw com fro Rachde, aw gues likker us yo knone us Mestur Kobdin gwos to th' Parleyment fur us? O yes, E sed. Wel, aw ko that summut fur to be preawd on, aw sed, fur yo sin E pyk't us eawt fro O th' foke e' Englun fur to ston for us; but, aw sed, Mestur Jordun us aw wer tellin o'er, coome o lektring too us obeawt yore kuntry, un E welley made Rachde foke stark mad obeawt gooin to Queenslun', un aw dar say iv it 'ud nobbut bin obeawt us furr us Chowbent un theere, us sum on 'um 'ud welley o startud hoff ofore they'dn gwone to bed, urelze us sune us they'dn had ther breykefust e' th' mornin, bekose E sed ther'n sich o seete o

brass fur to be getten theere. But, aw sed, yo'ne one mon e' yore kuntry us wer bred un born omung us, they coen him Mestur Tom Stevens, un e' yo'ne onny Corn Laws un Church Rates us wants knockin hoff, E'l just be th' mon fur fittin yo op for that job, aw'l warrunt yo. O, E sed, E knoed him verry wel, us wele us E knoed onny boddy, un E sed they'dn made him Mayor o one spot coed Brisbane. Wel, aw sed, aw'm fain fur to yer it, un yo mun gie maw respekts too him wen yo gwone bak ogen, un yo mun tel him us we'n had monny o mayor e' Rachde sin E laft, un we'n o greyte rook moore watchin till ther kale coms.

Ther'n onuther gentulmun stonnin osoide on him, un aw sed, dun yo com fro weere E coms fro, maistur? un E made onsur un sed no, E coome fro Omeriko. O, aw sed, dun yo, then yore comn eawt o th' rode o th' feightin aw rekkon? No, E sed, E'd comn bekose E had to com. To be shure, aw sed, yo coome heere just mete bekose yo didn't stop theere, un yo knoed vaste wele ofore yo seete hoff, us ther'n no feightin gooin on o this soide o th' waytur. Wel but, E sed, they'dn let foke see us noane on 'um wer feyrd o feightin, un it 'ud be sin ofore they'dn dun, us they'rn o greyte peepul. Wel, aw sed, that's bin sin Oreddy, fur sum on yo 'ur greyte enuf, schuzheaw. Aw sed, aw gues yo knone o spot koed Kentukky, dun yo? O yes, E sed, verry wel. Wel, aw sed, aw seede it e' th' pappur us ther'n one mon theere us wer sich o greyte chap, whawl E had to goo op o laddur to shave hissel—it wodn't be verry yessey to buckthwang o chap o that bugth, wod it? O, E sed, you're bein jokose me man. Yo nevvur hede him, maistur, Jinny sed, fur yo knone "evvury dog considers hissel o lion ut whomme," us foke sen. Wel but, aw sed, its o terribul consarn aftur O, is yo're feightin, yo're so verry dree obeawt yor wark. E' we'dn had yore job fur to doo, we'dn o mollycrusht thoose rebel chaps lung sin, un hald O thoose blak felleys ofore neaw O singin "Britons nevvur shan be slaves," un aw'l warrunt yo us foke heere wodn't giv o hep fur th' wholle boylin on yo, whawl yo'n that slavury wark gooin on omung yo, un sanner yo let'n evvury mon ston on his own botham un bettur it 'ul be fur bwoth yo un thame; un aw sed e' yo leet'n fur to see Ab Lincoln, us yo coen him, wen yo

gwone bak ogen, tel him aw say so, win yo? Wel, yo sin, wi' that aw bid him gud day; fur Symon wer watchin on us fur to goo un get o seete o th' pikters op e' th' gallury, un so we O turn't bak ogen thru theere weere Sheffil un Brummagham foke had ther stuf, un went op o rooke o staires, till we coome streyght too 'um. We'rn O bowtin streyght in us bowd us bangbeggurs, wen o mon O oppo th' suddin stopt Jinny un sed us heaw hoo mut'nt goo forrud beawt levvin hur umbrel behinnd hur. Wel, aw sed, maistur, its quare e' yore sich o ninnyhommer us to get it into yer yed us hoo's beawn fur to put hur umbrel op e' sich o spot us this wat's O cuvvert oer wi' glass. Wel but, E sed, it wodn't be 'leawd on, fur e' foke mut O tay ther umbrels wi' 'um, sum o th' pikters met get spoylt. Aw sed win yo be spoylt maistur, heaw cud maw mistris doo aut o that mak, wen O th' whoile hur umbrel wer danglin be th' steyle ut her pokit ole. Heawsumevvur, E sed us hoo mut Oathur lev hur umbrel wi' him ur elze ston weere hoo wer. Wel, aw sed, maistur, aw fund it eawt Oreddy us yo loiken yer oan rode e' this kuntry, schuzheaw, un aw gues e' we munnut goo forrud wi' it we mun lev it wi' yo, but aw sed it 'ul be ruff wi' sumbrey e' yo loysen that umbrel, fur it belung'd to maw mistris gronfaythur, un oppokeawnt o that, hoo sets o seete o store on it, un sin E deede its had thre nu steyles put in, un fore toimes oer had nu tops on, un hoo wodn't ardly part wi' it fur o appron ful o brass, fur th' sake o th' owd mon. Wel, Jinny sed, wat "connut be cuer't mun be enduer't," us foke sen, un wi' that hoo gan it him, un we O went'n forrud, un wer verry mich gloppent ut th' seete o sich o rooke o bonny pikters us foke wer glooring at, whawl sum on 'um seem't fur to be welley moydert. Ther'n one pikter us wer verry wele dun fur shure; it wer coed "Dancing O Neete," un it seem't fur to be so natteruble whawl Jinny sed us hoo welley thaut us hoo cud yer him us wer ogate o fiddlin. E' th' reawm us they'rn doancin in, sum on 'um wer keawert deawn in o corner havin o droit o tay ur summut o that mak; th canduls wer welley O brunt eawt, un one chap wer gapin wi' his meawth us woide oppen us o Cheshur cat, un thinks aw to missel, that chap's hard wark fur to keep wakken, schuzheaw. Th' mon us wer fiddlin for 'um favvert o felley us cok't op

his littul fingur raythur moore nur aut wer gud too, un us furr us aw cud see, ther wern't o teetotuller e' th' wholle boylin. It wer just skroike o day, us wer plain fur to be sin wi' th' dur bein o bit oppen. O gentulmon ax'd me wat aw thaut on 'um, un aw sed, wel maistur, it 'ud gloppen me e' sum o ther yeds didn't warch ofore they'rn mich owder, aw meyne, aw sed, e' they'rn O wick. Onuther pikter wer th' shap o sum munkeys, one on 'um 'ud getten howd ov o greyte appul, un wer cuttin hoff fur to heyte it, un Onuther munkey us wantud fur to hav o bite 'ud getten fast howd ov it tail fur to poo it bak, un it did grin too sum ov o bit. Aw sed too o gentulmon us wer raythur tikkelt wi' watchin 'um, that furst munkey maistur, 'ud be sum fain fur to hav o "tikit o leyve" til that appul wer O hetten, wodn't it?

Th' next pikter us we seede wer th' shap o th' insoide ov o heawse, un th' foke us wer in wer e' sum ov o flunter, just mete bekose o ratten 'ud cros't o'er th' floor. One mon 'ud getten o poker ur summut o that mak, un o wummun 'ud o brush wi' o lung steyle, un O on 'um wer potterin under o langsettul to may th' poor cratur com eawt fur to be kilt stoane deyde oppo th' spot, but thinks aw to missel it 'ul be to fause fur yo, mich iv it winnot. It wer so wele dun whawl aw wer aktilly watchin fur th' ratten comin eawt, un aw coome to missel wi' yerrin Jinny ko eawt, "aw wish sum on yo 'ud ston furr, fur its past O bidin fur to be squozzen e' this rode, fur aw con ardly get me wynt omung yo." Com, aw sed, e' yone nobbut may o rode for us to get eawt o this nook, we'n goo sumweere elze, fur yo maen maw mistris raythur nattelish wi' thrutchin so, un wi' that we push't ursels thru un rambult obeawt til it wer welley givin oer toime. We geete us umbrel safe un seawnd bak ogen, un gan th' mon o penny pese fur tayin care on't un went deawn th' stares ogen, but ofore we geete to th' bothum, th' bells startud o ringin, un o bonny din they made fur shure. O th' foke startud o gooin eawt e' quik stiks, un Jinny geete howd o me fur hoo sed us hoo wer so ill tyert whawl hoo'd be foin, ur sum mischoance, iv aw didn't let hur link wi' me.

Wen we O geete eawt ther wer sum ov o stok on us e' th' streete fur shure, un ther'n omnibus's un carrigus fur evvurlastin welley. Oeronent o wat they coen th' Eggs-

hibishun rode, aw seede o plaze coed "Gospil Hall," un they'rn givin bukes wi' th' skripter in, to lotts o foke, sum e' Jarmun, un othersum e' Frensh, un differunt maks o tauk, sich us coome to leete aw rekkun wen they'rn bildin th' teawr o Babil. Aw geete Jinny un Symon to ston stil whawl aw cros't oer, un sum ov o doo aw had fur to get oer, aw'l warrunt yo. Heawsumevvur, oer aw geete ut th' last uv O, un aw went streyght op too o mon us wer hondin 'um eawt ov o little spot, obeawt th' mikle ov o Punsh un Judy sho, un aw sed aw'l thank yo maistur fur one o thoose littul bukes. E ax'd me iv aw cud rede Jarmun; naw, aw sed, that's naut e' maw rode. Wel, E sed, they'rn only fur thoose us understoode th' Jarmun langwidge. Wel, aw sed, aw con larn it likker, connut aw, us me un maw mistris gwone whomme ogen oppo th' ralerode, un yo knone it 'ul be raythur yessier wi' bein two on us too it. Wel, E sed, aw mut goo to onuther mon un get o Inglish buke. Thinks aw to missel, it 'ul be no go heere, schuz-heaw, saime toime aw'd o greyte noshun o gettin howd ov o Jarmun buke, iv aw cud nobbut shap it onny heaw, so aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat aw con doo maistur, aw con play o Jarmun flute us wele us heere un theere one, e' that 'ul doo, un aw likker think e' yo nobbut yerd me play th' owd hundurth, us yo'd giv in to me, mich e' yo wodn't. Heaw-sumevvur, aw geete fare shov'd eawt wi' o rooke o Jarmuns comin op, un so aw bowted to th' tuther spot, un geete one o th' Inglish bukes 'beawt onny bothur ut O, bekose E sune seede us aw cud speyke Inglish us wele us onny boddy, un E wern't hauve us tickle us th' tuther mon wer. It wer o pratty littul buke, us aw cud just crom into me singlit pokkit, un aw sed aw con but thank yo maistur, un aw cros't oer to weere Symon un Jinny stoode, but just ofore aw coome to th' kosey, o cab chap 'ud welley o gallop't oer me iv aw hadn't o leetud fur to poo op e' toime, un Jinny wer welley flayed eawt ov hur wits, un skroik't eawt, fur gudnis sake mon yo'ne run oer maw felley. Heawsumevvur, yo knone O's wele us ends wele, un hoff we seete.

We hadn't gwone furr ofore aw seede o mon stonnin ut o dur weere aw cud see us ther'n summut fur to be sin, un so aw sed, wat han yo getten heere maistur, e' yo plez? Wel, E sed, it wer wat they coed th' Seawth Kensingtun

Mooseum. O is it, aw sed, is ther summut to pay fur to goo in? un E towd us, us ther'n summut fur to pay sum days, un uther sum ther'n naut to pay. Wel, aw sed, is ther aut fur to pay to-morn? No, E sed, ther'n nevvur naut fur to pay ov o Setterday. Wel, aw sed, that's the tikkit fur me, schuzheaw, un me un maw mistris 'ul com o lukin at yo to-morn aw dar say, fur yo sin we'n comn o lung way to this kuntry, un we dunnot want fur to mis naut 'uts to be sin, pertikler yo knone wen ther's no gooin in brass wantud, so gud day to yo, un aw'm obleegh't to yo fur th' inseete us yo'ne gan us obeawt this consarn.

Us sune us we startud o gooin forrud, Jinny gaytud o linkin wi' me, fur hoo sed us heaw hoo cud ardly stik one foote ofore onuther wi' bein so ill tyer't, un we jogg'd oway us wele us we cud'n omung sich o seete o foke.

Wen we'dn gwone obeawt hauve o moile aw seede two chaps ofore us, un one on 'um had o cheer oer his shilder, un thinks aw to missel, thoose chaps ur op to summut iv aw'm noane mistaen, un aw'd no sanner get'n that into me yed nur aw seede 'um bwoth turn on to o pese o lond just osoide o th' kosey, un wen they'dn put ther cheer deawn, one on 'um geete on it, un iv E hadn't bin sich o rumgumshus lukin custumer aw shud o consider't us E wer beawn fur to start o preychin, but E turn't eawt fur to be o chep John felley, un so thinks aw to missel aw'l yer wat E has fur to say to foke. Jinny sed hoo'd stop noane, fur hoo'd bwoth sin un yerd us mich us hoo wantud fur one doo, un us foke sed, "to mich ov aut wer gud fur naut." Wel, aw sed, thee tay howd o Symon un be gooin forrud, un aw'l oertay yo bwoth ofore aut's lung, fur aw con spir me rode us wele us onnybody.

Wel, yo sin, ther'n sune o rooke o foke geete reawnd these chaps, un him us wer oppo th' cheer sed us E'd sum stuf wi' him us E wor detarmin't fur to sel chep, un E sed to convins us O ut it wer so, E'd start wi' sellin o shillin pese, un E ax'd e' ther'n o mon omung us, us 'ud gie ten-punze for't. Aw wer just gooin fur to tel him us aw'd tay hauve o duzzen on 'um, but ofore aw cud speyke, E sed ther'n no buyers, un then E haus't fur to sel o two shillin pese, un ax'd e' ther'n onnyboddy theere us 'ud gie twenti punze for't, un aw sed, ah, aw wil. Wel, E sed, un who are u sir? Aw sed, it matters naut to thee mon who aw

am e' theaw gets thi brass, un e' theaw'l nobbut reych deawn that two shillin pese us aw'v baut, aw'l sune get choynge for't e' yon shop, un tay me forepunze eawt. Wel but, E sed, E'd noane sowd it. Aw sed, it caps me e' theaw didn't, fur it wer us plane fur to be sin us that red nose o thyne, us theaw sowd it me. E sed us E'd nobbut ax'd who'd buy it, but e' wed'n nobbut stop o minnit E'd let us O see us E'd summut in his pokkit fur to sel, us wer chepper nur aut us E'd towd on so furr. Wel, aw sed, aw'm noane 'beawn fur to stop lung, schuzheaw, fur to maw thinkin, theawr't sum mak ov o Jerrymy Diddler uts op to naut mich gud too — aw wunder e' thi muther knoes theawr't eawt, fur it 'ud bin us wele fur thee e' th' owd wummon 'ud nevvur lause seete on thi. Heawsumevvur, E wer aftur brass, us wer plane fur to be sin, un E towd us, us it wer ogreede on be welley evvuryboddy, us o respectuble marchunt shud nevvur fo eawt wi' his custumers, un E meynt fur to let us O see us E wor o mon us cud doo gud too his enemyes, un iv the gentulmon who had so shamefully insultud him — aw koed eawt theawr't rang theere—E sed ogen iv the gentulmon who seem't fur to com fro sum eawtlandish kuntry—Rachde, aw koed eawt, theere weere Mestur Kobdin stons fur — Wel, E sed, iv the noysy man had any tin in his pokit, E myght hav sum ov the moyst wunderfullist bargins us evvur wer sin be o desarnin publik. Wel, aw sed, wil te shap, un let us see wat theaw con doo, fur maw mistris 'ul be watchin o me sumweere; so wi' that E poo'd eawt ov his pokit o knoif, un towd us, us heaw that knoif 'ud bin sent to him be Mestur Rogers, o Sheffil, un E ax'd whoo'd gie foive shillin for't. E sed it 'ud fit onnyboddy, un doo fur aut. One o th' blades, E sed 'ud doo fur onny raskul fur to cut his stik wi' un shave hissel, ur oppen oysturs wi', un sich loike wark us that, un sed ther'n one littul blade us 'ud doo fur to stik o clewus orse, bleed o whelebarro, un mend o stele pen. E sed wed'n bettur think ofore we mis't o bargin, fur it wer o wele bred knoife, E'd warrunt it, fur it favthur wer o razzor, it muther o butcher's cleyvur, un it wer hintroduce't to him be Mestur Rogers. E towd us next us heaw E wer noane beawn to ax o lung proise, un e' ther'n o gentulmon theere ur o lady oathur us cud foind e' ther hart fur to gie two-un-sixpunze for it, they met hav it. Nay,

aw sed, we'n moore whoite in 'ur een nur O that coms too, maistur; un E seem't fur to be raythur pottert wi' me sayin so, un sed it wer plane fur to be sin us heaw aw'd naut to cut. Yigh but aw hav mon, aw sed, fur aw's cut me stik wen theaw's getten to th' fur end o thi tale. Wel, E sed, sel E mut, so E'd say elevun, ten, noine, eyght, sevun, six, un th' mon us pottert eawt his brass met hav it fur the ruinous proise o sixpunze. O mon us stoode eawtsoide o th' foke koed eawt, Heere, un push't forrud thru 'um O, un gav him sixpunze un geete it, un then E coome omung us un sed it wer one o th' best knoives us E'd evvur sin. Aw seede us E wer one o th' set, un aw sed, waw mon, aw con get us monny us aw con heyve fur thre-un-sixpunze o duzzen e' Sheffil. E sed aw towd noane tru, but aw sed, thee say us aw say un then theaw'l be reete. Th' next thing us wer sowd wer o pokkit buke, un ofore E reych't it eawt E'd daub'd one soide ov his faze wi' summut, un o big letherin chap koed eawt, Maistur, yo'ne durtid yer faze. O, E, sed, nevvur moind, fur to-morro's day fur weshin it, un aw olis wesh me faze onc't o weke, whethur aw neede it ur not. E ax'd whoo'd gie hauve-o-creawn fur th' pokkit-buke, fur E sed it 'ud o pokkit fur letturs, o pokkit fur notes, o colum fur peawnds, un o colum fur penze, o colum fur to put deawn wat wer borrud, un one fur wat wer laust, un onuther fur wat wer stown, un E sed besoide O that ther'n o leyfe fur evvury yer e' th' munth, un fur evvury munth in o weke, un o deyle moore sich loike gibberish E leete eawt: un ut last uv O E sowd it too o mon fur sixpunze, un coed eawt, sowd ogen to o literary gentulmon wurth o theawsun o yer, O e' coppur, un evvury penny on't wer kept fro him be th' reete owners. Th' next thing us E braut eawt wer o littul spy-glass, un E sed ov o foine day it 'ud bring foke us wer twenti moile hoff so close too o mon whawl E cud yer wat they'rn taukin obeawt. Wi' that, yo sin, th' foke O laff't at him, un E sed they met laff, but E cud tel 'um summut quarer nur that, fur one day wen E wer in o saport teawn, E poo'd eawt one ov his glassus saime loike us that us E had in his hond, to luke ut o ship us wer ten moile hoff, un E sed E draw'd it so close whawl E wer forc't to cut hoff, feyrd o bein taen op fur runnin th' ship ogreawnd. Neaw, E sed, e' wed'n turn it th' tuther rode, it 'ud elp us fur to kepe

foke us we didn't loike o greyte way fro us, un it wer just the tikkit fur keepin oway poleesemen un poor relayshuns. Wen E'd sed that, o yung chap pade him fur one, un wen E'd poo'd onuther eawt ov his pokkit, E turn't to me, un sed now my man, "Here's onuther ov the same," us King David sed ov his Psalms. Nay, aw sed, aw's buy noane mon, un theaw'd best nevvur hause to hondle skripter, fur e' theaw dus, theaw'l may o bonny doo on't, un likker favvur o mon us aw onc't yerd tel on, us sed too o preychur, us E'd bin elp'd thru monny o bit o tribylayshun wi' thinkin o that skripter us sed 'ut "faint hart nevvur won fare lady," un aw sed, t'one hauve o wat theaw's bin lettin eawt us noane thi oan gettin op, fur aw'm welley shure us aw've sin sum on't in o buke sumweere, iv aw hannut aw'm mistaen, that's O; un as fur thoose knoives, aw sed, aw've just bin tellin this mon o thyne us aw cud buy us monny us aw loik't, noane so furr fro weere aw com fro, ut nobbut thrippunze haupenny o pese. Wel, E sed, E didn't loike to ko onny gentulmon o liar, but aw wer noane tellin that us wer tru, un aw wer o dogmatik chap. Wel, aw sed, it matters naut to me whethur theaw koes me dog-matik ur cat-matik, but e' theaw'l tel O us theaw knoes, these foke 'ul see us wat aw've towd on is us tru us aw'm stonnin heere, schuzheaw, but aw dar say e' theaw'd nobbut knone us aw'd comn fro Rachde, theaw'd likker nevvur sed O us theaw has dun. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, aw mun goo, fur maw mistris us gwone forrud, un hoo'l be gettin raythur unyessey iv aw dunnot turn op meterly sune, mich iv hoo winnot. Us aw wer gooin hoff aw yerd him tellin th' foke us E thaut us th' poor fellow wer noane reete in his yed, so aw turn't missel reawnd, un aw sed, aw'l tell yo wat foke, aw'm reete e' me pokkit, iv aw'm rang e' me yed, un that's wat o rook o yo winnot say e' yo stay'n wi' that chap mich lunger.

Wel, yo sin, aw hadn't gwone oboon tuthre minnits ofore aw fund eawt ut sum raskul 'ud stown me pokit-hankeycher, un sum mad aw wer oppokeawnt on it bein gan me be me Unkle Abrum woife, un cost welley foive shillin, evvury haupenny.

Aw seete off meterly fast opurpus fur to oertay Jinny un Symon, but aw wer e' sich o flunter wi' havin me han-keycher stown whawl aw cud ardley tay onny notis uv aut.

[Aw'm reete e' me pokkit, iv aw'm rang e' me yed.]

Thinks aw to missel iv aw nobbut had that thefe deawn e' Rachde, un braut him ofore eawr justisus—fur we'n sum ov o seete on 'um—un iv eych one on 'um 'ud nobbut gan him o munth opese e' Manchestur Nubaley, E'd o bin takken kare on fur one yer ov eawr Lord, schuzheaw. Heawsumevvur, iv aw evvur leete fur to stop un yer onuther chep John, it shol be weere aw con ston wi' me baksoide pokkit ogen o wole, urelze aw'm o Dutchman.

Aw'd gwone aw dar say, welley hauve un heawr ofore aw coome e' th' seete o Jinny un Symon, un wen aw coome op to 'um they gaytud o spirrin me obeawt wat aw'd sin, un

wantud fur to kno e' ther'n onny bargins weere aw'd bin, un aw sed noboddy geete naut chep us aw seede on, nobbut one chap us geete o pokithankeycher cheppur nur E'd onny bisnis to maw thinkin. Waw, Jinny sed, wat did th' mon ax for it? Wel, aw sed, ther'n naut ax't for it, but sum waistril geete it fur o deyle less nur it cost. Wel, Jinny sed, hoo made naut o foke tellin that mak ov o tale, fur no mon cud nevvur may mich brass, heaw cud E, iv E sowd his stuff fur less nur E gan for't, iv E did, E mut get howd on't terribul chep sumweere. Wel, yo sin, ut th' last uv O aw leete it eawt wat 'ud befone me, un Jinny did oppen hur een aw'l warrunt yo, un hoo sed wen hoo geete whomme ogen un leetud fur to ko un see hur Aint Betty, hoo shud be O in o swat fey'rd us hoo met be axin obeawt th' hankeycher us ur husbun gan me. Heawsumevvur, hoo sed, ther'd naut gud com o that chap us tuke it, fur it's olis sed us " T'one hauve o th' Devil's meyle runs to bran." But, hoo sed, ther'n welley olis o breete soide to O maks o misfortins, un it wer wele fur me us aw'd noane bin guyrottud us they koen it, fur hoo sed hoo'd yerd sich o deyle obeawt that nu fangelt rode o steylin whawl hoo wondert us foke wer noane feyrd o gooin eawt o th' dur wen th' day leete wer gwone. Wel, aw sed, foke wer mistaen us considert us guyrottin wer o nu consarn, fur onny boddy us red skripter, us evvury boddy shud do, met see fur thersels us ther's o mon towd on theere us wer guyrottud oboone eyghtene hundurth yer sin. Wel, Jinny sed us hoo cudn't unbethink hur weere that wer. Wel but, aw sed, aw kno, un aw'l insense thee into it meterly sune. It wer o mon us ow'd o deyle o brass too onuther chap, un wen th' mon us E ow'd it too seede us heaw E'd naut fur to pay wi', un bein us E wer o gud natur't chap, E towd him us E'd nevvur ax him fur o haupenny, un E cross't it O eawt. Eh! Jinny sed, we cud eldur doo wi' sum felleys o that mak just mete neaw, cudn't us, whawl th' faktorys gaytud ogen. Wel but, aw sed, aw hannut towd thi O, fur theaw sees that saime mon us wer leete hoff 'beawt payin hissel, seede o mon e' th' strete us ow'd him sum brass, un osted o dooin too him us E'd bin dun too hissel, E tuke howd ov his throte un guyrottud him, un koed eawt, pay me that brass us theaw ow's me. Wel, theaw sees, us sune us th' mon 'ud getten his wynt ogen, un

cud speyke, E sed E wod pay him iv E'd nobbut let him o be o bit; heawsumevvur, E wer detarmin't fur to hav it theere un then, un bekose E cudn't stump deawn th' brass E sent him to o nubaley, besoide throttlin him. Wel, Jinny sed, it wer o brunnin shame for him to doo e' that rode, un E mut hav o hart us hard us brazzil, but, hoo sed, "Ther's no gettin whoite meyle eawt ov o cole seck," us foke sen, is ther?

Wel, yo sin, we'rn so taen op wi' taukin so, whawl we'dn loik't fur to gwone by Symon dur, but E koed eawt, un aw seede his dur in o minnit, un in we bowted.

Mistris Pyke, wen hoo seede us goo in, sed us hoo cud see us we'rn O wele tyert, un aw sed yore reete theere mistris, un e' yo'l nobbut ax maw owd wummon, hoo'l tel yo us hoo con fele it likker bettur nur yo con see it.

We'rn noane so lung ofore we'rn keaw'rd deawn to us baggins, un aw welley think us we made Mistris Pyke oppen hur een wen hoo seede th' buttercakes goo us faste us they did'n, fur we'rn O us hungry us parish 'prentisus. Us sune us th' baggin wer o'er, Symon ax'd iv aw'd loike fur to goo un see Lord Dundreery. Wel, aw sed, weere dus E liv? O, E sed, it wer o mon us aktud ut th' play-heawse, un made foke laff whawl they'rn welley fit to brast. Wel, aw sed, laffin wer noane sich yessey wark wen they'rn so mich on't, un aw cud foind plenty o foke to laff at wen aw geete whomme ogen, 'beawt havin aut fur to pay for't. Aw sed iv E'd naut ogen it, aw'd leifer stop in wi' him un hav sum diskorse obeawt differunt maks o things, fur wen aw wer ut th' skoo, we'rn towd us o mon shud olis be hausin fur to get summut fresh into his yed, fur E met welley us wele be 'beawt yed Otogethur us hav o yed wi' naut in it.

Wel, yo sin, us sune us we geete us poipes, Symon ax'd me wat aw thaut o Lundon neaw, us aw'd sin it twoice o'er. Wel, aw sed, it olis capt me weere O th' heytin stuff coome fro fur sich o seete o foke us ther wer'n, un aw ax't him iv E cud gie me onny mak o inseete hinto wat wer hetten Otogethur in o twelmun. Wel, E sed, ther wer one mon us 'ud bin ut o bit o labbur fur to rekkon it op, un us furr us E cud kalkilate, E ser ther'n us monny oxen hetten e' one yer us 'ud reych sevunty-two moile, ten in o ro.

Waw, Jinny sed, e' O that rook o keaws ther'd be monny o waggin lodd o naut but ther tails, e' they'rn O

cut hoff, un hoo sed us hoo olis loik't th' tail end ov o keaw us wele us onny end. Th' saime mon, Symon sed, ud made it eawt ut th' shepe us wer hetten O in a yer's toime, 'ud be o hundurth un twenti moile lung, un ten in o ro saime loike us th' keaws wer'n. Eh, did evvur! Jinny sed, but wat o din ther'd be e' they'rn O bah-ing ut onc't, wodn't ther? Aw ax'd him e' ther'n aut elze us E'd kalkilated on, un Symon sed ther wer'n, fur E'd made it eawt us ther'n sevun moile lung o cauves, un noine moile o pigs, un O on um ten in o ro too. Jinny sed it mut deyfen foke wen O thoose pigs wer'n stik't, wi' 'um skroikin so, un ther'd be o vaste seete o blak puddins made eawt o th' wholle rook on 'um, fur shure, wodn't ther?

It wer fund eawt be th' saime chap, Symon sed, us ther'n us monny chikkens, un duks, un sich loike hetten, us 'ud fil fifte akre o lond, us close togethur us they cud waddle; un as fur th' brade us wer hetten in o twelmun, waw! it 'ud bin made eawt ut th' loaves 'ud reych thre toimes o'er us heegh us th' top o Sent Paul's, e' they'rn six hundurth feet square. Wel, Jinny sed, wat o seete o Jarmun barm O that lott 'ud tay, wodn't it? Heawsum-evvur, wat aw wer th' moyst taen on wi' wer wat E towd on obeawt th' drink, fur E sed ther'n us mich ale sup't us 'ud may o theawsun coloms o hogsyeds o moile heegh o pese: un O this rook o stuff wer hetten un sup't e' Lundon e' nobbut one yer. Wel, Jinny sed, that sheds O, dus thoose hogsyeds, un to maw thinkin it dusn't favver mich e' th' teetotul loine e' this kuntry. Symon sed, iv O ut E'd yerd wer tru, ther'n o meterly deyle o fuddlin weere we koome fro, us wele us ther wer e' uther spots.

Wel, aw sed, it wer quoite tru us wed'n sum foos omung us, fur shure, us welley made oway wi' t'one hauve o th' brass us they addel't, regler, un laft ther woives ardly aut fur to kepe heawse wi'. Ah! Jinny sed, un then they han fur to goo to th' badgurs fur to get ther stuff oppo tryste, un o bonny seete moore they had'n fur to pay, just mete bekose they went'n 'beawt brass; hoo sed us hoo onc't yerd o mon say us they'rn koed badgurs oppokeawnt on 'um byting foke. Wel but, aw sed, theyd'n nevvur byte noboddy e' they didn't get bytten thersels, noane thame, un it wer noane rezzonuble fur onny boddy to get it into ther yed us o mon 'ud sel his stuff us chep oppo tryste us wen foke pade for't theere un then, pertikler wen monny o

toime they laust sich o seete o brass. Aw sed, wat dun yo think, Mistris Pyke? Wel, hoo sed, wat aw sed wer reete, un hoo considert us hoo welley saif't t'one hauve o th' rent wi' olis payin fur hur stuff us hoo wantud it. Hur faythur, hoo sed, olis use't fur to tel 'um ofore they'rn wed, us heaw foke us didn't run op o shop skore made ther stuff goo fur nur thoose us geete it oppo tryste, fur e' they hadn't mich brass obeawt 'um they made'n ther stuff spin eawt, whawl they geete fresh brass fur to buy wi'. Wel, Jinny sed, hoo'd ston to wat hoo'd sed Oreddy, fur hur Aint Mally geete th' saime mak o things, un us monny on 'um too fur fiftene shillin, us Abrum Grene woife did fur sixtene un thrippunze. Wel, aw sed, did'n they bwoth pay reddy brass; un hoo sed naw, Mally olis did, but Abrum woife tuke meterly gud care fur to hav o shop skore us lung welley us o 'turney's bill, e' th' mon 'ud nobbut let hur. Wel, aw sed, foke us laust so mich brass wi' trystin mut ha' summut fur to set ogen it, urelze they'dn be wautin o'er thersels, they'rn loike, but, aw sed, aw'l ophowd it us they'rn noboddy us th' badgers wer moore plest'r fur to see nur thoose us coome wi' th' brass e' ther hond.

Wel, yo sin, wed'n o deyle moore diskorse obeawt differunt maks o things, un aw seede Jinny eych neaw un then kepe noddin hur yed, un wen hoo gan o biggur nod nur usel, it raythur wakkent hur op loike, un us hoo didn't want us fur to see us hoo wer so slepy, wen hoo wakken't op, hoo olis sed summut opurpus to may us think us hoo knoed wat we'rn taukin o'er, un sum toimes hoo sed "ah," "just so," "to be shure," un sich loike, but eych neaw un then hoo wer so furr fro th' mark whawl hoo seete us O o laffin.

Wel, yo sin, it wer gettin lat, un so we consider't us it wer toime for us O fur to goo to bed, un so Mistris Pyke fot th' Bibul, un Symon red o chaptur un pray'd, th' saime loike us E did ofore. Heawsumevvur, Jinny raythur seete hur foote in it, fur wen wi' geete op ogen, aw'l be butter't iv hoo didn't stop deawn ov hur knees sleepin loike o top, un sum taen on hoo wer wen aw put me hond on hur shilders, un coed eawt theaw'rt havin o cumfurtuble toime on it lass, schuzheaw. Eh! hoo sed, us hoo rub'd hur een, aw hadn't meynt fur to dun so, but yo mun luke o'er it this toime, fur aw wer so ill tyert yo sin wi' me seete seein. Wel, wi' that we bid um gud neet, un oway we went'n to bed.

Th' end o th' thurd chaptur.

CHAPTUR FOURT.

Gooin to th' Kensingtun Mooseum, un wat we seede theere.—Sum tauk wi' o mon obeawt Rachde foke un th' bad toimes.—Obeawt o rook o silvur things us we seede un Oliver Crummil's watch.—Gettin summut to heyte, un obeawt Jinny axin fur sum frog e' th' ole puddin, un obeawt meetin wi' o chap fro Saddleurth ut tuke sneeze un made poetre.

EH! wen aw geete op e' th' mornin aw wer sum stark, fur shure, un Jinny sed hoo cudn't o bin mich worr iv hoo'd bin blankit weshin O th' day ofore, un that wer olis consider't o meterly stukle job, so we bwoth on us ogreed us we'd tay it raythur yessier fur th' futer, fur noathur on us seede no mak o sens wi' knockin ursels op wi' plesserin. Th' breykefust wer O reddy wen wi' geete deawn th' stares, fur it wer raythur lat ofore we wakken't, un so we gaytud on it th' furst thing. Us sune us we'dn dun, aw towd Jinny fur to get hursel redddy, fur we mut may th' moyst uv us toime. Symon ax'd wat we'rn beawn fur to doo, un aw sed we'rn fur hoff to th' Kensingtun Mooseum, us they koed it, theere weere aw'd spokken to that chap yusterneet, us towd us we met get in fur naut. We sune seete hoff, un iv yod'n sin Jinny wen hoo startud o waukin, yod'n o thaut us heaw hoo'd getten th' rheumatis, hoo hobbelt so, un aw wer naut to crak on missel, fur aw felt just mete saime us o mon us 'ud bin havin th' crump. Jinny sed us heaw it wer o meterly lung way, weere we wer gooin too, un hoo'd leifer wed'n o bit ov o roide e' one o thoose hansums, us they koed 'um. Wel, aw sed, aw wer o bit o th' saime rode o thinkin missel, but ther'n olis sich foin eawt wi' thoose chaps obeawt heaw mich ther'n to pay, un sich loike, whawl aw'd welley us leif goo oppo foote us hav aut to doo wi' 'um. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, aw'v just unbethaut me wat aw'l do, un aw'l manige him theaw's see; so aw koed eawt too o mon us wer keaw'rt oppo th' box shet ov o hansum, un E coome in o crak, un aw sed heaw furr is it to that Mooseum wat's noan so furr fro th' Eggshibishun? Wat d'ye say sir, E sed, un so aw ax'd him ogen, un E stayr't at me us iv E didn't understond

Inglish, but wen E'd studied o bit, E sed it wer fore moile to th' Eggshibishun. Nay, aw sed, theawr't rang theere mon, un aw poo'd eawt o shillin pese fro me pokkit, un aw sed theaw sees that aw rekkon? un E sed, yes sir; aw sed we'r bwoth on us beawn fur to get in, un theaw mun tay us streyght forrud us furr us theaw loikes fur th' shillin, but let us hav o meterly gud shillin 'urth, saime toime e' theaw gwos to furr it 'ul be thi oan faut theaw knoes. Wi' that we bwoth on us geete in, un hoff E seete ut sum uv o rattul fur shure. Eh! ther wern sum uv o seete o foke gooin bak'urds un forr'uds, un monny o toime we'rn braut too o gradely ston stil, but it gan us moore toime fur to luke obeawt us yo sin. Jinny sed it wer o deyle yessier lukin obeawt us, keawert us we wern e' sich o noice spot us we had'n e' that hansum, un hoo luk't us plest us Abil Green'ud's woife did, wen hoo wer gooin fur to hav hur furst choilt kersunt.

Wel, yo sin, in o whoile th' droiver poo'd up, un leete us get eawt, just ofore we coome to that spot weere that raskul 'ud stown me hankeychur th' neete ofore, fur aw's olis rekillekt that spot, iv aw furget O th' tuther spots aw bin too e' Lundon. Aw sed to th' mon wen we geete eawt, aw think theaws dun meterly fare wi' us owd mon ut 'tis toime, un we'n fund one onest chap, schuzheaw. We's appen hav onuther doo wi' thee ofore we levven this kuntry, but E nobbut lafft un tutcht his hat, un oway E bowted.

We went'n forrud us fast us we cud'n, un aw cud see us plain us dayleete us we'rn noane so furr fro th' Eggshibishun, ther'n sich o terribul seete o foke O gooin one rode, un we sune coome to th' Kensingtun Mooseum. Just gooin in, ther'n o turnstele, saime loike us ther wer ut th' Eggshibishun dur, un aw sed to th' mon us keawer't osoide on't, aw gues we con goo in 'beawt payin, connut us, us we'rn towd be o mon yusterneete, us aw wer spirrin fro ut th' dur? O yes, E sed, pass on. Wel, aw sed, we con but thank yo. Yo sin aw braut maw mistris wi' me, but it 'ul be us mich us hoo con doo to get thru this ole, aw sed, fur yo sin hoo's raythur woidish wi' havin o bran new krinolyne on. Heawsumevvur, hoo thrutch't thru, un we went streyght in.

Th' furst thing us we luk't at wer o deyle o maks o wud, fur to may furniter un sich loike on, un it wer made sum

snod un wele polish't, un wer verry pratty fur to luke at; un we seede besoide o deyle o maks o masheens o welley O soarts un soizes, us monny o mon 'ud larn o deyle at, aw dar say. Un wen we'dn examint 'um O o meterly lung whoile we coome to sum verry bonny paintud pikters oppo glas, un wi' bein raythur tyert we bwoth on us keawer't ursels deawn fare oeronent 'um, besoide o gentulmun us seem't o deyle taen op wi' 'um. Aw sed too him, iv yo plez, maistur, who's that th' shap on 'uts reedin o buke o sum mak to that wummon wat's getten o frill reawnd hur neck, welley us big us o whelebarro trundle? Wel, E sed it wer Shakespear us wer reedin o play to Quene 'Lizobuth. O, aw sed, is it? E's o quare lukin tyke, wi' his grene breechus on, but aw've yerd tell on him ofore sumweere, aw'm welley shure. Isn't it him, aw sed, us welley evvury boddy tels on, obeawt him sayin "Him us steyls me purs steyls trash?" Yes, E sed, that wer him. Wel, aw sed, but its trash us o deyle o foke may'ne o deyle o labbur to get howd on schuzheaw. Waw mon, aw sed, aw'd nobbut me pokithankeychur stown last neete be sum raskul, un aw didn't ko that trash; but e that saime powsedurt 'ud stown me purs wi' O me brass in it, E'd o getten sum trash us aw'd o deyle raythur noane bin 'beawt. But, aw sed, aw dar say us aw con say that poetre us we'rn taukin oer, fur aw geete it hoff be hart wen aw wer ut skoo; it wer e' this'n us furr us aw con rekillekt:—

> "Him us steyles me purs steyles trash; its summut, naut,
> But him us filchus me o maw gud name,
> Steyles fro me that us does him no mak o gud,
> And mayes me us poor us o meawse."

Aw sed that's sumweere noane so furr hoff it maistur, iv aw'm noane mistaen, un aw rekillekt us it cost me o bit o labbur fur to get that hinto me yed, but yo sin wen it onc't geete in, it stik't theere, us yo'ne sin fur yorsel. Wel, E sed, aw wur sumweere obeawt th' mark, un E wantud to kno iv aw coome fro th' cottun distrikts, un aw sed ah, aw doo; it's Rachde us aw com fro, theere weere Mestur Cobdin stons for un weere John Brite lives, us evvury boddy thinks so mich on us has onny sens. Aw sed, waw maistur, ther's oboone eyght un thurty theawsun on us Otogethur. E sed E'd yerd tell on us monny o toime.

Wel, aw sed, onnyboddy welley knoes us, un pertikler one mon us we han omung us, us 'ud may yo oppen yer een e' yo nobbut yerd him speyke ut o publik meetin aw'l warrunt yo, they coen him Aldermun Livsey, o greyte mon verry. Wel, Jinny sed, theaw knoes wat Roger Pikup woife sed obeawt him wen we koed o seein hur th' last poncake Tuesday, hoo sed us E wer o mon wi' o greyte capasuty, us hoo koed it, but ut th' saime toime hoo nevvur towd us whethur it wer fur heytin ur speykin. Wel, aw sed, hoo meynt bwoth likker. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, iv E cud get hinto th' Parleyment heawse, iv it wer nobbut fur Hamerbothums, ur Smobridge, ur sum o thoose spots, they'dn oathur ha' to waste less brass nur they dun, urelze E'd kick op o bonny shindy, mich iv E wodn't. E ax'd me heaw aw thaut us foke 'ud get o'er th' winter, un aw sed us furr us aw cud see ut 'tis present toime o deyle bettur nur they lippent on owhoile sin. E ax't me wat mak ov o committee we hadn fur to luke aftur th' foke, un aw sed, us furr us aw seede, o meterly daysunt un, un aw sed ther'n us monny maks o foke on it us ther wer'n culurs e' Josif's quotte us E had theere ofore E wer sowd into Agypt, fur ther'n Church foke, un dissenturs, un bysentenayriuns, un antybysentenayriuns, un methodys, un hindependunts, un babtists, un quakurs, un catholics, un liberayshun chaps un O, un aw dunnot kno wat besoide. Aw sed its noane so lung sin, they'rn fit fur to poo one onuther's yeds hoff, un just mete neaw, aw'l be buttert e' they arn't us thik us inkle weyvurs, un dooin O us leese e' ther peaw'r fur th' poor foke. E sed E wer wele plest fur to yer that, un it wer just us it shud be. Wel, aw sed, yo sen reete maistur, un to maw thinkin foke met us wele fo eawt bekose ther noses wer noane O ov o shap us bekose they connut O think oloike. E wantud fur to kno e' we'dn o publik park, un aw sed naw, we hadn't. Th' corporayshun aw sed ud tauk't o'er it monny o toime, but nevvur naut coome o ther tauk. Aw sed, mun aw tel him, Jinny, wat Roger sed too us ofore we seete hoff fro whomme. Hoo sed, theaw mun ples thisel, fur it matters naut whoo gets fur to kno, us furr us aw con see. Wel, aw sed, yo sin maistur we'rn towd us heaw th' corporayshun 'ud yer tel obeawt sum mak ov o fause felley e' theese parts sumweere, coed Doktur Cummins, us 'ud fund it eawt

fro th' Skripter us heaw this yerth 'ud com too o ston stil sumweere obeawt eyghtene hundurth un sixty-six, un they considert us it 'ud nobbut be waistin th' publik brass to buy lond, iv it wer O to be crumpelt op us sune us that mon towd on, un so they'n ogreed to watch till th' toime wer op. Aw sed, wat dun yo think on it, maistur; un E sed E consider't us onny mon us 'ud tauk e' that rode, mut hav o skrew lose sumweere. Wel, Jinny sed, aw'm o yore rode o thinkin, maistur; fur heaw con it be us that mon ses, fur mi Unkle Edmun us nobbut just bun o lad 'prentis fur sevvun yer, un E mun stop his toime eawt schuzheaw; un besoide that, me Aint Mally's taen o heawse nobbut hauve o yer sin, fur o leyse o foretene yer; so yo sin we're meterly shure so lung onnyheaw, but fur O that aw may no 'keawnt ov o mon o that mak; but us foke sen, "o crakt bell us nevvur seawnd," "un heegher o mon o' that mak gwos, un moore E shows his tail." Th' gentulmun raythur smyl't ut Jinny, un aw sed too him, us E wer gooin oway, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, ther's one gud job 'ul com eawt on't e' that mon tels true—it 'ul stop th' Meriko war, schuzheaw.

Wel, yo sin, wen that mon 'ud gwone, we seete hoff ogen into lotts o reawms, un seede o deyle o thyngs us wer sum grand, us wer lent by th' qualuty foke, Lords un Dukes, un sich loike, fur foke to luke at. Ther'n o verry bonny silver gilt pitcher fur rose waytur. Th' hondle on't wer th' shap ov o snake wi' thre yeds on, un th' frunt o th' speawt wer th' shap ov o mon's yed wi' o beyrd on, saime loike us welley O fause foke han neaw, un ther'n th' shap ov o deyle o thyngs on besoide, sich us summer un wintur, un differunt maks o fish, besoide littul bits o snakes, op un deawn; un th' tikkit sed us it belung'd to Erl Cooper, o mon us sum on yo 'ul ha' yerd on ofore, likker. Ther'n o greyte lott moore us wer verry bonny fur to luke at, un they mun ha' cost o seete o brass, sum on 'um mut, fur shure. One on 'um, o silver un, Jinny wer o deyle taen op wi', it wer th' shap ov o owl, un it luk't us fause us o skoomaistur. One o th' cups stoode oppo wat wer th' shap ov o red yerrin, un it capt bwoth me un Jinny heaw onny mon cud ha' getten it into his yed fur to may aut o that shap. Ther'n o verry pratty silvur thyng fur to put saut in, un o muther o perl cup, us it wer coed, th' shap ov o brid. We seede besoide O these, o rook o silvur spoons, quare shap't

verry, un one on 'um ud aktily o littul ship e' ful sail ut th' hondle end.

Wel, yo sin, ther'n hundurths o thyngs besoide us aw hadn't mich skil on, but fur O that they'rn verry noice fur to luke at, fur shure wer'n they. But aw munnot furget to tel yo obeawt us seein Olivur Crummil's watch; but iv onny on yo leets fur to goo theere, yo'ne see it fur yorsels, iv it's noane taen oway, yo knone. E wer o mon wer Olivur Crummil wats bin O to be coed us mich us moyst foke, sin E deede un cudn't speyke fur hissel, saime loike us monny o one besoide has bin, but fur O that, us furr us aw've yerd foke tel on, E wer o daysunt mon ut th' bothum. Waw! we cud welley doo wi' o mon ov his mak just mete neaw, fur to clen th' Parleyment heawse eawt, fur they wast'n sich o seete o brass whawl it's welley fit fur to droive onny mon stark mad, us has onny sense obeawt thyngs, pertikler wen E knoes us so monny foke ur welley 'beawt bwoth meyte un clewus.

Just wen we'rn levvin that spot weere Crummil's watch wer, Jinny sed, aw'l tel thee wat, it mays no matter, fur aw con goo no furr 'beawt havin summut to heyte, fur aw'm clen dun op, un aw nevvur cud ston clemmin sin aw wer born. Wel, aw sed, theaw knoes verry wele us theaw olis livs loike o feightin cock owhomme, un aw want noane on thi to be parish't e' this kuntry aw'l warrunt te. So wi' that we bwoth on us went to th' 'freshment reawm us we pas't th' dur on, us we coome in, un we went streight op too o keawnter us ther wer'n, un aw sed to Jinny, neaw thee fend fur thisel, un aw'l doo th' saime, but aw kno wat aw's hav, veyle pie fur me, schuzheaw. Jinny sed to' th' lady us wer sarvin foke, yo appen han no frog e' th' hole puddin, han yo mistris, aw con doo wi' it cowd e' yo han onny. No mum, th' lady sed, we've no puddin at all. Wel, Jinny sed, wat yo hannut aw gues aw'm loike to doo 'beawt. So aw sed, aw'l tel thi wat, thee ha' sum veyle pie saime loike us me, fur aw getten sum us hoo koes Meltun Mowbrey, un to maw thinkin, aw nevvur tastud naut bettur sin aw wer born. Wel, hoo sed, aw con try, fur us they sen, "hunger mays raw beyns swete," un wi' that hoo geete o pese, but hoo sed us hoo considert us Ash'urth's e' th' Twod Lone made us gud pies evvury bit, un they gan o deyle moore fur th' brass, un hoo sed that us hoo wer heytin wer raythur iv

oathur to whotte wi' peppur fur hur loikin, un hoo mut ha' summut to sup ofore hoo went. Wel, aw sed, ax fur wat theaw loikes, un so hoo geete op un sed, yo appun hannut o saup o churnmilk, mistris, han yo, un wen they towd'n hur us they hadn't, hoo sed, then let me hav o saup o tay, e' yo plezzun, un aw sed, let me hav o dish o tay too, mistris, un wi' that hoo braut us o cup o pese, un o saup o blu milk us hoo koed crem.

Wen we'dn supt us tay un sich loike, aw went to th' keawnter, un aw sed, wat's th' damige, mistris? un hoo sed o shillin un forepunze. Wel, aw sed, appen fiftenepenze 'ul doo; un hoo sed, no sur; so aw deawn wi' mi brass, un aw sed, yo han it theere then, un yo sin we con olis get hoff wi' payin, un gud day to yo, un oway we startud ogen fur to see wat moore wer fur to be sin.

We went'n streyght op th' stares, un rambult obeawt o greyte whoile, un seede o vaste deyle o thyngs us wer verry admyruble fur to luke at, un o deyle o maks o wull, us wod o plest o mon loike Willium Green'ud, ur onny o thoose chaps us gwone op to Lundon fro Rachde fur to buy wull fur foke, it wer so wele getten op. Heawsumevvur, Jinny wer so taen op wi' sum silk worrums whawl aw cud ardly get hur fur to stur fro th' spot. O gentulmun towd hur us heaw they mad'n silk us geawn peesus wer mannyfakter't eawt on; but we'rn bwoth on us capt moyst ov O wi' thoose kokoons, us they coen 'um. Jinny sed iv onny boddy 'ud towd hur us thoose littul craturs made silk un wynded it op us they did'n, just mete saime us o cottun bo, hoo'd o thaut us they'rn noane tellin tru, un us it wer, hoo cud ardly beleeve hur oan een, but hoo sed, heaw plane it wer to be sin wi' wat thoose littul craturs did, us "Monny o littul mays o mikkle."

We seede O maks o ivury, un o greyte rook o th' prattiest brids us evvur wer sin to maw thinkin, un o deyle o bonny fithers, un differunt maks o thyngs us wer made eawt on 'um, un sum shells un sum buttons made eawt on 'um, un sampuls o corn, un sum biskits us wer made eawt on it, un sampuls o kitchen stuf us they coed it, un it towd heaw mich swoap it 'ud may, un besoide O that ther'n peppur, un shugar, un aliker un O.

Jinny coed o me fur to tay notis o sum pokithankey-churs us wer made o naut but pappur, saime loike us they

sed'n thoose Japanese chaps had us wer e' th' Eggshibishun nobbut tuthre days ofore we wern, un quare tykes they turn't eawt fur to be, us furr us we cud yer. Hoo sed us hoo made naut o sich pokithankeychurs us thoose, fur iv hoo'd getten o bad cowd un mut dry hur nose wi' naut but thoose pappur thyngs, hoo'd want o fresh 'un evvury tuthre minnits, un seein us heaw they wodn't wesh, hoo considert us it 'ud be o raythur dar consarn.

We went'n into onuther reawm, un aw seede o mon theere us aw felt welley shure us aw knoed, un aw sed to him, maistur, iv aw'm noane mistaen aw sin yo ofore sumweere, un wen E made his onsur aw cud ardly howd fur brastin eawt o laffin, fur E sed, "happel yo hal, sur," un ut th' saime toime E poo'd eawt o snuf box un sed, "wil yo hav o pilch o snuf, sir?" Naw, aw sed, maw nose us noane hungry, maistur, but aw'm obleeght to yo O th' saime. Aw sed, dun they co yo Moses Ramsbotham, us coms fro Doldrum, osoide o Hollinurth? No, E sed, E coome fro Saddleurth. Wel, aw sed, that's noane so furr fro weere aw com fro, but, aw sed, yo favvern that mon us aw towd yo on, un yore us loike t'one un tuther us two peys are, schuzheaw. Aw sed yone slattert yor snuf oppo yor singlet, maistur. Maw mistris here 'ul dust it hoff for yo e' yone nobbut let hur. To be shure aw will, Jinny sed, pertikler us yo comn fro th' saime kuntry us we dun, un us foke sen, "One gud nuther desarves o turn." Aw sed theaw'rt puttin th' cart ofore th' horse theere Jinny fur onc't e' thi loife, onny heaw. Wel, hoo sed, hoo didn't kno us hoo'd sed aut rang, un wi' that aw turn't to th' mon us aw'd bin taukin too, un aw sed, maistur, it olis caps me wat yo foke taen snuf for, un e' ther'n aut gud in it, heaw leets it yo dunnot heyte it saime loike us yo dun uther maks o stuf, fur onny boddy knoes us that's noane th' rode fur o mon, ur o wummon oathur, to tuck aut into 'um, seein us heaw they'n o meawth fare o purpus. Besoide, aw sed, iv it wer meynt us o mon mut tak o deyle o sneeze, his nose, okwordingly to maw thinkin, 'ud o bin put on th' tuther end op, it 'ud o bin so mich yessier fur to drop it in. Jinny sed, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, maw felley's o quare mak ov o chap, us yone sin Oreddy, un yo munnot heede th' hauve us E ses. O, E sed, we's knole fo eawt yo'l see, pertikler seeil us heaw we bwoth kob fro th' sabe kultry.

Wel, aw sed, Saddleurth isn't oboone hauve o duzzen moile fro Rachde, un iv it wern't fur thee takkin so mich sneeze we shud bwoth on us tauk th' saime rode aw dar say. Wel, E sed, E cud see no mak o differulce, us it wer. Wel but, aw sed, e' theaw con see noane, aw con yer o differulce, us theaw coes it. Wel, E sed, E kolsidert us olly mol cud doo us E loik't wid his oal knose, iv E lobbut leete uther foke doo th' sabe, ul two eawlsus o wakkelbeggar 'ud fit him welley o multh. Wel, aw sed, aw meyne no ill theaw knoes, but theaw sees aw'm one o thoose onist spokken chaps us olis sen wot they think'n, but aw gues likker we's part friends ofore we'n dun. To be shure, E sed, aw'm knole one o thoose chaps us kollut ston o bit o jaw. Wel, aw sed, iv evvur theaw leets fur to com to Rachde, aw'l may shift sum rode iv aw see thee, fur to foind o pilch ur two, us theaw coes it, for thi, urelze aw'l see. Wel, yo sin, wi' that we geete quoite thik, un E went op un deawn wi' us, spirring obeawt differunt maks o things, un eych neaw un then E poo'd o buke eawt ov his pokkit fur to write summut deawn. Jinny wantud fur to kno wat that buke wer for; un E sed it wer his scrap buke, us E wer puttin deawn tuthre things in. Wel, hoo sed, that seawnded quare, fur hur Aint Mally olis put hur scraps in o littul tub us hoo had o purpus, un Jim o Tum's olis use't to fot 'um onc't o weke, un carried 'um oppo his yed fur his three pigs; un hoo sed, dusn't theaw rekillekt us one neete wen E'd bin to his lodge us E fot 'um wi' his halliday jaket on, un his yed thrutch'd bukit bothum eawt, un O th' swill coome trundlin oppo his shilders, un deetud his quotte whawl it wer nevvur fit fur naut but warty ut aftur? Wel, aw sed, but it wer scraps o roitin us we'rn taukin o'er, noane thoose mak us hoo wer tellin o'er, un aw sed us we'rn beawn fur to rest us o bit, we'dn get him fur to rede us sum on 'um, iv E'd naut ogen it. O, E sed, E'd doo't wi' O th' plessur e' th' world, so we keawert us deawn, un E towd us O us E'd bin puttin deawn th' day ofore obeawt wat E'd sin e' th' Greyte Eggshibishun, un then E towd us sum poetre us E'd made hissel, us E sed E meynt fur to get printud in o newspappur sumtoime. Th' furst us E red us E sed wur obeawt o dyed brid us E'd pyk't op one cowd mornin, un it wer o' this'n:—

" Th' furst brid o spring, wer hausing to sing,
But ofore it 'ud seawnded o note,
It fel fro the limb, ah ! o dyed brid was him,
Fur the musik 'ud friz in his throte."

Wel, aw sed, that's meterly gud us furr us it gwos, but let us yer onuther, so E sed th' next us E'd giv us wer o pese us E'd made one neete us E wer waukin in o feelt:—

" Mild un cool is this summer's eve,
Un the river is smoot un clere !
On the trees ther's ardly o ruffelt leyve,
Heaw noice it is waukin here.

Yon swallo darts, un sharp it turns,
Un the lark o'er me yed it warbuls;
But fro this scene maw moind is turn'd
To thoose lads playin ut marbuls.

Th' greyte church bell aw yerd it boom,
Un to the bah-ing sheep aw mun adieu;
My porrige waits, aw mun goo whomme,
Let wat wil bekome o you."

Wel, aw sed, that's O is it, un E sed, ah, it wer, un it wer O his oan dooin. Wel, aw sed, aw thaut it wer thi oan, un it 'ul appen doo fur Saddleurth, but iv aw wer thee aw'd keepe it theere. Wel, E sed, E did'lt meyle fur to lett ollyboddy see it. Jinny sed hoo felt verry sewry fur that poor brid us wer frozzen to dyeth, un as fur that tuther pese, hoo nevvur yerd naut moore natturuble nur that wer, obeawt thoose lads playin ut marbuls, un that obeawt that mon's porrich waitin. Wel, aw sed, it's to natteruble be hauf; un aw sed, theaw made one mistake owd mon, theaw dusn't tel whethur thoose wer alley marbuls ur pot 'uns. Wel, E sed, E didelt thilk ol it, un aw sed, aw'l gie thi o pese o advise: dunnot thee may thissel unyessey iv evvuryboddy dusn't speyke wele o that poetre o thine, fur theaw knoes it's evvuryboddy to ther lykin, us th' owd wummon sed wen hoo kiss't hur pig.

Wel, yo sin, wen that Saddleurth chap wer gwone, we rambelt obeawt o bit moore, un then Jinny sed us hur yed wer startin o warchin whawl hoo cud ardly 'bide, un hoo sed aw knoed us we'dn o meterly lung way fur to goo ofore we geete to Mestur Pyke's, un oppo keawnt o that hoo considert us we met us wele drop it fur us foke sen, " to

[Wel, aw sed, aw thaut it wer thi oan, un it 'ul appen doo fur Saddleurth.]

mich ov aut wer gud fur naut." So wi' that we startud o gooin eawt, un th' mon us wer ut th' dur sed E oped us we'd bin grattyfied. O ah, aw sed we han so, un we considern it o bit o th' cheppist seete seein us we'n had so furr. Aw sed, we con but thank yo maistur, un aw gues yo'n ha' reawm for us ogen ut th' saime proice, e' we comn ogen th' next Setterdey. O yes, E sed, un welcom. Wel, aw sed, that 'ul doo, un Jinny thaut us heaw hoo'd put th' best soide eawt fur onc't, un hoo sed us hoo wer gooin thru th' turnstele, we'n bid yo gud night to neete, un E smylt un sed gud night mum.

Wen we geete hinto th' strete it wer thrunger nur evvur, to maw thinkin, fur they'rn just comin eawt o th' Greyte Eggshibishun, un ther'n sich thrutchin un squeezin us we'rn gooin oppo th' kosey whawl Jinny sed e' foke went'n on e' that rode they'dn may ur us sore welley us iv hoo'd had th' crump. Heawsumevvur we went'n forrud us fast us we cud'n, seein us bwoth on us wer raythur tyert. Wen we'dn gwone obeawt o moile, o mon us wer stonnin ut corner ov o strete ax't Jinny iv hoo'd loike a carte. Nay, hoo sed, iv hoo'd aut hoo'd hav one o thoose hansums; aw'm meterly wele tyert hoo sed, but aw'd leifer goo oppo foote nur shog oway in o cart, fur aw shud be us sore to-morn us iv aw'd bin pown be sumbrey. Aw sed theaw dusn't gawm him gradely, it's o pikter us E's taukin o'er, isn't it maistur, aw sed. Certinly, sir, E sed, un wi' that E leete hur luke ut o loiknis us E had in his hond, un ax't hur iv hoo wodn't loike to ha' one o that mak. Wel, hoo sed, iv aw wer fur to tay o pikter whomme like that, they'dn think us aw'd "noane O mi cheers owhomme," fur it no moore favvers me nur aw favver o gonner. Wel but, aw sed, maistur, aw gues yo meyne us yo'dn may one loike maw mistris, th' saime mikkle us that is. E sed certinly sur, un only sixpunze. Wel, aw sed, that's meterly chep schuzheaw, but aw sed we'n monny o mon weere we comn fro us dus thoose mak o thyngs, un pertikler one mon us they coen Bald'in us 'ud beyte yo O to peesus, yo'dn welley think e' yo seed'n his pikters ut they'dn start o taukin, they'rn so natteruble. Wel but, E sed, their consarn wer furst e' th' kingdum. Wel, aw sed, appen it is th' furst e' this kingdum; but they'dn noane say so e' th' kingdum us aw com fro, e' yor'n theere. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, we'n no toime fur to bother wi' yo just neaw, fur we'n o meterly lung way fur to goo, un so hoff we seete.

Wen we'dn gwone obeawt hauve o moile furr, we coome op to one o th' quarest lukin tykes us evvur aw kest me een on. E'd o quotte on, wi' sum mak o culert stuff oppo th' edges, un greyte shoinin buttons on, un oppo th' top ov his yed E'd o greyte kokt hat wi' O soarts o fanglements obeawt it, un his ure wer peawdert us whoite us o halliday shurt, un Jinny stayrt at him us mich us iv E'd bin one o thoose gorillus us ther's bin so mich sed obeawt. Hoo sed hoo thaut E mut be sum greyte mon, appen o Lord urelze

o Duke o sum mak, E wer so terribul foine dress't. Aw sed theaw'rt rang theere aw'l uphowd it, but aw'l ax him, aw sed. Eh! hoo sed, thee do naut ut soart, fur theaw'l be gettin into sum mak ov o hobbel, e' theaw dusn't moind thissel. Naut ut soart, aw sed, un wi' that aw bowtud streyght op to th' soide on him, un aw sed it's o foine neete, maistur, un E turn't hissel reawnd un kest his een on me us iv aw'd bin o chap us wer beawn fur to pik his pokkit; welley loike us yone sin o buldog luke deawn ut o bit ov o whelp us wer barkin at it; E fare flay'd Jinny, fur hoo geete howd o maw quotte lap un sed, let him o be aw tell thee. Heawsumevvur E sed, whoo ur u sur? Wel, aw sed, that wer just wat aw wer beawn fur to ax thee, but aw sed aw'm noane ogen tellin thee, e' theaw wants fur to kno, fur aw'm o mon us dusn't kare wat onnyboddy knoes obeawt me, aw'm him us wed this wummun heer, un we'n bwoth on us comn O th' rode fro Rachde fur to get o seete o th' Greyte Eggshibishun. O, E sed. Ah, aw sed. Umph, E sed. Is that O aw sed, aw gues likker us yo're oboone taukin too o chap loike me. Maw mistris, aw sed, 'ud getten it hinto hur yed us yo'rn o Lord o sum mak, un yo munnot be mad ut me fur sayin us yo luk'n vastly loike o bangbeggur, but fur O that aw'm appen mistaen. Aw seede us E wer noane plest, un E sed aw dissarv't knockin deawn fur mi sausinis. Wel, aw sed, appen aw doo, but aw meynt no ill maistur, wi' wat aw sed, aw'l warrunt yo, un e' yo'rn fur to knock me deawn yo'dn loyse yer labber, fur aw shud be shure fur to get op ogen. Heawsumevvur, aw sed, "foine fithers maen foine brids," they sen, un ofore aw cud say aut elze, E turn't hinto o greyte bildin un aw laust th' seete on him. Aw sed too o mon us wer stonnin ut th' dur, con yo tel me wat yon gawkey dus fur o livvin. O, E sed E thaut us E wer one o th' Lord Mayor's servunts. Wel, aw sed, aw thaut E mut hav o streyght op job sumweere, fur aw'm shure it 'ud goo ill deawn wi' that chap iv E'd to doff his quotte to doo onny mak o wark.

Wel, wi' that we went'n forrud, un we didn't stop fur to see naut mich oppo th' rode, Obut o quare lukin tyke us wer ogate o tumblin fur his livvin. E'd clapt o pese o carpit deawn oppo th' rode soide, un ofore E startud ov his marluks E went reawnd wi' his hat fur to gether sum

brass, un towd th' foke us E wer beawn fur to doo sum o th' moyst wunderfulist thyngs us evvur wer dun be mortul mon, but us evvuryboddy knoed us noboddy nevvur loik't fur to worch beawt wage, E ope'd un trystud us thoose ladies un gentulmen us 'ud honored him wi' ther presunce on that okayshun, 'ud stump deawn us mich us wod pay him fur his trubble. Wen E'd gwone reawnd onc't o'er, E keawntud wat E'd getten un E sed it nobbut coome to thrippunze, un E wer sartin us o respektuble cumpany loike that cud nevvur hexpect us E'd sho 'um wat 'ud bin the hadmyrashun o th' sivilised world, fur the paltry sum o six haypunse, un so E went reawnd ogen, un geete heere un theere o haupenny, whawl ut last it coome Otogethur to sixpunze. E wer o regler waistril lukin chap, wi' sum thin clewus on us fittud tyte too his skin, un E dubbelt hissel op into O maks o shaps, whawl Jinny sed us hoo wer feyrd us E'd be killin hissel, un hoo sed hoo'd goo, fur iv onnyboddy us knoed hur catch't hur stayrin ut o foo loike him, hoo shudn't kno wich rode to luke, fur hoo wer sartin shure us naut but o gradely waistril 'ud get his livvin e' that rode. So hoff we seete, un we'rn noane so lung ofore we coome too us lodgins, un sum plest bwoth on us wer, aw'l warrunt yo, fur we'rn sum ill tyert, 'un wi' th' rodes bein raythor weete, Jinny wer ill witchered wi' nobbut havin thin shoon on.

We sune geete us tay, un made it doo fur th' supper un O, un we'rn noane so lung ofore we'rn fast oslepe e' bed, fur Jinny sed iv hoo wer nobbut wele un harty e' th' mornin, seein us it wer Sundy, hoo wer detarmin't fur to goo un yer Mestur Spurgeon preych, fur ov O th' fokes us hoo'd yerd tel on hoo'd nevvur yerd noboddy us mich tauk't o'er, to hur thinkin.

CHAPTUR FIFT.

Obeawt us gooin fur to yer Mestur Spurgeon preych, un heaw gloppent bwoth me un Jinny wer bekose o seein so monny shops oppen oppo th' gud Sundy.—Obeawt us gooin to th' Krystil Pallus, un wat terribul quare thyngs we seede theere, un pertikler obeawt seein Blondin oppo his rope, un o doo us we had'n wi' o Quak Doktur.

Th' next mornin, wen we'rn gettin us breykefust, Symon towd us it wer welley fore moile to Spurgeon chappil, un so we'rn noane so lung ofore we seete hoff, un we wauk't ut o meterly gud rattul, aw'l warrunt yo. Eh! but we we'rn sum capt wi' seein so monny shops oppen oppo th' rode ut th' gud Sundy: aw nevvur seede naut loike it sin aw wer born, schuzheaw. Jinny sed us hoo cudn't think us they knoed it wer Sundy, un aw sed, yigh! fur shure dun they; but aw sed aw'l ax sum on 'um ofore we gwone mich furr. We coome verry sune to o shop us wer welley crom'd ful o foke, un they'rn sarving 'um wi' turmits un pottytus un O maks o heytin stuf, un wen aw seede that, aw sed, aw'l hav o doo wi' this chap us shure us aw'm wick, so aw went streyght op too him, un E sed wat was u wantin, sur. Wel, aw sed, its thee us aw'm wantin, un aw thaut us aw'd just ax e' yo knoed us it wer Sundy. To be shure, E sed. Wel, aw sed, iv aw wer e' yore spot aw shud be feyrd o th' yerth oppenin un swollerin me op, un th' shop un O, saime loike us it did e' days ov owd, wi' Koro, Dathun, un Abyrum, us th' skripter tels on. O! E sed, bettur day un bettur deede, un evvury mon 'ud o reete fur to doo th' best E cud fur hissel, un E olis draw'd o deyle o brass ov o Sundy. Wel, aw sed, aw durst bet thee o pen'urth o tharkake us theaw'rt dooin th' warst un noane th' best fur thissel, fur aw nevvur knoed Sundy getten brass doo onnyboddy onny gud; but, aw sed, it caps me us theaw dusn't get taen op, fur e' theaw did so weere aw com fro theaw'd us sartin shure be braut ofore th' Justisus us aw'm stonnin heere. Wel, E sed, iv onnyboddy tuke him op they'dn sune foind it eawt us they'dn getten howd ov o whotte sinder. Wel but, aw sed,

aw co sich wark loike howdin o candul to th' devul, but aw'l lev thee to mend, fur me un maw mistris ur beawn fur to yer Mestur Spurgeon preych, un aw gues it's welley toime fur to goo in, un we laft him sellin sum skallions too o chap, un hoff we seete. We'rn noane so lung ofore we coome to th' tabernackle, us they coen it, un ther'n o bonny seete o foke gooin in, un it wer welley us thrung us it wer ut th' dur o th' Greyte Eggshibishun. We went'n streyght in, un op o rook o stairs til we coome to th' sekund loft, fur ther'n two gallureys in, un eh! it wer sum ov o seete fur shure, o greyte spot loike that wi' monny o theawsun foke in, un evvury shet crom'd ful, un th' stonnin playsus un O. Mestur Spurgeon wer theere O reddy fur gaytin ut elevun o'clok, fur yo sin e' foke wer noane theere ut th' startin toime they cudn't get in ut O, un oppokeawnt o that, yo sin, noboddy nevvur gets bothert wi' foke comin clatterin in aftur th' sarvis us gaytud, us they dun e' monny o spot, o shame fur to be sin. Iv aw wer o preychur, aw'd oather may foke com in ut th' gradely toime, urelze aw'd pitch into 'um evvury Sundy obeawt it. Jinny turn't to me un hoo sed, wel, iv evvur aw seede aut loike that ofore; waw! ther's no pilpit. Naw, aw sed, ther isn't, fur shure; un Mestur Spurgeon wer stonnin theere oppo o meterly big spot, th' shap ov o poncake cut thru th' middul, wi' th' reawnd soide to th' foke, un railins on. Ther'n o tabul wi' th' Bibul on un sich loike, un o rook o gaffers wer keawer't oppo sum shets behinnd him, dakuns aw think they coen 'um. Wen E gen eawt th' furst hym yo cud yer him thru th' wholle spot, ah, us plain us yo yern o mon koing eawt cokuls un mussels e' th' strete, un eh! they did'n sing sum un wele fur shure—aw nevvur yerd naut to beyte it to maw thinkin. E towd 'um O to sing eawt us wele us evvur they cud'n, fur E made naut o foke stonnin theere wi' ther meawths shut op just us iv they'dn naut to doo wi' th' sarvis; try, E sed, fur to sing wi' th' sperrit un wi' th' understondin loikewise. We'rn bwoth on us stonnin, fur ther'n no shets to be getten, un Jinny turn't reawnd to me un hoo sed, theaw yers wat E ses, un theaw mun lay too it, fur E's just bin kestin his een this rode on. Wel, yo sin, wi' that ther wer sum ov o sing fur shure, un fur O us ther'n no orgin it wer moyst splendayshus. Wen th' skripter wer red, un E'd prayed, un we'dn had sum moore

singin, Mestur Spurgeon gaytud ov his sarmun. His text wer chozzen fro th' Salms o David, thurty sevent on 'um, un fourt vers. E towd us it wer o gud thyng fur o mon to be religius, us E knoed, fur ther'n o deyle moore plesser in it nur o deyle o foke considert ther wern. Wiked foke, E sed, understoode naut ut O obeawt it, fur they'd nevvur tryed it fur thersel, un heaw cud they kno. E sed sich loike foke rekkont us th' moyst plesser wer to be fund wi' gooin to th' aleheawse un th' playheawse un sich loike us that, un sum on 'um sed us religius foke 'ud loike fur to goo to sich loike spots too e' they durst, but E sed that wer noane tru, fur they wodn't goo e' they cud, they'dn treyde sich mak o wark us that underneythe ther shoone, un E went on e' that rode fur aw dar say hauve un heawr, un it favvert bein us yessey fur him us unravellin o owd stockin. Wen E'd dun we'd sum moore singin, un then E prayed, un we O coome eawt. E's o clivver mon is Spurgeon, o meterly gud lukin chap, raythur o ful body'd mon e' th' face, o deyle o whoite hankeychur reawnd his throte, un gettin raythur iv oathur fattish, un us th' skripter ses, "th' loines un foen to him e' plesunt plazus," schuzheaw. Us furr us aw cud see E's obeawt foive foote un o hauve, by heyghtene inchus, ur theereobeawts. It wer verry foine wen we geete eawt, but ofore we'dn getten hauve o th' rode whomme, it gaytud o rainin, un bwoth on us wer ill deetud ofore we geete too us lodgins ut Mestur Pyke's.

It did turn eawt sum ov o doughy neete, fur shure, un Jinny sed, considerin us heaw it 'ud turn't eawt so weete, we met get us mich gud wi' stoppin e' th' heawse un studdyin obeawt wat we'dn yerd, us gooin fur to yer onuther sarmun onnyweere, fur hoo made naut o foke gooin o yerrin sarmuns e' they didn't think obeawt 'um wen they geete whomme, un try fur to do us they'dn bin towd. Wel, but aw sed, wen foke furgeete wat they'd yerd ofore they'd getten hauve o th' rode whomme, us monny o one dus, wat con they doo. Waw! hoo sed, aw thaut us onnyboddy us had o yed pese th' valerayshun ov o bodle, met unbethink 'um o summut us they'd yerd, onnyheaw, it 'ud be wele fur 'um to try, fur us foke sen, "o idle mon's brain us o smythy fur the devul."

Wel, yo sin, wi' that we stopt in O neete, fur aw wer meterly sartin iv oather Jinny ur me geete ill weete twoice

o'er o one day, us we shud be takken oather wi' th' rheumatis ur th' crump, un we wantud noather t'one nur th' tuther, noane us. Heawsumevvur, we geete on meterly wele, fur Symon gaytud o reedin th' Bibul fur us, un welley geete thru O th' gospil o Matthu ofore E gan o'er. Wen E wer reedin obeawt it bein ax'd e' two sparros wern't sowd fur o farthin, Jinny sed, dunnot yo ko thoose chep. Wel, aw sed, that depends, fur it tels in onuther spot obeawt 'um bein cheppur nur that, fur it ses ther'n foive on 'um fur two farthins, un that's nobbut o haupenny fur th' wholle foive theaw knoes. Wel, hoo sed, hoo thaut us it 'ud ardly pay fur shootin 'um, but appen, hoo sed, they'd catch't 'um e' traps, urelze clapt saut o ther tails, saime loike us hoo'd yerd tel on 'um dooin wen hoo wer o lass. Wel, yo sin, ut th' last ov O it geete bed toime, fur we didn't stop op so lat, bekose we'dn detarmint to goo to th' Krystil Palus e' th' mornin.

We'rn sune op aw'l warrunt yo, fur aw wer maunderin e' meh sleepe welley O th' neete o'er, obeawt weere we'rn gooin too, un us sun us th' breykefust wer o'er, hoff we seete. Aw towd Symon us aw wer sartin iv E'd nobbut put us into th' rode ut startin, us we cud foind th' stayshun us we had fur to set hoff fro, wi' spirrin. So wi' that E seede us obeawt o quarter ov o moile un then laft us fur to tak care ov ussels. E towd us we mut be shure fur to ax fur th' Pimlico stayshun, un then we shud doo, un so yo sin wi' us olis axin wen we we'rn noane shure, we coome too it ut last, but it wer sum ov o lung way for us to goo—fore moile welley, aw dar say. Eh! but just ofore we went'n into th' stayshun heawse we seede one o th' bonniest bildins welley us evvur aw clapt mi' een on, un ov o verry greyte bugth. Aw sed too o gentulmon, con yo tel us, maistur, e' yo plezzen, who livs e' that greyte heawse? O, E sed, it wer th' Grovenor Otel. Wel, aw sed, it's o grand consarn onny-heaw, un it 'ud cost sum brass fur to stop theere, mich iv it wodn't. We'rn so mich taen op wi' it whawl we bwoth on us stoode o meterly lung whoile lukin at it, un we cud see th' sarvunts un sich loike us wer e' th' insoide thru th' windus, ah, us plane us aut. Jinny sed ther mut be o vaste deyle o foires to beete wi' so monny foke livvin theere, un aw dar say, hoo sed, us they'n brun naut but cobs likker, wi' it bein sich o foine spot.

Wel, yo sin, wen we geete into th' stayshun ther wer sum stok o foke fur shure, un sum thrutchin fur to get us tikkits. We tuke us shets fare oeronent o lady un gentulmon, un E wer reedin o nuespappur. Aw seede him kestin his een monny o toime oppo bwoth me un Jinny, un ut last uv O E sed to me, "Wod yu loike to see the *Times*, sur?" Naw, aw sed, aw wodn't, maistur, but aw'm obleeged to yo O th' saime, yo knone. O, E sed, then yu don't loike the papur, me man. Naw, aw sed, aw dunnot; heaw con aw wen it tels lies, mon, un stops foke fur givin ther brass fur thoose us ur clemmin weere we comn fro; besoide, aw sed, its bin roitin ogen th' faktury maisturs un O. Wel, E sed, E understoode us they'dn dun verry littul fur ther honds, fur O us they'd made sich o seete o brass. Wel, aw sed, it met luke so to o mon us shut his een, but we knone bettur dus me un maw mistris heere, un wat we'n sin we con beleeve, connut us? Saime toime, aw sed, they hannut O dun O us lee e' ther peawr, but tak th' wholle boylin on 'um, they'n ha' dun meterly wele ofore th' Merriko war's o'er, mich e' they winnot. Then, E sed, yu think the poor peepul havn't much incom. Aw sed, they'n naut, mon, obut wat they han gan 'um, o deyle on 'um hasn't, un that shol be tru onnyheaw; un besoide O that, ther's bin monny o rook o drawers un cheers hetten, un clewus, un O us foke un had fur to pop ur sel to sumbrey, fur o deyle on 'um un made onny mak ov o shift ofore they'dn ax onnyboddy fur o haupenny; un it fare made monny o one cry ogen fur to ha' to let ther heawse'uld furniter, un sich loike, goo fur so littul brass. Wel, E sed, it wer o pitty; ah! aw sed, yod'n think so e' yo nobbut seede th' poor craturs, saime loike us we'n dun.

O bit ofore we coome to Sydenham, weere th' Krystil Palus is, we seede o verry pratty bildin ut th' reete hond soide, ut o plaze coed Norwud, un so aw sed to th' gentulmon, e' yo plezzun con yo tel us wat that bildin's for? O yes, E sed, it wer fur un ospitul fur th' Jews. O is it, aw sed, aw olis thaut us thoose chaps cud tay care o thersels, saime toime, aw sed, Mosus 'ud o bonny job fur to kepe um O square wen E'd sich o seete on 'um fur to luke aftur e' th' wildernis, theere. Ah, Jinny sed, E had so, likker, fur they'rn welley olis gettin into sum mak o hobbelment, but E wer sum mad at 'um wern't E, wen E coome deawn fro

th' meawntun un fund us they'dn had no moore sens nur may o gowden cauve fur to fo deawn to, un worship; onny boddy 'ud o thaut us they'dn had moore sens nur O that coome too; Aaron shud, onnyheaw. Wel but, aw sed, theaw knoes Mosus sarv't 'um eawt fur wat they'dn dun, wen E coome bak fro weere E'd bin too, fur theaw knoes E brunt th' gowden cauve in o foire, un had it O grun into peawder, un made 'um sup it mix't wi' waytur. Ah! Jinny sed, E did fur shure, un to maw thinkin it 'ud be us ill to tay us turkey roobarb, mich iv it wodn't. Just then th' trane went thru o smo tunnil, un we coome streyght into th' stayshun heawse, un O on us geete eawt. We went streyght op o greyte rook o steps, un we'rn O gooin on so faste whawl Jinny coed eawt, aw connut ston this mon, theaw mun poo op, fur aw con ardly tay meh wynt wi' thee gooin e' sich o splutter. Heawsumevvur, we sune coome to weere we geete o seete o th' Palus un th' greawnds, un yo nevvur seede noboddy moore taen on sin yo'rn born nur Jinny wer, un aw wer welley us mich gloppent us hoo wer missel.

We stoode o bit us we'rn gooin just fur to luke eawt o th' windus, un bwoth Jinny un me consider't us we ardly evvur seede sich grene un snod grase onnyweere, fur it wer us smoote us o mowdywarp fur to luke at. Wel, yo sin, wen we geete to th' top o th' stares, wat shud aw see th' furst goo off but th' krystil fountun, un thinks aw to missel, aw sin that ofore onnyheaw urelze aw'm mistaen. It wer e' th' middul ov o poand o waytur, un aw'l be butter't e' ther wern't o rook o fish in, swimmin obeawt us wick us iv they'dn bin e' th' saut waytur. Wel, aw sed, that's quare schuzheaw, isn't it Jinny? Ah, hoo sed, that sheds O, fur to see O this waytur e' th' insoide ov o reawm loike this, wi' O thoose fishus swimmin in, un so mich stuf grewin insoide. Ther'n o mon stonnin e' th' middul o th' waytur wi' sum mak o greyte leggins on, un E wer gettin howd o sum greyte leyves us wer grewin theere us wer welley us big us too ponkakes, un E wer clennin 'um wi' o spunge. Aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, e' yo'rn fur to fo deawn in o fit e' that waytur, fur O us it's noane so furr to th' bothum, yo'dn be dreawn't e' ther'n noboddy watchin yo, fur ther's naut fur yo to tay howd on, us aw con see. O, E sed, o mon us wer born fur to be hang'd 'ud nevvur be dreawn't.

Wel, aw sed, iv aw'd sed that maistur, aw shud o put yo in o bit ov o flunter likker, saime toime, aw sed, ther's no tellin is ther wat o mon mun com too, but aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, e' thoose leggins o yore's dunnot turn waytur it 'ul cap me iv evvur yo livven fur to scrat o grey yed, fur it 'ud play the hangmun wi' me iv aw wer to addle maw brass wi' stonnin e' th' waytur us mich us yo dun. Jinny sed us hoo nevvur seede leyves o sich o bugth us thoose onnyweere us hoo knoed on, un hoo thaut us it mun ha' bin sum o thoose mak us Adum un Eve made ther appruns un breechus on, pertiklur, us foke met see be wat that mon wer dooin, us they'dn ston weshin. Aw ax'd 'im weere that krystil fountun coome fro, un E sed it wer e' th' furst Greyte Eggshibishun. Wel, aw sed, aw just bin tellin maw mistris heere ut it capt me iv aw hadn't sin it ofore, so yo sin aw'm noane so furr wrang schuzheaw. We turn't ussels reawnd un seede wat they coen o skreen wi' th' shap ov O th' kings un queenes o Englun, bwoth gud 'uns un bad 'uns, fur we'n had bwoth maks us onnyboddy knoes. Fro theere we startud o gooin forrud, un Jinny wer gooin deawn ut th' lift hond soide o pese ofore me, wen O uth suddin hoo turn't reawnd us sharp us leetenin un welley wauted me o'er, fur shure did hoo. Aw sed watevvur is ther to doo lass, theaw met o sin o boggart sumweere. Eh! maw gudnis, hoo sed, ther's sum blak chaps aw just geete o seete on, welley 'beawt clewus, aw nevvur seede sich craturs sin aw wer born. Wel, aw sed, com forrud mon, ther's naut to be feyrd on, fur noane on 'um ur wick. Wel, hoo sed, ar te' shure, fur thoose us aw geete o seete on had ther een glooring woide oppen, aw'm sartin. Wel yo sin, wi' that we went streyght on too 'um un theere they stoode o wholle rook on 'um, but they'rn O us dyed us stones, un aw sed to Jinny, didn't aw tel thi us they'rn naut to be feyrd on, un neaw aw gues theaw con beleeve thi oan een. They'rn raythur littul chaps, quare lukin tykes, verry, un us we went'n forrud we coome to monny o rook on 'um o differunt maks yo knone, sum wer shap o foke fro Seawth Omeriko un Australey. One lott wer foos enuf fur to stik peesus o wud thru ther lips, un thru ther ears un O. E' one spot they'rn th' shap o sum Red Indiuns, raythur iv oather durty lukin tykes. Wel, aw sed to Jinny, heaw wod te' loike o chap o that mak fur thi husbun? Waw, hoo sed, aw'd stop unwed whawl maw fingurs wer O ov o bugth

ofore aw'd tay op wi' o ninnyhommer loike onny o thoose. Wel, aw sed, aw dar say us they'r considert honsumer nur oather thee ur me bi ther faythurs un muthers weere they comn fro.

They'rn o deyle o differunt maks o hanimuls fur to be sin op un deawn, omung theese chaps us aw bin tellin o'er; un they'rn sum bonny brids us evvur aw clapt me een on, un too greyte cagus o wat they coen hummin brids, us wer verry admyruble to luke at, un they did shyne, sum on 'um did. E' one nooke they'rn wat they coed th' Artik 'lustrayshuns. It wer th' shap o th' icebergs O cuvvert wi' sno, un o rook o whoite brids us wer catch't they sed'n be o mon coed Inglefeelt, us ud bin weere they coome fro; un ther'n th' loikeniss o sum foke fro th' saime kuntry, thre on 'um, un o littul chylt, un they wer donn'd op wi' sum quare thyngs fur shure—it fare made me fele cowd fur to ston lukin at 'um. E' th' saime spot ther'n o Greenlandur, us they coed him, in o littul bote, wi' o rook o things fur catchin fish, un brids, un aut elze us E coome too us wer wurth catchin. One chap had o pare o sno shoone in his hond, un sum ov o bugth they wer'n, fur shure.

O bit furr on we seede o rook o fish e' too greyte glas boxus, opurpus fur to let foke see wat mak o fish wer fund e' th' saut waytur obeawt this kuntry. Fro theere we cross't o'er to th' tuther soide, past th' kings un queenes ogen, un theere we seede th' shap o sum bush-chaps fro Afriko, saime loike us aw onc't seede sum e' Rachde, in o sho, gradely wick uns, un waistril lukin chaps they wer'n fur shure. We'rn towd us they'dn no heawsus fur to liv in weere they coome fro, but livv'n Otogethur eawt o th' dur, un crepe's into onny mak o oles us they leeten fur to com too. Besoide O theese ther'n o greyte rook moore, un sum munkis, un leppords, un sich loike, us aw hannot Otogethur toime fur to tel o'er, but iv onny on yo leeten fur to goo theere, yo'ne see fur yorsels, un iv aw'm noane mistaen yo'ne kalkilate us yo'ne had o meterly gud shillin-'urth wen yo'ne sin O us ther is to be sin, onnyheaw. Th' next spot us we coome too wer ful o th' bonniest glas un pots us evvur onnyboddy seede. Jinny wer terrubly taen op wi' it, un hoo sed us hoo cudn't o thaut us ther'n aut us grand us it wer iv hoo hadn't sin it wi' hur oan een. Th' next us we seede wer o maks o fancy consarns made o

lethur un sich loike. Ther'n one verry pratty box us Jinny 'ud o greyte noshun o bringin whomme wi' hur, un hoo sed to th' mon us wer tentin 'um, heaw mich dun yo ax fur this, maistur, iv yo plez? un E made onsur un sed, only sevun guineas mum. Eh! maw gudnis, hoo sed, that's o deyle o brass. Let me sel it u mum, E sed. Naw, hoo sed, it 'ul nevvur doo fur me to "streytch me arm fur nur me sleve 'ul reych," us foke sen; besoide, hoo sed, we dunnot get ur brass so yessey weere wi' comn fro us O that coms too. Just then we yerd sum musishuners start o playin, un hoff we seete, un geete two shets fare oeronent weere th' greyte orgin wer, un sum un wele they play'd fur shure; ther'n one mon pertikler, us we'rn towd wer coed Levy, wi' o trumpit us E welley made tauk, E wer o furstraytur ut his job wer that mon schuzheaw. To maw thinkin they'rn oboone o clok heawr ofore they gan o'er, un it wer us grand musik us onny ressonuble mon 'ud wish fur to yer.

Jinny wer e' sich o hurry wi' hur seete seein, whawl hoo seete hoff o bit ofore me, but in o bit aw seede us they'rn summut op, fur hoo wer comin bak e' sum ov o wuther. Wel, aw sed, wen hoo geete op to meh, watevvur is ther op neaw? Eh! hoo sed, thee just com this rode; eh! maw grayshus gudniss just thee com un luke fur thissel, theaw nevvur seede naut loike yon, aw'm shure. We sune coome oeronent wat wer coed th' Egypshun Court, un seede th' shap o two chaps us wer keawr't deawn, un ther yeds reych'd fare op to th' top o th' bildin. Yo nevvur seede sich greyte craturs sin yo'rn born, ut onny rate aw nevvur did. Iv aw cud o reych'd op us furr, aw cud o crope into th' een on 'um to maw thinkin, they'rn sich o bugth. Aw sed to o gentulmon us wer stonnin lukin at 'um, e' yo plezzen, wat's th' meynin o thoose two big chaps keawrin theere? O, E sed, they'rn shap o sum greyte figgers us ther wer e' sum spot e' Agypt, un E sed they'rn sixty-foive foote fro th' top o ther yeds to ther greyte toes. Wel, aw sed, they'dn be flaysum chaps e' they'rn stonnin op, wodn't they? un pertikler e' they'rn wick. Wen we'dn gradely taen stok on 'um, we cross't o'er to th' tuther soide ogen, fur to luke ut o greyte tree us we'rn towd 'ud bin fotch'd O th' rode fro Kallyforny, theere weere they'n getten so mich gowd. Th' bark on it wer clapt togethur just mete saime us it wer wen it wer grewin, bekose yo

knone they cudn't bring th' wholle tree. O mon towd us it wer fore hundurth feet heegh ofore it wer chop't deawn, un it wer considert us it wer fore theawsun yer owd. Jinny sed ther mun ha' bin o vaste seete o brids us 'ud bilt ther neests in it e' O that toime, fur shure mut ther. We went'n fare into th' insoide on't, fur it wer welley us big us o heawse. Fro theere we went'n into o gallury, fro weere we geete o verry gud seete o th' gardin un sich loik; un we seede o greyte rope streychin fare ocross th' frunt o th' Palus, verry heegh op. Aw ax'd o mon wat it wer for, un E sed Blondin wer beawn fur to wauk o'er it. Wel then, aw sed, aw'l hav o seete on him, fur aw'd yerd tel o that mon aw'l be bun monny o skore o toimes. Jinny sed us hoo shud be feyrd o seein onny mon oppo that rope, fur hoo wer sartin shure iv his foote nobbut leetud fur to slip, un E wer to fo, ther'dn be naut for him but bein kilt stone dyed oppo th' spot; but hoo sed ofore hoo oather seede Blondin ur aut elze moore nur hoo had dun, hoo mut ha' summut fur to heyte, urelze hoo shud be wautin o'er sick. Wel, aw sed, heaw leetes theaw didn't speyke ofore, fur theaw knoes verry wele us theaw con welley hav aut us theaw wants e' this kuntry, if theaw's nobbut brass fur to pay for't. Nay, hoo sed, theaw'rt rang theere fur onc't, schuzheaw, fur theaw's yerd me thissel, twoice o'er, ax fur sum tharkake, beawt gettin onny oathur toime. Wel but, aw sed, ther's no scant uv uther maks o stuf, un luke wat gud veyle pies we'n had monny o toime, pertikler that Meltun Mowbrey, us they coed it. Wel, wi' that we bwoth on us went deawn sum stairs, besoide o rook o masheenery us wer gooin, un we sune coome to sum stonnins wi' lotts o stuf on, un we bwoth on us geete wele fittud op, verry; un wen we'dn had o saup o tay besoide, we went'n forrud to th' eawtsoide, opurpus to seech o gud shet opese weere we cud see Blondin.

Us we'rn raythur tyert we seete us deawn omung o rook o foke oppo th' grase, un it gan us o choance o restin ussels, but Jinny wer raythur potter't wi' havin o spon nu pettiquotte on, wi' o deyle o scarlit in it, fur hoo wer terrubly flayed o deetin it.

We hadn't bin theere so lung ofore o meterly wele dress't mon coome un clapt hissel deawn ut th' soide on us, un gaytud o taukin obeawt it bein o foine day, un sich

loike, un ax't e' we'rn fur seein Blondin doo his marluks; un wen we'dn had o meterly deyle o diskorse, e towd us, us heaw E wer e' th' medikul professhun; then aw sed yo maen pills, un rubbin bottul, un sich loike, un E sed E did, un E'd one o' th' moyst wunderfulist bottuls us evvur onnyboddy evvur yerd tel on, un it 'ud cuer't theawsuns o foke us wod o bin dyed un berrid lung sin but for it. E sed E shud be sewry fur to may o gentulmon loike me unyessey, but ut th' saime toime evvury mon shud doo his duty, un E wer verry sewry fur to say us aw'd getten o complaint on meh us met be verry sayrius, iv it wer noane taen e' toime. Wel, aw sed, it's toime enuf neaw onnyheaw, fur aw'm us harty us o feightin cok. Wel, E sed, aw met think so, un ut th' saime toime terribul wark met be gooin on e' me insoide fur O that, but E knoed verry wele us wat E sed wer us tru us gospil, un iv aw'd nobbut be ut th' labber fur to ko ut his shop ut Diddle'um plaze, E cud fit me op wi' two bottuls to tay whomme wi' me, us E wer quoite sartin 'ud put me O to reets, un aw met nevvur ail naut ogen us lung us aw liv't. Wel, Jinny sed, iv aw wer thee aw'd tay warnin o that mon, fur E mun kno bettur nur thee, E's so loike, seein us heaw E's o doktur, un theaw knoes foke olis sen, "o stitch e' toime saves noine." Aw sed, iv aw doo tay warnin, it shol be o me Unkle Abrum, un noane o this mon, fur to maw thinkin aw connut doo bettur nur let wele o be. Aw sed, aw gues, maistur, yo're wat they coen o quak doktur, un maw Unkle Abrum olis towd me fur to kepe off sich foke us yo, un doo th' best us aw cud fur to dee o natterul dyeth, un e' yo'll nobbut stop o bit aw'l tel yo wat E towd me. Wel, E sed E wer quoite willin fur to yer aut us aw'd getten fur to tel him. Wel then, aw sed, yo's just hav it, maistur, us aw yerd it missel.

Wel yo sin, wen E wer o yung mon, un follerin o wench us E wer thinkin o bein wed too, E wer stonnin ut his dur one neete, un o mon us E thaut wer o preychur coome op too him un towd him us E shudn't ston theere e' th' cowd, fur E cud see us E'd o cumplaint on him us met be sayrius iv it wer noane taen e' toime, un look't aftur be sumbrey. Wel yo sin, wi' him thinkin o bein wed, E wer raythur freetent wi' wat th' mon sed, un so E ax'd him fur to com into th' heawse, so th' doktur ax'd him fur to doff his quotte un his singlit opurpus us E cud examin him, un E startud

o pokin his neyve into his ribs whawl E welley made him skroike eawt, un wen E'd dun, E sed it wer just us E expektud fur to foind it, fur ther'n summut grewin to th' tone end o th' fift rib us mut be fot oway urelze it 'ud be wo-op wi' him ofore aut wer lung. So wi' that me unkle ax'd him iv E'd aut us 'ud doo th' job un E made onsur un sed us E'd cuer't monny o hundurth foke ov O maks o cumplaints wi' o bottul us E made op, coed "cure fur the milliuns," un E considert us o cupple on 'um, ur fore ut moyst 'ud put him to reetes fur E'd nevvur knoed 'um miss nobbut wen foke gan o'er takkin 'um to sune. Wel yo sin wi' that th' doktur sowd him two bottuls ov his cure all fur thre shillin, un coed on him evvury weke aftur to lev him o fresh bottul us E olis geete pade for. Wen E'd had obeawt twelv on 'um th' doktur towd him us E cud see us th' spot wer regler gettin less, but it 'ud bin o deyle harder fur to get oway nur E thaut it wod o bin, saime toime E sed wen E furst seede him, E wodn't o gan foive shillin fur his loife, un it wer o moyst wunderful consarn us E wer gettin bettur ut O. Wel yo sin E went forrud wi' his fizzikin whawl E'd had nynetene bottuls Otogethur, un th' doktur olis rekkont fur to be verry gud too him wi' chargin him naut fur comin, fur E sed O us E wantud wer summut to covur th' valerashun o th' fizzik fur it wer raythur dar un noane so gud to be getten howd on, but iv E cud nobbut doo o bit o gud too his sufferin felley craturs us they'rn on ther rode thru this waste howlin wildernis, E cared naut mich obeawt hissel. Wel, th' gentulmon sed, us aw wer tellin this too, that wer verry kind o the doktur so far. Wel but aw sed, stop whawl aw dun un then yo'l yer fur yorsel wat mak ov o chap E wer.

Th' neete aftur th' doktur 'ud coed on him un laft him two moore bottuls, o mon us liv't th' next dur coome in un E sed aw'l tel thi wat Abrum, aw con fare bide no lunger fur to see thee diddelt eawt o' thi brass wi' yon chap, fur theaw ails naut mon no moore nur aw doo, un E's humbuggin thi us sure us theaw'rt oloive. Wel E sed, E knoed naut obeawt it but wat th' doktur 'ud towd on, but us furr us E cud see, his ribs wer O reete. Wel yo sin E geete him ut th' last ov O fur to goo un ax fur sum hadvise ov o gradely doktur, un E tuke wi' him o bottul o th' fizzik for him to luke at. Wen E'd towd th' doktur th' wholle con-

sarn E examin't him un then sup't o saup o th' fizzik, un E brasted eawt o laffin un sed us ther'd nevvur bin naut to doo wi' his ribs, un as fur th' fizzik it wer nobbut culert waytur un wodn't cost oboone o penny farthin o bottul. Wel, Jinny sed, wat dun yo think o that maistur, E mun ha' bin o gradely arrunt thefe mun that mon us coed hissel o doktur. Aw sed neaw thee howd thi din whawl aw towd me tale eawt.

Wel, yo sin, me Unkle Abrum wer sum mad wen E fund it eawt us E'd bin diddelt e' that rode, un E sed E'd sarve th' doktur eawt iv E cud nobbut lay his hond on him wen E coome ogen. Waw, Jinny sed, E wer noane fur feightin shurelee. Wel, aw sed, theaw'l yer e' theaw'l nobbut let me goo forrud. Tuthre neets aftur E'd bin to th' gradely doktur, Jonathun Brunskill us went wi' me unkle, wer takkin o greyte bukit o swillins to sum pigs us E had, un E clapt it deawn fur to rest hissel just eawtsoide o me unkle dur, un went in fur to ax him heaw E wer un sich loike, un whoo shud com in whawl they'rn taukin but th' quak doktur. E made o grand bow to me unkle, un ax'd him heaw E wer gettin on loike, un yo sin me unkle wi' havin Jonathun wi' him wer raythur bowdish un E made onsur un sed us leawd us E cud ko eawt, aw'l let thee see heaw aw'm gettin on theaw raskul us sune us aw've getten howd o this poker. Ah, we win so, Jonathun sheawtud eawt, we'n knok thaw doktur's yed hoff theaw feffnecute e' theaw'l nobbut stop theere onuther minnit. Wel, yo sin, they bwoth on 'um raunged un made sich o din whawl it 'ud o freetent onnyboddy, un th' doktur seein bwoth on 'um comin e' sich o wuther wi' th' tungs un th' poker wer e' sich o splutter fur to get eawt whawl E went th' yed furst o'er Jonathun's bukit o swill, un wi' keyvin it o'er sum on it went fare onto his clewus un uther sum hinto his hat us rowl't hoff, un o bonny mess E made ov hissel aw'l warrunt yo. E'd o brosten his nose likker wi' foin, but ther'n two dogs marluckin ut th' dur, un E leete fare ut th' top on 'um un o bonny yeawl they seete op, fur they'rn th' th' saime us th' doktur—moore freetent nur hurt. Wel, yo sin, ther'n sich o consarn us wer nevvur sin e' that spot ofore. Jonathun blow'd op obeawt his swill bein slattert, un th' doktur blow'd op obeawt his clewus bein so deetud, un Abrum blow'd op obeawt ben fizzik't wi' nynetene

bottuls ov his rubbitch, un towd him us E wer naut but o thefe un o pikpokit, un th' doktur gether't hissel op un stoode theere welley loike o dreawnt meawse wypin his hat un his clewus wi' his nose duster, un E coed eawt us E'd hav o warrun eawt for 'um ofore E went to bed that neete, that E wod. Jonathun stoode ut th' dur wi' th' tungs in his honds, un E coed eawt theaw'd bettur be shuntin un theaw mun fot us monny warruns us theaw loikes, fur we'n teych thee fur comin heere fur to freeten foke eawt o ther brass, un wi' that E waukt hoff loike o dog wi' his tale betwene his legs, mutterin summut us they didn't gaume, un they sune laust seete on him.

Wel, Jiny sed, E geete sarv't eawt schuzheaw, but E wer o mon wer that doktur, us didn't ko eawt stinkin fish wen E sowd his fizzik onnyheaw.

Th' mon us aw'd bin tellin O this too, ax't iv aw meynt fur to say us E wer o chap o that mak us aw'd bin tellin o'er. Naut ut th' soart aw sed, but theaw con put th' cap on iv it fits theaw knoes. Heawsumevvur E sune tuke hissel hoff omung th' foke, un we seede naut no moore on him, un Jinny sed theaw's gan yon chap his ballyful iv aw'm noane mistaen, but its naut but reete us "evvury herrin shud hang be its oan gills," us foke sen.

That mon hadn't bin gwone oboone foive minnits wen o greyte bell gaytud o ringin fur to let foke kno us Blondin wer beawn fur to wauk o'er his rope.

Ther'n o sodier band o musik theere, un in o bit they startud o playin "see the conkering hero coms," un we seede 'um pooin Blondin in o baskit fro th' Palus op to his rope, un sum ov o din they O kikt op wi' sheawtin, aw'l warrunt yo.

Ther'n o square mak ov o spot us E geete on to, obeawt hauve o th' rode betwene th' two ends o th' rope weere E geete hissel reddy fur startin, un in o bit E stoode streyght op, wi' o lung powl in his hond, un oway E went op o th' rope us stiddy us iv E'd bin on o kosey. Eh! dear o me, Jinny sed, E'l be foin fur shure will E, un just luke, hoo sed, iv E hasn't startud o runnin, un shure enuf theere E wer runnin us hard us E cud lick. Wel, aw sed, that caps O us evvur aw seede fur shure dus it; then E slakkent ogen, but forrud E went stoppin ut naut, for E'd o meterly lung way fur to goo, un thinks aw to missel it 'ul try him op

gradely, neaw us E's gettin welley to th' end o th' rope, fur it wer raythur op brow, but it made no mak o differuns, un forrud E went un londed safe ut th' end, un E made o bow to th' foke us they met see us E wer noane kilt, un they did sheawt him fur shure.

Wen E'd restud hissel o bit, wat dun yo think E did? Waw! aw'l be buttert iv E didn't tee o pese o cloth o'er his een, un besoide O that, wat capt me th' moyst ov aut, wer ut E aktily pood o seck gradely o'er his yed, us reycht welley deawn to his ancliffes. Wel, thinks aw to missel, e' Blondin con com deawn that rope wi' his yed un his een cuvert op, aw's begin fur to think us E's summut fur to doo wi' th owd lad, fur it mun be welley unimpossuble fur onny mortul mon to wauk blink't deawn that rope, beawt foin un bein kilt. Heawsumevvur, op E startud wi' his powl ogen, un th' musik gaytud o playin un hoff E seete, wi' th' seck o'er his yed un sich loike, un E hadn't gwone monny yards ofore one foote slipt hoff th' soide o th' rope, un deawn E deawk't o bit o one soide, un Jinny geete fast howd o me un koed eawt, eh! maw gudnis, E'l be deawn, fur shure wil E. Aw sed, neaw thee sattle thissel, fur E's nobbut shammin, E knoes wat E's dooin, aw'l warrunt te, saime toime aw wer raythur taen on missel, fur it wer o flaysum seete fur to see o mon so heegh op waukin oppo naut but o rope, un his yed in o seck, but E wer noane so lung ofore E geete bak to weere E startud fro.

Neaw, wat aw'm beawn fur to tel yo, aw dar say yo'ne ardly beleeve, but it's us tru us th' Meriko war, un noboddy nevvur ses us that's noane tru, onnyheaw. Wen Blondin startud to th' tuther end o th' rope, aw nevvur wer so gloppen't sin aw wer kersunt nur aw wer wen E seete hoff wi' oathur foote in o reawnd baskit obeawt th' mikkle ov o mon's yed. Jinny gloored at him wi' hur meawth fare woide oppen us iv hoo cudn't beleeve hur oan een, un didn't speyke o wort fur evvur so lung, but ut last ov o hoo sed, wel theaw knoes us aw'm noane use't fur to say naut ogen noboddy, but E that mon Blondin hasn't sowd hissel to the devil, it's quare to me, fur it dusn't seawnd to rezzun us onny natterul mon con doo wat E's dooin, to maw thinkin. Wel, aw sed, iv E's dun that E's o greyte foo, fur okwordingly to wat foke sen, iv E has dun, E'l ha to goo too him wen E

[E' that mon Blondin hasn't sowd hissel to the devil, it's quare to me.]

dees, un it 'ul be to lat for him to may o rubargin iv E nobbut onc't gets hinto th' clutches o th' owd lad, onnyheaw. Wel yo sin, E went fare to th' tuther end o th' rope wi' his baskit shoone on, but it seem't fur to be raythur hard wark ofore E'd dun, fur it made him swat oboone o bit. Wen aw seede him comin bak, thinks aw to missel watevvur wil th mon doo, un aw sed to Jinny, aw's be welley o thaw rode o thinkin, lass, iv E gwos on e' this rode, fur us shure us aw'm wick Blondin coome bak oppo th' rope trundlin o whelebarro ofore him, wi' th' shap o Mister Punch keawer't in it

noddin his yed to th' foke O th' rode us E coome, un th' foke did clap ther honds un sheawt wen E geete bak, un bwoth me un Jinny wer sum un fain us no mischoance 'ud appent him. They pood him hinto th' Palus ogen, un then we startud o gooin hinto th' gardins, un O oppo th' suddin we seede th' waytur gaytin o fizzin op ut sum ov o rattul, un deawn me un Jinny went fur to hav o gud seete, un to larn e' we cud'n, heaw it wer dun loike. Ther'n o gentulmon us stoode osoide on us, us wer o verry sivil mon, un towd us aut us we ax't him, un yo sin wi' that we geete o meterly gud hinseete into differunt maks o things. Jinny towd him us it capt hur heaw they manige't fur to thrutch th' waytur op so heegh, fut it fare made hur yed warch wi' lukin op at it. Wel, yo sin, wi' that E show'd us ut two greyte waytur teawers us E coed 'um ut oathur end o th' Palus, us E sed th' waytur wer pumpt op too, un E sed wi' it beein so heegh op, wen they leete it hoff it made it fizz op us we seed'n it doo.

Ov oather side o th' wauk ther'n wat they coed two waytur tempuls made o irun, un verry bonny they wer'n, wi' bein culert un gilt besoide, un ut th' top o bwoth on 'um ther'n o littul chap stonnin. Th' waytur, yo sin, coome deawn ov O soides un went deawn o greyte rook o steps, un made wat they coen o kaskade six hundurth fete lung, un ut fur end on't it toppelt o'er hinto o poand us ther wer. Ut th' bothum o th' feawntuns th' waytur coome eawt e' O maks o shapes, crossin itsel e' O rodes welley. Aw sed to th' gentulmon as we'dn bin taukin too, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, we'n comn O th' rode fro Rachde, but ofore aw'd o mis't o seete loike this, aw'd o comn us furr iv aw'd nobbut had brass enuf, yo knone. Wel, E sed, us furr us E wer consarn'd E wer olis fain fur to see foke us worch't hard fur ther livvin, gooin fro whomme o plessurin o bit eych neaw un then. Wel, aw sed, yo sin maistur, aw nevvur wer o mon us waistud me brass wi' fuddlin un sich loike wark us that, un so oppokeawnt o that aw'v monny o toime moore brass e' me pokkit nur chaps us addels twoice us mich but ur olis cockin op ther littul fingur. So wi' that E ax't wat aw meynt wen aw sed foke cok't op ther littul fingur. Waw, aw sed, onnyboddy knoes weere aw com fro us it meyns chaps us ur fond ov o saup o drink, un mays greyte foos o thersels; but aw sed aw'l tel yo

summut elze maistur; maw mistris olis tays care fur to may maw addlins goo us furr us evvur hoo con, un bekose we nevvur getten naut oppo tryste we con olis ware us brass weere it gwos furrist. Ah! Jinny sed, yo knone, maistur, "O penny saif't us o penny getten," us foke sen. Wel, E sed, u say right, my gud wummon. Ah, aw sed, hoo dus, aw'l warrunt yo, maistur, fur ther'n nevvur o bettur nur o moore farruntly wummon teede too o mon, fur O us hoo yers me say it missel.

Wel, yo sin, wi' that we went forrud deawn th' wauk fare to th' bothum on't sumweere obeawt hauve o moile lung, un wen we turn't to th' reete hond we coome O uth suddin too o rook o foke us wer gooin reawnd oppo sum roidin orsus us wer turn't reawnd wi' two chaps, un sum un wele they seem't fur to loike it th' childer did, schuzheaw. O bit furr on ther'n o rook o foke swingin un climbin powls un sich loike, un fro theere turnin to th' lift hond, we coome to summut us gloppent us oboone o bit. Jinny aw dar say 'ud o bin wurr flay'd nur hoo wer, wen hoo seede thoose blak chaps, e' th' gentulmon us wer wi' us hadn't towd hur ofore hond wat we'rn comin too, un hoo'd o gwone bak O in o scutter aw'm welley shure. E' one spot ther'n th' shap ov o quare lukin cratur us big us two keaws aw dar say, us wer hawsin fur to climbe op o tree, un osoide o sum waytur ther'n o rook o th' quarist lukin tykes us evvur aw kest meh een on, sum on 'um th' shap o frogs, but us big us jakassus, un uther sum, one e' pertikler, welley us big us o elefunt, sum wi' sneawts on us lung us o poker, un ther'n two wi' yeds loike ducks nobbut biggur yo knone, un they'd greyte wings on besoide. One rum lukin thyng coed o lizzurd messert nyne un thurty foote fro th' sneawt to th' tale end.

Wel Jinny sed, us sune us hoo'd sattult hursel, thoose sheds O us evvur aw seede, ur evvur yerd tel on sin aw wer born, un ther'dn be sum thrutchin fur to get thoose big craturs hinto Noa's ark, onnyheaw.

Th' gentulmon sed us Noa un his lads 'ud kno naut obeawt thoose hannimuls, bekose they'dn bin dyed 'un berrid lung ofore Noa's gronfaythur wer put into breechus.

Wel, yo sin, noane so furr fro weere theese hanimuls wer, we seede o poand o waytur wi' o rook o boats in, un foke wer sailin in 'um fur so mich o pese, un verry pratty

uns sum on 'um wer, but O us aw cud say, wodn't get Jinny to hav o roide, fur hoo sed hoo'd stik to wat hoo'd sed ofore, fur hoo wer detarmin't fur to dee oppo dry lond, iv hoo dee'd onnyweere.

Fro theere we went'n bak into th' gardins, un sum bonny they wer'n. E' one spot they'rn shootin wi' bows un arros, un sum o th' shooters wer ladies. We keawr't us deawn oppo th' grase fur to watch 'um, un th' gentulmon sed us E'd pay fur o bottul o bittur beer for us e' ther'd bin onny to be getten. Wel, aw sed, aw'm obleeght to yo O th' saime, but aw nevvur sup naut o that mak maistur. Jinny sed, e' yo liv'd wi' maw maistur fur o wholle twelmun, yo'd nevvur see naut goo deawn his throttel e' th' suppin line obut tay un koffee ur churn milk un sich loike, but yo shud yer him sing o song us o mon gan him. Wel, aw sed, yo's hav it maistur sich us it is whawl we rest'n ursels, un so wi' that aw gaytud.

SONG.

Mi yed it akes, un mi hond it shakes,
Un aw fele moyst terribul quare,
O bekose laste neete, aw did'nt fele reete,
Wi' swillin o greyte lot o beer.

KORUS.

Onc't aw loik't o saup o gud beer,
But it olis did may me so queer;
Aw'l nathematize onny fellow us tries
To may me ogen boozy wi' beer.

Neaw koffey un tay fur th' futur gie me,
Thoose 'ur drinks aw mun stik too it's clear;
Fur it nevvur 'ul pay to loyse o wholle day
Thru o yed warch braut on wi' yer beer.
KORUS.—Onc't aw loik't o saup, &c.

Me meawth is sum dry, un bludshot one eye,
Un mi nose is gooin red aw doo fear;
Aw've o pale pimpelt cheek, un thickly aw speyke,
Un it's O thru swillin that beer.
KORUS.—Onc't aw loik't o saup, &c.

Ale, sperrits, un wine, aw'l e' futur dekline,
Fur ther noane on 'um wurth mich it's clear;
So gi' me o drop o gud ginger pop,
Fur aw ko that the best mak o beer.
KORUS.—Onc't aw loik't o saup, &c.

Wi' cool lemonade o mon's nevvur ofreyd,
Iv it dusn't doo mich fur to cheer;
Un far bettur aw think, be kontent wi' wake drink,
Nur get o bad yed warch wi' beer.
KORUS.—Onc't aw loik't o saup, &c.

Neaw, aw sed, wat dun yo think o that, maistur? un E made onsur un sed us E didn't Otogether howd wi' it, fur his rode wer to "tak it gud, un lev it gud." Wel, aw sed, aw'v yerd monny o one say th' saime loike us yo dun, maistur, un they'n takken it gud whawl it's rowl't 'um e' th' gutter loike us monny pigs. Waw, Jim Briskit hissel olis towd me so, un neaw E's one o th' drunkenist tykes ut evur geete hinto o pare o breechus, un th' skeawndril us E is, E kares no moore fur his woife un childer, nur hauve us mich us E wod e' they'rn us monny bandyhewits ur kitlins. Wel, th' gentulmon sed, moore shame for him, un so wi' that E bid us gud day, un we towd him heaw fain we'dn bin fur to get thik wi' him, un sich loike.

Wen we seete hoff ogen we went'n op un deawn, un sum plest we wer'n wi' O us we seede. Reawnd th' beds o th' gardins th' fleawrs wer e' thre rows, O differunt maks un culers; they'rn skarlit, un blu, un whoite, un aw nevvur seede naut moore hadmyruble onnyweere to maw thinkin. Ther'n one spot coed th' rosery us wer pertikler pratty, wi' O maks o roses grewin in, un sum ov o seete on 'um ther wer'n fur shure. We went'n streyght op to th' waytur teaw'r, fur we'dn bin towd us onnyboddy met goo up us wantud, so we bowtud streyght in, un gaytud o gooin op th' steps. Jinny wer follerin aftur me, un aw thaut us hoo wer raythur quoitish, un wen we'dn gwon op welley o hundurth steps, hoo coed eawt, aw'l tel thi wat, aw connut ston gooin ut this bat, fur aw welley laust me wynt Oreddy, un e' theaw dusn't slakken theaw'l foind it eawt ut it 'ul be "moore haste un wor speede," us foke sen, us furr us aw'm consarn'd schuzheaw. Wel, aw sed, theaw mun kepe op thi pluk mon, fur we'n oboone thre hundurth steps fur to goo op ofore we lond'n ut th' top, un it 'ul do noane fur thee to sto th' hauve o th' rode op onnyheaw. Wel, yo sin, ut th' last ov O we geete fare to th' top o th' wholle fore hundurth steps. Eh! but it did giv us o swat, aw'l warrunt yo, but wen we geete theere, ther wer sum ov o deyle o spots to be sin, un sum pratty th' kuntry luk't, fur shure did it.

Ther'n o owd mon theere wi' o rook o spyglassus, us onny-boddy met luke thru fur o penny o pese, un that wern't mich, wer it? Jinny sed hoo'd hav o doo, un wen hoo'd pade hur brass th' owd mon leete hur luke, un me too; un us shure us aw'm oloive, we seede wat toime it wer bwoth ut th' klok ut th' Parleyment Heawse un Sent Paul's un O. Jinny sed us it braut 'um so klose whawl hoo welley geete it into hur yed us hoo cud yer 'um tickin. We didn't stop op so lung, fur it wer raythur cowd, un it wer gettin toime welley for us to be gooin, so deawn we coome, un O us aw getten fur to say moore neaw is, us we londed safe ut Mestur Pyke's sumweere obeawt hauve-past eyght o'klok ut neete, raythur iv oather tyert, but sum un wele plest wi' us day's wark, un e' rare gud fettle fur us baggin. Un so neaw yo'ne ha' to see th' next chaptur fur to get o hinseete into wat we did'n th' day aftur, fur

Th' fift chaptur's dun neaw.

CHAPTUR SIXT.

Obeawt th' diskorse us we hadn wi' Symon un his woife.—O lettur us we geete fro Jinny's cuzzen Betty, un obeawt us gooin fur to see th' Bank ov Inglun, th' Manshun Heawse, un Sent Paul's un sich loike.—Wat o hobble aw'd loik't fur to getten into wi' mistayin o chap fur Mistur Jon Higinbothum, un wat o flunter Jinny geete into, un summut elze us yo'ne see wen yo comn too't.

WEN we geete bak to Mestur Pyke's we ordert us tay un sich loike, un we'dn o peawnd o trollybobs fry'd too it, but thoose we geete moore oppo keawnt o Jinny nur fur me, bekose aw kared naut obeawt 'um, but hoo'd bin maunderin o'er o bit o trype so lung whawl aw towd hur hoo shud hav o gradely dose on' um fur onc't, onnyheaw, un o deawnreete gud doo hoo made on 'um, aw'l warrunt yo. Wen hoo'd dun, aw sed, theaw's sune polish't thoose hoff, schuzheaw. Wel, hoo sed, aw wer welley parish't wen aw startud, but theaw knoes foke olis sen, "sharp ut meyte un sharp ut wark," un theaw knoes verry wele us aw hannut o idle bwone e' maw skin; heawsumevvur, aw fele o vaste seete bettur wi' me baggin.

We towd Symon woife O obeawt wat we'dn sin, un wen Jinny towd hur obeawt Blondin, un obeawt heaw quare hoo felt wen hoo seede him oppo th' rope, hoo welley split hur soides wi' laffin, Jinny wer e' sich yernist obeawt it.

Aw ax't Symon wat E considert 'ud be th' best for us to goo o seein e' th' mornin, un E sed iv E wer us E'd goo un see th' Mint, fur it wer sich o seete us cudn't be sin onnyweere, un E wer sartin us bwoth on us 'ud be wele plest wi' it.

Wel, Jinny sed, aw wodn't stur o foote fur to see aut o that mak, fur aw cud onnytoime wi' nobbut gooin to me Unkle Abrum's, see sum o th' foinest mint un parsley us evvur wer grewn onnyweere. Aw sed, theaw'rt hoff thi orse, neaw, schuzheaw; fur Symon nevvur meynes naut o that mak, E's taukin o'er o spot weere they maen brass mon, isn't it, Symon? So wi' that E towd hur us wat they coed th' Mint wer weere th' gowd soverins un th' shillins

un sich loike wer O made, un E sed us one yer wi' onuther they made'n foive milliun peawnds 'urth o yer on 'um.

Wel, yo sin, we hadn't bin taukin oboon hauve un heawr ofore Jinny gaytud o noddin hur yed, un it wer welley us mich us aw cud doo fur to kepe me oan een oppen, un so we bowtud hoff to bed, sumweere obeawt ten o'klok.

Nesht mornin us we'rn gettin us breykefust, Jinny wer sum set op bekose hoo geete o lettur fro hur cuzzen Betty, un hoo sed it fare did hur gud fur to get o bit o news fro Rachde, un hoo leete us luke at it, un aw red it leawd op, us we met O yer it ut onc't, un it wer e' this'n:—

" Twod Lone, Rachde,
munday neete,
" Maw deere Cuzzen. Jewn sixteenth 1862

" These fu Loines coms hoppin fur To foind Thee wele un harty us they levven Me ut tis Presunt toime, Thank God For it. Tak it Otogethur Thyngs ur gooing On, mich Saime loike us They wer'n Be4 theaw laft whomme. Ther's Hardly Onny o th' faktoris hawsing to Gate us aw kon See on, un it 'ul be 6 tene weke kom Next Setterday sin eawr Jonothun had o stroke o wark, un e' we livven onuthur Munth we Kalkilat'n us We's hav hetten Op evvury haupenny us We han e' th' Store. Wen that's O dun, We's be loike Fur to doo summut fur ussels Sum rode, Fur it 'ul nevvur doo noane for us To starve to Deyth oppo th' harthstoane. Maw maistur ses us heaw It 'ul goo Ill deawn Wi' him Fur to Ax fur o Tikkit Fro th' releef, saime toime Wat kon us doo Wi' fore littul Childer besoide us Two sels fur ther's no Soigns ut O o Thyngs Mendin, us Aw kon see on. Its bin o Sad job for us Has This 'meriko war, hasn't it? Theaw Seese us Slavery's bin ut th' bothum on't, un e' Foke winnut doo That uts reete, Its sartin Shure fur To kom deawn on 'um Sumtoime, ah us sartin us Cotton's gwone up To 2 shillin o Peawnd. One Chap towd me th' tuther Day us o Deyle o Foke ud Nevvur loike worchin ogen, But aw dunnot Otogethur howd wi' that, un onny Mon us 'ud idle un sling his Toime oway, Wen E cud get wark Fur to doo, mun Be o foo, un wur nur o Jakass. Aw Nobbut wish Foke 'ud o choance o wark un

Then We shud see heaw it 'ud Be, likker; aw kno Maw Maistur 'ud jump At it Schuzheaw.

"Un so neaw Aw Naut moore fur to tel Thi on, us aw kon unbethynk me Obeawt just ut tis Presunt Toime. Oh! yoy, aw'd loikt To furgetten Summut. Theaw knoed Sally Pykelit; waw! hoo's Aktilly bin to Sum gawkey ut Yewood fur to Get hur Fortin towd, un E's fare Made hur Beleeve us hoo'l Be wed ofore Next Kerzmus too o Chap uts To tay hur to Austrayley, un Aw'l be buttert iv Hoo isn't So ful on't, whawl hoo's Gethering op Hur bits o Thyngs fur to Be reddy ogen E turns op. Did Theaw evvur yer o Sich o Goose. Waw! onny Boddy wi' onny Sens ut O, mun kno verry wele us Ther isn't o mon oppo This yerth, Nur o wommun Noathur us kon tel o Fortin, Heaw kon they? It dusn't Seawnd to Rezzun. Onny Boddy us beleeves e' Sich wark us that mun Hav o Skrew lose Sumweere okwordingly To maw Thynkin.

"Un so neaw aw Towd thee welley O us Aw kon unbethynk Me on, un so no moore ut presunt fro Thaw Cuzzen.

BETTY BREAWNBROW."

"We's be sum fain Fur to yer yo Tel wen yo Comn bak obeawt O us yo'ne Sin, aw'l warrunt Te."

Jinny sed us hoo coed that o meterly gud lettur fro o wummon us 'ud nevvur had no mak o eddycashun nobbut wat hoo'd getten ut Sundy Skoo. Wel, aw sed, aw one faut to foind wi' it, fur hoo olis puts th' saime yeds un tales oppo hur letturs, un to maw thinkin hoo'd nevvur doo naut elze, iv hoo liv't o hundurth yer. Aw onc't did it missel but aw've turn't o'er o new leyfe neaw. Wat mak o use is it fur to tel foke ut startin us th' lettur's comin, fur they'n foind that eawt thersels, winnot they, wen they'n getten it; un then th' saime loike wen they gien o'er wi' sayin, "so no moore ut presunt," dusn't o mon kno wen E gets to th' end o th' lettur, us ther is no moore beawt bein towd. Wel, Jinny sed, its O verry wele fur o mon loike thee fur to tauk e' that rode, but theaw knoes verry wele us ther's nobbut eych neaw un then o mon to be fund us furr larnt us thee. Wel, aw sed, wen aw geeten o lettur fur to roite, aw olis bang streyght hoff wi' wat aw getten fur to say, un rattuls

oway til aw dun. Heawsumevvur aw sed, it 'ul do noane for us to stop keawerin heere, so thee goo un don thi bonnit on, un then we con turn eawt o seein summut.

Wel yo sin we'rn sune hoff un we'd o pese o pappur us had o rook o spots put on, us Symon sed we shud be shure fur to goo un see, un aw towd him us aw wer sartin us we shud be shure fur to get on meterly wele e' we nobbut spirr'd eych neaw un then. Wen we'dn gwone obeawt hauve o moile we geete into o homnibus fur to get fore pen'urth ov o roide o pese, fur we considert us it 'ud save bwoth toime un labbur, un we towd th' mon fur to be shure fur to let us eawt wen we coome to th' Bank ov Inglun. They'rn o verry foine lady e' th' homnibus wi' o greyte dollop o posies fare ut th' top ov hur bonnit, un aw towd Jinny to luke, un aw sed thaw bonnit mun be dun wrang mon, fur th' posies ur O e' th' insoide. Wel, ho sed, hoo considert us they'rn reete weere they wer'n, fur hoo made naut o wat sum foke dun wi' ther bonnits, fur hoo'd aktilly sin o yung lass wi' th' wing ov o goose reawnd hur yed. Wel, aw sed, hoo mut be o bit ov o gonnor hursel wi' turnin eawt e' that rode, un aw wondur wat foke 'ud say e' they seede me turnin eawt sum mornin wi' o jakass tale reawnd me hat, fur th' tone 'ud be welley us ill favvert us th' tuther. Wel, Jinny sed, theaw knoes ther's o deyle o differuns betwene o mon un o wummon, un theaw wodn't loike fur to see me turnin eawt wi' o pare o breechus on. Naw, aw sed, aw wodn't, theaw'rt reete theere, fur ther's to monny Oreddy o that mak. Wel, hoo sed, aw wern't meynin wat theaw thinks, saime toime aw sin monny o heawse weere th' foke 'ud o bin o vaste seete bettur hoff e' th' mistris 'ud bin th' maistur. Wel, aw sed, theaw knoes aw'm olis fur gooin be th' Skripter, un depend on't o mon's shure to be reete iv E stiks to that, un it ses ut th' woife's to giv in to th' husbun, fur E's th' yed on hur. Wel, hoo sed, iv evvur hoo'd sin that hoo'd furgetten weere it wer. But, aw sed, aw hannut, fur aw olis keep it dubelt deawn opurpus fur to let thee see iv aut went rang e' that rode. Wel, but hoo sed, theaw "shudn't yeawl ofore theaw'rt hurt," us foke sen, but weereobeawts is it? Wel, aw sed, it 'ul be fund in o lettur us Sent Paul sent too o plaze coed Effesus, un iv aw'm noane wrang it wer o mon coed Tykikus us tuke it for him. Wel, hoo sed us hoo wer

noane so mich surproist ut Sent Paul tellin that bekose E wer o owd bachelor. Just then th' omnibus poo'd op un th' mon koed eawt "Benk," un so wi' that eawt we geete, un E show'd us wich wer it. It wer o greyte bildin fur shure, but eh! ther wer sich o din e' th' stretes wi' carrigus un cabs un sich loike whawl we'rn welley moydert. Aw just peep't into th' dur o th' Bank, un ther wer sum ov o seete o foke gooin in un eawt, un Jinny sed aw'l goo in e' theaw wil, un it wer no sanner sed nur dun, un in aw bowtud un Jinny foller'd, but aw cud see us hoo wer us freetent us o shepe. We stoode un watch'd 'um gooin into differunt reawms, un we shud o loik't fur to gwone in too, nobbut we'rn feyrd o gettin into sum mak ov o hobble.

Ther'n o poleese stonnin theere, un aw sed, aw gues maistur ther's naut wrang wi' us stonnin heere o bit, fur to watch foke, un E sed it wer O reete. Wel, aw sed, yo sin we'n nevvur bin heere ofore, un we want'n fur to see O we kon, loike. Aw sed aw gues maistur us ther mun be o greyte rook o sarvunts o differunt maks e' th' Bank, un E made onsur un sed us ther'n oboon o theawsun on 'um Otogethur. Eh! maw gudnis, Jinny sed, wat o seete o brass it mun tay fur to pay 'um O ther wagus. E towd us ther'n O maks o wagus pade fro fifty peawnd o yer too o theawsun, un E sed th' gowd un sich loike wer O kept e' th' cellurs underneythe, un ther'n monny o cart lodd on it. They'dn o styem injun, E sed, fur printin ther notes wi', un sich loike wark us that. Wel, yo sin, we'd o deyle o tauk wi' this poleese besoide wat aw towd yo on, un ut last ov O we laft him, un bid him gud day, un aw sed, we con but thank yo maistur, un E sed us we'rn verry welcom, un wi' that we went eawt.

Wel, yo sin, we rambult obeawt furst to one spot un then too onuthur, but weerevvur we went'n ther'n sich o din whawl Jinny sed it fare made hur yed warch. We geete into o strete us wer crom'd wi' foke whawl it wer welley unimpossuble fur onnyboddy wi' krinolyne on, to get on ut O; it wer coed Chepsoide. They jow'd ogen Jinny whawl hoo spun reawnd loike o top welley sumtoimes, un aw sed too hur, it's no wunder o thaw yed warchin wi' bein knok't obeawt e' that rode. We sune coome to Sent Paul's us aw knoed in o mimit oppo keawnt o bein theere ofore, but we didn't goo in bekose we wantud fur to rest ussels,

un Jinny sed hoo mut ha' summut to heyte fur hoo'd nevvur bote sin breykefust toime, un hoo cudn't bide no lunger. We seech't eawt o spot in o plaze coed Ludgut Hill, un we'rn sum fain fur to keawer us deawn eawt o th' sunshoine, fur we'rn bwoth on us O ov o swat. Th' waitur sune coome too us un ax't wat we'rn beawn fur to hav, un so aw ax'd him fur to tel us wat they'dn getten, un wi' that E sed, we've roast fowl, boylt befe, roast mutton, boylt mutton, un capur sause. Wel, aw sed, han yo naut elze? Yes, E sed, we've stakes un chops, sammon un grene peyes, veyle pyes, un cowd befe. Wen E'd getten to th' end ov his nominy, aw sed, thoose ur O are they? is ther naut us yo'ne furgetten? Nevvur heede him maistur, Jinny coed eawt, fur E's nobbut jawin yo, fur E knoes verry wele us yo'ne towd Oreddy ov o deyle moore stuff nur oathur him ur mé con heyte. Wel, aw sed, it's no matter axin yo to goo o'er 'um ogen, so aw'l tay roast befe; un Jinny sed, aw'l ha' th' saime loike, but aw mun hav o dish o tay wi' moine, fur aw cudn't doo beawt that o no okeawnt.

Ther'n o gentulmon oeronent us, us aw wer welley shure wer o preychur o sum mak, un aw seede him gloorin streyght at us wen we'rn speykin to th' waitur, un wen th' mon 'ud gwone o fottin wat we'dn order't, E gaytud o taukin too us obeawt weere we coome fro, un sich loike, un wen E'd fund it eawt us we coome fro Rachde E ax't us o deyle obeawt th' poor foke, un aw towd him us they'rn in o terribul pickle, un wat o seete o brass it mut tay fur to kepe 'um O gooin e' meyte, un say naut obeawt clewus. Thinks aw to missel, aw'l giv it him meterly strung, fur E's appen o mon wi' o deyle o brass, un it 'ul elp him to potter it eawt, likker; fur E's sartin fur to be ax't fur sum, be sumbrey. Wen we'dn O had us dinnur un wer beawn fur to goo, aw sed to th' gentulmon, aw gues maistur, iv yo plez, yo're o preychur o sum mak, un E made onsur un sed it wer his plezzur to preych the Gospil. Wel, aw sed, it's moine fur to listen too't wen it's dun gradely, so yo sin yo un me con put op 'ur orsus meterly wele togethur, un e' yo'ne nobbut toime fur to yer it, aw'l tel yo o bit ov o tale ofore yo gwone, us aw onc't yerd towd missel. Jinny thaut us aw wer gooin raythur to furr, un hoo sed, aw'l tel yo wat maistur, yo'ne think maw felley's one o th' quarist chaps us evvur geete into o pare o shoone. Wel, aw sed, E con plez

hissel wat mak o use E mays ov aut us aw'm beawn fur to tel him, un fur aut us aw kno, maistur, yo're one o th' best preychurs us evvur geete into o pilpit. Ther'n onc't o preychur, aw sed, us had o terribul consait ov hissel, un E made O his sarmons so grand whawl o poor mon 'ud o thaut it 'ud o bin o pese o himpidunse fur him to hause to understond 'um, un yo sin, one Sundy E'd preych't o sarmun fro "Feede maw lambs,"—yo knone weere it is, aw dar say. O yes, E sed, verry wel. Wel yo sin, E towd wat E'd getten fur to say so verry foine un' grand, whawl o owd farmur us 'ud bin tryin fur to yer him seede us E cud get naut eawt on't, un so E sattelt hissel deawn too o kumfurtuble snooze. Wen th' sarvis wer o'er, th' preychur o'ertuke him us they'rn gooin whomme thru o feelt un wen they'dn tauk't o bit, th' preychur ax't him heaw E loik't his sarmon obeawt feedin th' lambs. Wel, E sed, ther'n nobbut just one faut us E had to foind wi' it, un that wer us E put his hay to heegh op e' th' rack. Th' preychur laff't us E went oway, un E bid us gud day un sed us E'd try fur to put his hay low enuf fur th' lambs fur to get howd on't.

Wen we'dn pade fur us meyte we seete hoff deawn Ludgut Hill us they coen it, un we hadn't gwone oboone o hundurth yards ofore aw'd loik't to getten into o bit ov o hobble, un welley made o foo o missel.

Yo sin ther'n o thin smo chap waukin ofore us, un aw sed to Jinny wel aw'l be buttert e' ther isn't Mestur Jon Heginbottom, o wull felley, fro Rachde, ofore us theere, un aw wer kok shure us it wer him, so thinks aw to missel, us E knoes me verry wele, aw'l raythur tay him oppo th' suddin, un E'l be sum gloppent wen E sees who it is, mich iv E winnot. So yo sin aw sune coome op too him un poo'd ut his quotte lap, un wen E turn't reawnd un aw wer beawn fur to brast eawt o laffin, eh! gud grayshus, heaw aw wer taen on wen aw seede us it wer noane him, fur E no moore favvert Jon e' th' faze nur aw favvert o turmit, fur O us E wer so mich loike him behinnd, un wat made it wurr, E challing't me wi' hausin fur to pik his pokit, un aktily sed us heaw E'd o gud moind fur to hond me o'er too o poleese. Com, aw sed, thee dunnot be so nattle, fur theaw's likker made monny o blunder thissel sin theaw'rn born, saime loike us me, un aw towd him heaw it wer us aw wer mistaen e' mi mon, but aftur O it wer welley moore

nur bwoth Jinny un me cud doo to may him beleeve us aw wer op to naut but wat wer reete. Jinny geete raythur warm obeawt it, pertikler wen E coed me o pikpokit, un hoo sed, thee tak stok o maw maistur ogen, un see e' theaw thinks us E lukes loike o thefe, aw'd ha' thee to kno mon us "they're noane O theeves us dogs bark'n at," us foke sen.

Wel, yo sin, wi' that E sattelt hissel un went forrud, but aw seede him turn reawnd moore nur onc't us iv E wer feyrd us aw wer gooin fur to be at him ogen. Jinny gaytud o givin me o bit ov o lektur un sed us hoo'd towd me monny o toime o'er, us aw shud be sartin sum toime fur to get into sum mak ov o hobble wi' bein so forrud wi' foke. Wel, aw sed, theaw sees fur thissel, us iv aw get in aw olis get eawt sum rode. We went'n streyght forrud thru wat they coen Flete-strete un th' Strand, un we luk't into o deyle o grand shops un seede O us we cud'n, un sum ov o rakkit ther wer O th' rode, aw'l warrunt yo. We'rn bwoth on us fain fur to lond bak ut us lodgins ogen, sumweere obeawt th' saime toime us we did'n th' neete ofore, fur we didn't want fur to stop eawt so lat, bekose we'dn made op us moind fur to goo ogen th' day aftur to th' Greyte Eggs-hibishun, fur we hadn't sin o quarter on't th' toime ofore wen wer'rn theere.

We'd no sanner getten into th' heawse nur Jinny gaytud o tellin Mistris Pyke O obeawt wat we'dn sin, un pertikler obeawt that doo us we'dn had wi' that mon us aw thaut aw knoed, but didn't. Symon sed us heaw we'dn dun verry wele, O thyngs considert, seein us heaw we'rn be ussels O th' toime. Wel, Jinny sed, we shud'n o gwone on beawt onny mischoance ut O, obut fur that bullyraggin chap us coed thee o pikpokit, un t'one hauve o that wer olung o thissel; saime toime, iv aw'd bin o mon aw'd o made him ax thee pardin fur his impidunse, for O us foke sen us "Ther's moore flees catch't wi' honey nur aliker;" un theaw knoes yore Mikel olis ses us "meddlesum curs shud be teede short." Wel, aw sed, theaw'd o getten naut eawt on him e' theaw'd troyd, fur E'd likker o favver't that chap us aw onc't yerd tel on, us 'ud bin koin onuther mon o shaime fur to be sin, un so E wer towd us they'rn beawn fur to fot law on him iv E didn't may wat they coed o 'pology, un so us E fund it eawt us E'd gwone raythur to

furr, E sed us E wer sewry fur wat E'd sed, but E raylee cudn't elp it, bekose oppo keawnt o loysin sum ov his frunt teeth wurds slipt eawt monny o toime us E ardly knoed aut obeawt.

[Jinny gaytud o tellin Mistris Pyke O obeawt wat we'dn sin.]

Wel, Jinny sed, E wer o quare mortul wer that mon, schuzheaw; saime toime aw'l stik to wat aw olis sed, us "O woise yed mayes o still tunge;" un theaw knoes us Sent Paul hissel sed us th' tunge wer o unruly membur us wantud howdin in, saime us wi' o bit un bridul.

Wel, yo sin, wen we'dn had us supper we taukt o meterly lung whoile, fur Jinny un Symon woife 'ud getten us thik us inkle weyvurs, un th' saime loike wi' me un Symon, un it wer welley twelv o'klok ofore we went'n to bed—ah, aw dar say it wer twelv O eawt, un that wer sum lat, wern't it?

E' th' mornin we'rn hoff ogen to' th' Greyte Eggshibishun, un wi' o'erlayin ussels o bit, we'rn raythur in o splutter wi' us breykefusts, fur aw wer terribul feyrd o missin seein aut; heawsumevvur, we wauk't O th' rode un foke wer us thik on us they wer'n ofore, but we geete theere just us th' dur wer oppent, un in we bowtud un pade us brass, un aw didn't care o rap fur noboddy, fur aw'd pade th' saime brass fur to goo in us onny o th' foine foke had. We went'n in ut onuther dur this toime, e' wat they coen th' Eggshibishun rode, un geete in welley osoide o th' gowd pillur fro Austrayley, un ther wer sum thrutchin fur shure ut th' dur weere we pade us brass. We tuke th' stok o th' gowd pillur ogen, un th' greyte fountun, un then we went streyght forrud to weere we seede o greyte rook o foke stonnin, fur we thaut us ther mut be summut moore nur usel fur to do. Wen we coome too 'um, aw sed too o gentulmon, e' yo plez, maistur, wat's O theese foke watchin for? un E made onsur un sed, they'rn waytin fur to yer wat they coed o pypin bulfinsh sing. Wel, aw sed, aw'v yerd tel o that, maistur, un aw'l get o seete on't iv aw con, onnyheaw, un me too Jinny coed eawt, un wi' that hoo gaytud o thrutchin thru th' foke to th' frunt o th' spot whawl hoo made sum on 'um stare oboone o bit. We hadn't waytud moore nur hauve o minnit, aw dar say, ofore o gentulmon howded op o littul box un eawt jump't o littul brid fro th' insoide us wern't mich biggur nur o humobee aw'm welley shure. Wel, yo sin, it oppent it wings un gaytud o singin, th' littul craytur did, us bonny us evvur yo yerd aut sing, bonnier be th' hauve nur o layruk, un that's sayin o greyte deyle, un wen it 'ud dun owhoile, it pop't deawn into o littul ole e' th' top o th' box un we laust seete on't. Jinny sed hoo wondert heaw th' littul thyng cud get it wynt shut op in o littul plaze loike that. Waw, aw sed, it needs no wynt mon, fur it's noane wick. Wel, hoo sed, theaw mun tel sumbrey that tale us ha no wit mon, fur heaw cud o dyed brid sing e' that rode. Wel, aw sed, thee ax th' mon, un aw'l be bun theaw'l foind wat aw say fur to be tru. So wi' that hoo coed eawt, maistur, maw felley ses us that brid's noane wick, wat dun yo say, e' yo plezzen? So E studdied o bit un laff't, un then E sed, no mum, it's not oloive, sertinly. Wel, hoo sed, that sheds O, un aw nevvur

noathur seede nur yerd tel o naut loike that ofore, onnyheaw, un it's tru wat th' Skripter ses, us God made mon opreete, but E's fun' eawt monny invenshuns. Aw wantud fur to be gooin, but aw cudn't get Jinny to stur o foote whawl hoo'd sin onuther doo wi' th' brid, un so in o bit th' gentulmon howded th' box op ogen, un eawt it jump't, th' saime loike us it did ofore, un Jinny wer sum taen op wi' it fur shure. Hoo wer O fur me buyin one, so aw sed, thee ax him wat E'l tay fur one, so hoo sed, e' yo plezzen wat's proise o one o thoose littul brids? un wen E towd hur foive un thurty peawnd, yo nevvur seede noboddy moore taen on nur hoo wer, un aw sed, neaw will it doo for thi, fur theaw knoes that's noane so mich brass fur thoose us has plenty. Com, hoo sed, let's be gooin, fur aw con buy naut heere, they ax'n so mich brass fur thyngs, they met think us foke wer made on't.

Wel, yo sin, we hadn't gwone furr ofore we seede o quarer consarn nur that us we'dn just bin lukin at. Ther'n o littul clok, un ut th' top on't ther'n o spot weere o littul brid pop't eawt un gaytud o singin mich e' th' saime rode us th' tuther, un wen it 'ud dun o bit, o cat coome eawt ov o spot fare oeronent it, un us sune us evvur th' cat 'ud shown it faze, deawn went th' littul brid in o crak, un laft th' cat be itsel. Eh, it wer sum un wele dun, un Jinny stayrt at it us iv hoo cudn't beleeve hur oan een.

Fro theere we went'n into wat they coed th' Rushun Court, un sum bonny thyngs we seede theere fur shure. Ther'n o greyte testyment us capt aut us evvur aw seede e' that rode, it 'ud o deyle o gowd un jewils oppo th' bak on't, un sum pratty it luk't, un wat dun yo think us th' proise on't wer; waw, it wer put on foive hundurth un sevunty foive peawnd, that 'ud be o seete o brass to pay for't, wodn't it? Ther'n wat they coed o patchwark cuverlid made o gowd un sich loike, un him us belung'd it offert o reward o fifty peawnd to onnyboddy us 'ud make one loike it e' fore munth's toime. Jinny coed o me fur to luke ut o tay sarvis us wer ax'd o hundurth un thurty six peawnd for, un o jug us forty peawnd wer wantud for it; un hoo sed hoo thaut onnyboddy us baut thoose fur to get ther tay eawt on mut ha' moore brass nur wit. Op ogen th' wole wer o greyte pikter o Sent Nikolas dun e' wat they coen mosayik; it stoode oboone twenty foote heegh, un

th' weyght on't wer sevun tun. Jinny stoode lukin evvur so lung ut o carpit dun be th' hond wi' sum pratty pikters on, us o mon ax't o hundurth un fifty peawnd for, un hoo glendurt at it loike sumbrey besoide thersel, un hoo sed us hoo cudn't for th' loife on hur see heaw onnyboddy cud fashun fur to set o foote on o carpit us cost O that brass.

Wen we'dn sin sum moore thyngs us aw hannot toime fur to tel o'er, Jinny sed us heaw hoo cud doo no lunger beawt summut to heyte, un aw wer e' th' saime rode o thinkin missel, un so aw sed we'dn goo un ha' summut e' th' Frensh heytin reawm, so oway we went'n un sune geete ussels keawr't deawn ogen o tabul, un Jinny sed too o littul fat chap us wer sarvin foke, aw say Frenshmun, win yo let us ha' summut to heyte? un E sed, "dyrekly madam." Wel, yo sin, E kept trottin obeawt, fotting stuf fur differunt foke, un wen we'dn waytud evvur so lung Jinny sed to him us E wer gooin past, did'n yo yer me, Frenshmun? un E sed "dyrekly madam," saime loike us E did ofore, but ut last ov O e coome, un aw sed, to maw thinkin, maistur, theaw hasn't larnt Inglish gradely, urelze theaw'd o knone bettur wat "dyrekly" us theaw coes it meyns; heawsum-evvur, aw sed, bring maw mistris o dish o th' best frogs us yo han e' th' spot, but aw'd no sanner sed it, nur Jinny jump't op fro hur shet, un hoo sed, nay, aw'm noane beawn fur to stop heere fur to heyte aut o that mak. Com, aw sed, thee sattle thissel, fur it's mich e' they han onny frogs obut o tuthre fur ther oan heytin, aw nobbut thaut us aw'd potter thi o bit wi' wat aw sed mon. We order't sum cowd fowl fur oather on us, un just wen E wer beawn fur to clap moine deawn, it rowl't hoff oppo th' floor wi' him bein e' sich o splutter. So E gether't it op ogen, un aw sed nay theaw mun tay that bak mon un swap it, un E sed "yes sair," un oway E bowtud. Wen E coome ogen, thinks aw to missel, aw'l jaw him o bit schuzheaw, un so aw sed, theaw's braut th' saime pese bak ogen aw'l be bun. "No sair," E sed, "it ish not de saime pese." Wel, aw sed, it caps me iv it isn't, fur it favvers it us mich us theaw favvers thi faythur onnyheaw, "Wel sair," E sed, "it ish not de saime pese, 'pon my vord." Wel, aw sed, appen theaw'rt reete, un so bring maw mistris o dish o tay, fur to maw thinkin hoo'd eldur doo beawt meyte nur tay. So E braut us O we ax't for, un we geete o meterly gud dinnur. Ther'n

o gentulmon keawr't osoide o me wi' o glibish tunge in his yed, un we'dn o deyle o diskorse t'one wi' t'uther us we'rn heytin us dinnurs, un E towd me obeawt o bit ov o mischoance us 'ud befone o chap oppo keawnt o steylin. Yo sin ther'dn bin o rook o thyngs stown ut toime un toime fro one pertikler spot e' th' Eggshibishun, un they cudn't fur th' loife on 'um tel who the dikkins it wer, un so o rook on 'um set ther yeds togethur obeawt settin o trap fur to catch th' thefe, so one neete they geete o poleese to ston loike o stattew, un cuver't him o'er wi' sum grene cloth. Wel, yo sin, sune e' th' mornin o mon coome into th' spot weere E wer, un wer waukin oway us quoite us o meawse wi' o rook o thyngs us E'd gether't op, wen th' stattew us E thaut, stretch't eawt it arms un grab'd fast howd on him, un flayed him eawt ov his wits welley, fur E thaut it mut be th' owd lad hissel. Th' poleese gaytud o thinkin us E'd gwone raythur to furr, bekose th' mon wer evvur so lung ofore E coome to hissel, but by jingo th' mon wer nevvur so taen on ofore sin E' wer donn'd e' breechus. Jinny sed e' wer reete sarv't, un onny mon 'ul foind it eawt us " th' devil's childer han th' devil's luck " us foke sen, un e' they'd onny sens, they'dn luke aftur o fresh maistur. Wen we'dn pade fur wat we'dn hetten, we seete hoff ogen opurpus fur to see summut us yo'l be gloppent obeawt wen aw tel yo wat it wer, fur it wer aktily o masheen fur milkin beeos, us Yorshur foke coen 'um, keaws, yo knone. It wer o mon fro 'Meriky us show'd it, un aw sed too him, neaw maistur, yo mun let me un maw mistris hav o gradely inseete into th' wholle consarn, fur wen we getten bak to Rachde, e' we connut tel O obeawt it, they'n nevvur think us we're tellin tru wen we sen us ther's aut o this mak e' th' Eggshibishun.

Wel, yo sin, th' masheen fittud on to fore keaw paps ut onc't, un wen E poo'd two hondles it milk't o gallun o minnit, un E sed us heaw it wer yessier fur th' keaw nur dooin it be hond, fur it seawks th' milk eawt just mete saime us th' kauves dun, un E sed us it cud be taen fro one keaw un clapt on to onuthur in o crak. Wel, aw sed, E mun ha' bin o verry fause mak ov o chap fur to foind that eawt, schuzheaw. Ah, Jinny sed, fur shure mut E, fur yo sin Solomon hissel nevvur fund that eawt, fur O us E wer consider't th' woisest mon us evvur wer born.

Wen we'dn getten o gradely inseete into that keaw milkin consarn, we went forrud, un coome to O manner o maks o kimicks welley, un o mon us wer wi' 'um boke't his fingur ut sum quare-lukin stuf us wer in o glass case, un towd us they made'n wat they coed moave un magenta colur wi' 'um, sich us welley O th' wimmen e' th' kuntry wer donn'd in noane so lung sin. Wel aw sed, yo sin maw mistris heere us getten sum ribbins o that mak on just mete neaw, but aw sed sum on 'um weere we comn fro un aktilly had ther pettyquottes made o that culor, un sum labbur they'n made o thersels us foke met get o seete on 'um, aw'l warrunt yo. Aw sed, aw'l tel yo wat, maistur, dunnot yo think us it 'ud be o deyle yessier for 'um to don th' petty-quotte on o th' eawtsoide e' foke mun see 'um. Wel, th' gentulmon sed, E thaut us maw mistris 'ud ardly ogree to that. Naw fur shure aw, Jinny sed, yo may depend us maw maistur 'ul nevvur get wimmen foke to doo e' that'n, they're noane loike; yo sin wi' O his larnin, it's plane fur to be sin us "evvury gud skollur isn't o gud skoomaistur," us foke sen. Wel maistur, aw sed, win yo tel us wat they maen that dye stuf on, e' yo plezzen. Wel, E sed, it wer made fro cole tar. Fro cole tar, Jinny sed, yo nevvur sen so maistur, it sheds O e' wat yo sen's tru, schuzheaw. Wel, aw sed, theaw yers wat E ses, un theaw sees th' stuf fur thissel dusn't te, un theaw'l see ofore aut's lung us theese kimmick chaps 'ul may summut eawt o th' reech fro o mon's porrich, fur shure win they, iv aw'm noane mistaen. Heawsumevvur, aw's ha' to gate ov onuthur chaptur ofore aw tel yo aut elze, fur aw welley think us

This us to lung Oreddy.

SEVENT CHAPTUR.

Consarnin o maks o sope un scents, un sich loike.—Meetin wi' Amus Bumsteyde, fro th' Dingle Holme, o mon us ruin't hissel welley wi' keawerin so mich e' th' "Flyin Jackass," gettin his drink.—Heaw his bruthur geete on e' Austrayley. —Obeawt o twoad us coome eawt ov o cob cole wick, fur o us it 'ud bin berrid theere oboone o theawsun yer us we'rn towd.—Consarnin Luke Collier toffee masheens.—O bit ov o doo wi' o mon us we seede swappin brass fur joke, un obeawt o rook o cotton bobbins, un o deyle o things besoide.

WEL, yo sin, th' next us we coome too wer o spot weere ther'n fiftene differunt maks o sope, un sum bonny they'rn getten op fur shure, but it matters naut tellin yo mich obeawt thoose, fur onny mon wi' o clen faze knoes wat sope is, E's so loike. Then we seede O manner o maks o wat they coed scents made fro O sorts o fleawrs, welley, us yo cud unbethink yo on. Ther'n wat they coed "Stown Kiss," "Jolly Dog," "Box his ears," "Fleawrs o Scotlun," un sich loike, un th' lady us wer tentin 'um leete Jinny hav o saup on hur hankeycher beawt axin, un sum plest hoo wer bekose yo sin hoo'd o bit ov o yed warch, un hoo sed us hoo cud fele us it did hur o peawer o gud.

Th' next us we coome too wer O maks o cottun un wul un sich loike, un wen we'dn spirr'd o bit obeawt 'um, we keawr't us deawn fur to rest ussels, fur it wer raythur tyersum wark wi' bein oppo foote so lung.

Whawl we'rn keawerin theere ther'n o lung prosesshun o lads coome by, us clen un daysunt us evvur yo seede o rook o childer sin yo're born, ther'n two hundurth un forty on 'um. Aw ax'd o mon us wer wi' 'um weerevvur they O coome fro, un E made onsur un sed us they O coome fro wat they coed "Th' Lundon Orfun Assylum." It wer verry gud naturt o sumbrey gettin 'um O in fur to see th' Eggshibishun, wern't it? It tuke greyte howd o Jinny fur to see so monny poor littul craturs us wer O beawt faythurs un muthurs.

Ofore we laft that spot, who shud aw see hondlin th' wul us wer fare oeronent us, but Amus Bumsteyde fro th'

Dingle Holme, o mon us met o getten o seete o brass iv E'd moinded his wark gradely, but yo sin E'd olis sich o loikin fur o saup o drink, whawl E wer th' t'one hauve ov his toime keawerin e' "Th' Flyin Jackass," un iv onnyboddy wantud him, they'dn welley olis to fot him fro theere, un wi' that yo sin E hasn't made hauve us mich eawt us E met ha' dun, heaw cud E, ur onnyboddy elze us went on e' that rode; E'd o meterly gud yed pese had th' mon, but yo sin E wer o foo fur O that. His bruther Ned us went to Austrayley wer o differunt mak ov o chap Otogethur, un fur O us E hadn't us monny brains us Amus had, E made moore eawt did th' felley, bekose yo sin E made gud use o wat tuthre E had. E geete into o shop weere E went too, un fur evvur so lung it didn't hause to onsur for him, heawsumevvur yo knone "it's o lung lone us has nevvur o turn," un aw'l just tel yo wat E did us made him nevvur luke behinnd hissel ut aftur, fur aw had it fro Amus hissel, un E shud kno likker. Wel yo sin E hadvertize't it e' th' pappur one Mundy mornin ut iv O thoose foke us cudn't get sarv't ut his shop th' Setterday neete ofore, 'ud nobbut com sune that mornin they shud be sarv't th' furst goo hoff. So wen foke seede that, they consider't us heaw it mut be o chep shop ur summut, wi' so monny foke havin to lev beawt bein sarv't, un E'd his shop fare crom'd ful ofore ten o'clok fur shure had E, un fro that toime yo sin E gaytud o mayin brass, un sum un wele E's dun, they sen.

Wen Jinny yerd on't, hoo sed, that wern't gradely reete on him, fur it wer noane tru wat E made foke think. Wel, aw sed, theaw sees E wer dooin th' best us E cud fur hissel. Ah! that met be, Jinny sed, but reete's reete, un wrang's wrang, fur O that, un theaw knoes my Aint Mally olis sed us "that mon wer safist us olis sarv't o gud conshuns," un us furr us aw con see "o mon met us wele heyte the Devul us th' broth us E's boylt in," us foke sen. Wel, thinks aw to missel, aw'l raythur gloppen Amus, schuzheaw, un wi' that aw went un stoode fare osoide on him, but E tay'd no moore notis on me nur iv aw'd bin o besum steyle, but ut last uv O wen aw'd howded me din us lung us evvur aw cud, aw sed too him, that's meterly noice wul, Amus, isn't it? un wi' that E turn't reawnd in o crak un E did oppen his een wen E seede me, aw'l warrunt yo, un E sed, eh! is that thee? un aw sed, it's nobry elze. Wel, E sed, it

caps me fur to foind thee heere, schuzheaw, un has te braut Jinny wi' thi? Ah, aw sed, theere hoo's keawer't theaw sees, un wi' that E went too hur un shook honds wi' hur un sich loike, un we'dn o lungish tauk together. Aw ax't him wat E thaut o th' Eggshibishun, un E sed it wer o fizzin consarn tak it Otogethur, sich us E nevvur seede ofore, un likker nevvur met see ogen to his thinkin. Wel, aw sed, has te sin that thyng fur milkin keaws wi', un E sed naw E hadn't; then aw sed, aw gues theaw's yerd th' pypin bulfinch, us they coen it, un E sed, ah! un E cud o listen't too it O day e' ther hadn't bin so mich fur to be sin, but E sed us E meynt fur to yer it ogen ofore E went eawt iv E cud nobbut foind it. Wel, Jinny sed, theaw shud o braut yo're Sally wi' thi, un aw'm sartin us hoo'd o coed that bulfinch one o th' moyst natterubblist thyngs us evvur hoo clapt hur een on.

Wen Amus 'ud laft us we turn't into o spot weere ther'n o greyte cob cole, un in o ole us wer in it, we seede o loive twoad, un o mon towd us wen th' cob wer brokken e' two e' th' colpit, this twoad coome eawt o th' solid cole us wick us o skopperil, un it wer consider't us it mut ha' bin theere oboone o theawsun yer. Wel, Jinny sed, it mut ha' felt verry quare O that toime wi' nevvur havin naut to heyte un nevvur seein no dayleete. Wel, aw sed to th' mon it's quare, maistur, iv it is us yo sen, but aw bin towd us yo swappen it evvury mornin fur o fresh 'un. E sed it mattert naut to him wat foke sed; theere wer th' twoad un theere wer th' ole us it coome eawt on, un e' foke cudn't beleeve ther oan een they met let it o be, that wer wat E'd getten fur to say. Sune aftur we coome too o thyng us o rook o foke wer stayrin at, un aw sed, wat han yo getten heere, maistur? un E sed it wer o self-baistin masheen. O, aw sed, is it? Yo'ne appen giv us o bit ov o hinseete into it, win yo, e' yo plez? O sertinly, E sed, un E show'd us heaw th' flesh meyte ur aut elze us wer beawn fur to be roastud wer put e' th' middul o th' consarn, un we it wer seete o gooin, sum chens kept gooin O reawnd wi' littul tin thyngs on, us gethert op th' gravy, yo knone, un wen they geet to th' top they'rn toppelt o'er, un th' gravy O went deawn thru sum little oles on to th' befe, so yo sin ther'n no cayshun fur onnyboddy to kepe ladin th' fat op wi' o spune us foke moystely dun. Wel, aw sed it's O verry wele, maistur, us

furr us it gwos, but weere we comn fro we're moore e' th' want o th' meyte nur aut elze, un aw'l warrunt yo we'dn shap th' baistin sumheaw e' we'dn aut to baiste. Aw sed, yo sin this 'Meriko war us made us O us poor us rattens, un it 'ud be o rare consarn e' yo'dn o masheen us 'ud baist thoose slavury chaps us gaytud th' feightin opurpus us they met goo on buyin un sellin foke.

Whawl aw wer tawkin wi' this mon, Jinny coome to me O in o wuther, un hoo sed, sitho, thee com this rode, fur aw fund summut fro Rachde. Wel, aw sed, whatevvur has te fund us gloppens thi so, un hoo sed, com on wi' thi un theaw'l see fur thissel, un in o bit hoo stoode stok stil oeronent o masheen, un hoo sed neaw wat dus te thynk o that? So aw geete howd ov o pappur us wer theere, un wen aw'd clapt me een on't, aw sed, wel, aw'l be butter't e' that isn't one o Luke Collier masheens for cuttin op toffe wi' un sich loike. Th' pappur towd us heaw one rowler 'ud may fiftene hundurth shaps o boylt shugar e' one minnit; that 'ud be meterly sharp, wodn't it? un heaw they'dn may onny mak o shaps welley. They'rn kalkilatud fur to may acid drops, un th' shap o fishes, fayberries, un sweeteharts, butterflees un scithers, brid neests un belluses, dogs un rifulchaps, shrimps un elefumts, un welley aut besoide us yo cud think on. Wen we'dn had sum diskorse wi' th' yung mon, aw sed to him, we comn fro th' saime spot us Luke dus, dunnot us, Jinny? Ah, hoo sed, we dun, furshure, un aw likker think us ther's moore besoide Luke e' Rachde wat's sent stuf to th' Eggshibishun, fur we'n us monny fause foke omung us, aw dar say, us 'ul be fund e' onny teawn o th' saime bugth fur O us we dunnot may so mich noyse obeawt it, fur yo sin, "it's noane th' hen us cackels th' moyst us lays moyst eggs."

Wel, yo sin, we kept gooin in un eawt, un back'urds un for'uds, un spirrin into aut us evvur we cud do, whawl iv aw wer to hawse to tel yo obeawt th' hauve o wat we seede aw shud be roiting fur o twelmun un moore. Heawsumevvur aw mun tel yo obeawt o tuthre thyngs moore ofore aw giv o'er, un then likker aw shannut ha' towd yo th' hauve o wat we seede.

Obeawt o heawr un o hauve aftur we seede that masheen o Luke's we coome too o spot weere o mon wer futterin un dooin summut behinnd o littul keawnter, un aw

sed too o poleese us stoode noane so fur fro weere E wer, e' yo plezzen, wat dus that mon do theere? un E sed it wer o spot fur changin money us foke cudn't pay oway verry wele. Wel, aw sed, that's just the tikkit fur me schuzheaw, un aw bowtud streyght to th' mon, un Jinny un O, un us sune us aw geete too him aw deawn't o hauve o creawn pese fare ofore his faze oppo th' keawnter, un aw sed aw'l thank yo maistur fur two un sixpunze fur that e' yo plezzen. E gethert it op, un gloor't at it us iv E'd nevvur sin o hauve creawn ofore, un then E rub'd it betwene his fingur un theawmb, un then wen E'd kest his een oppo me, E sed, it's o bad one sur. Wel, aw sed, aw kno that maistur, un aw shud nevvur o bothert yo wi't iv aw cud o getten onny-boddy elze to tak it, but wen aw yerd us yo'rn heere fare o purpus fur to swap brass us wodn't pay thinks aw to missel, aw met us wele hav o doo us onnyboddy elze. Wel, E sed, heaw cud o bisnis o that mak pay? Wel, aw sed, that wer wat capt me, saime toime, aw sed, aw considert us that wer yore luke eawt un noane o moine. Then aw sed, it's no go maistur, is it? un E sed, sertinly not, saime toime E wer us sivil us o Frenshmun. Wel, aw sed, aw'm bauk't fur once e' me loife, onnyheaw, fur aw'd kalkilatud us it 'ud o bin o dinner o pese fur me un Jinny, e' yo'dn o swapt that hauve creawn, but aw sed, wat mak o swappin is it us yo dun carry on, aw gues ther's naut wrang e' axin? O no, E sed, un E towd us they swapt brass fur foke us coome theere fro forin parts, un gan 'um Inglish brass fur that us they'dn braut wi' 'um. Wel, Jinny sed, aw towd him us yo'dn nevvur swap that hauve creawn, yo'rn noane loike, un so neaw E sees fur hissel, us "one tale's gud till onuther's towd" us foke sen. Wel, aw sed, yo sin maistur, us aw misunderstoode wat aw wer towd, but "naut ventert naut won" yo knone, un aw gues ther's no harm dun likker. O sertinly not, E sed. Wel, aw sed, we're obleeght to yo fur wat yo'ne towd us, un yo sin o mon mun liv un larn us lung us E's oppo this yerth, iv E's onny wit to start wi'.

Wel, yo sin, wen we laft that money-swappin felley, we seete eawt fur to foind th' stares fur to goo op into th' loft, un wi' spirrin o tuthre foke, we sune fund eawt weere they wern, un wi' that we went streyght op into th' gallury. We sune geete omung th' silks un velvits, un sich loike, un e'

one corner ther'n o meterly noice set us o mon wer lukin at verry pertikler, un aw sed thoose ur verry pratty maistur, schuzheaw; un E made onsur un sed they wern fur shure. Wel, aw sed, thoose us made 'um, livven weere we comn fro: yo sin fur yoresel us they coen 'um Watsun un Yelley, un th' teawn's coed Rachde; aw gues yo'ne yerd on it liker. O yes, E sed, un E knoed verry wele us Mestur Cobden wer th' member for 'um. To be shure E is, aw sed, un sum preawd we are on him, aw'l warrunt yo. Ther's sum sens, aw sed, e' sendin o mon loike him to th' Parleyment Heawse, fur ther's o vast seete on 'um theere fro differunt spots us 'ud be moore e' ther reete plazus e' they'rn sent whomme ogen to play ut marables, ur summut o the loike o that, fur onny gud they dun fur th' kuntry. Wel, Jinny sed, theaw knoes mi gronfaythur olis sed us "jackassus nevvur cud sing wele, bekose they pitch't ther notes to heegh." Wen th' gentlemon yerd that, E did laff oboone o bit, un aw sed, yo sin hoo's o gradely Radikul, isn't hoo maistur. Wel but, hoo sed, aw con tel yo summut elze us yo'ne foind fur to be tru, un that is, ut "O mon wats born underneythe o thrippuny planit 'ul nevvur be worth o groat," us foke sen. Wel, aw sed, aw dunnot kno wat mak o planits theese silk chaps ur born under, but ther's o deyle o brass made eawt on't sumheaw, un E sed no deawt ther wern. Wel, aw sed, ther's brass made eawt ov O trades, e' foke nobbut tent'n 'um gradely, fur aw knoed o mon us wer "Jak ov O trades" welley, un that mon made brass eawt o th' wholle boylin on 'um, fur shure did E.

Wel, yo sin, fro theere we went forrud un coome to sum o th' prattiest cottun bobbins us evvur oathur on us clapt us een on, un Jinny wer sum gloppent wi' 'um. Eh! they wern sum bonny fur shure, un they'rn dun op so noice. One set on 'um wer pertikler so, us belung'd to Ash'urths o Egertun, sumweere osoide o Bowtun; un one lott wer fro o mon koed Clark, fro Lester, theere weere they maen so monny stokins. One felley us coed hissel Manlov, un liv't ut Chesterfil wen E wer o whomme, 'ud aktilly his name dun op e' bobbins wi' cottun on, un deawn-reete wele it luk't, aw'l ophowd yo. Th' next us we seede wer sum stain't glas winders, un whawl we'rn lukin at 'um we seete us deawn un geete summut to heyte, bwoth on us

did, fro th' keawnter us wer theere wi' welley O maks o stuf on, us onnyboddy met get fur payin for, un then we gaytud ogen ov us seete-seein.

We hadn't gwone furr, ofore Jinny stoode us stok stil us o dog us wer settin o brid, eh! hoo did stare sum fur-shure, un wat dun yo think it wer at—aw'l be bun noane on yo cud foind it eawt. Waw, it wer aktily o gentulmon wi' two ladis, un th' wholle thre on 'um wer us blak us cob coles. Jinny wer loike us iv hoo cudn't beleeve hur oan een; hoo watch't 'um us lung us evvur hoo cud, un then hoo turn't reawnd un sed, wel aw nevvur seede naut loike thoose ofore, schuzheaw—it mun be sum whotte weere they comn fro, they're brunt so blak.

Noane so furr fro theere we geete o seete ov o blak wummon made o sum mak o wax, us wer braut fro o plaze koed Florens, un they cud poo it O e' peesus, un yo met see th' livver un th' leetes un sich loike, wen o mon us wer theere oppen't it eawt fur th' foke to luke at. Wen E wer lettin us see heaw it wer dun, Jinny sed, yo maen me unbethink missel, maistur, o Petur Garlik woife, us deed obeawt o twelmun sin, ov o twist in hur rops, poor cratur.

Th' next us we seede wer wat wer koed "Annotomicul Spesimens," un ther'n th' shap ov o orse un o mon too, un bwoth on 'um wi' ther skins hoff, un quare tykes they luk't fur shure. Then ther'n sum stuff't brids un differunt maks o animuls, O on 'um lukin us natteruble us aut cud be. Ther'n o rook o fotografs osoide on 'um, un one on 'um wer th' shap ov o dog smookin o poipe, un sum fause it luk't. Wen we geete o pese furr we seede sum moduls ov evvur so monny cathedruls, Durham, un York, un Canterbury, un Lincon, un lots besoide, but wat capt us th' moyst wer th' shap o Lincon cathedrul, made o cork, be o chap coed Jim Anderton, o mon us nobbut worch't fur his livvin e' th' lond, o farmur's mon yo knone. Th' mon us show'd it towd us ut Jim 'ud bin dooin at it ut toime un toime ten yer Otogether, un E sed it wer O cut eawt o bottul corks us 'ud bin use't, so they'rn owd uns yo knone, un we'rn towd us ther'n o milliun un eight hundurth on 'um us E'd use't op, un besoide that ther'n foive hundurth littul glas winders in. Wel, yo sin, wen o rook o gentulmen yerd wat this mon wer dooin, they detarmin't omung thersels fur to hav it finish't ofore th' Eggshibishun wer oppen't, so

they subscroib't ther brass fur to kepe him ogate on't, un wi' that yo sin E geete it dun e' toime, un theere it wer us aw'm tellin yo just mete neaw.

O pese furr hoff ther'n th' shap ov o orfun skoo us wer bilt be Crosley's, o Halifax, o purpus yo sin fur poor childer; one on 'um yo knone gan o wholle park to Halifax foke, they met ha' brass fur shoolin op, metn't they, un it's wele fur thoose wat's e' th' karpit trade, isn't it? Then we seede sum grand consarns fro Indy. One wer o gowd tree fro o plaze coed Lukno, un it belung'd too o mon wi' th' quarist name us evvur aw yerd, ur onnyboddy elze, to maw thinkin, it wer Lalla Banarussedass — neaw wat dun yo think o that? It 'ud be welley us hard wark to speyle eawt o rook o naimes o that mak us gooin o'er th' tenth chaptur e' Nehemiah, un that 'ud gie monny o one o swat, us yone see e' yo nobbut try'n fur yersels. It wer us mich us evvur aw cud doo fur to get that mon's naime eawt o me meawth th' reete end furst, fur shure wer it. We seede th' pikter o th' King o Delhi, him us geete into sich o scrape theere tuthre yer sin, wen th' Indy war wer on. E wer o daysunt lukin mon fur O that; un then ther'n piktér o six woives us E had. Th' owd chap met wele get wrang wi' O thoose obeawt him. Iv aw'd bin him aw'd o cry'd four ur foive on 'um natchil, schuzheaw. E' foke fit'n thersels op wi' moore nur one woife o pese ther's us sartin fur to be sum mak o bother us eggs us eggs. Ther'n sum verry bonny boxes, un one e' pertikler us made bwoth me un Jinny stare oboone o bit, fur whawl we'rn lukin at it, aw'l be buttert iv it didn't start o oppenin itsel eawt beawt onnyboddy tutchin it ut O. Th' lid oppent op th' furst, un then th' soides oppent us th' wholle consarn met be sin, un then it shut itsel op ogen us natteruble us aut us evvur yo seede. Wern't it quare? Jinny tarried fur to see it dun twoice o'er, hoo wer so taen op wi' it.

Us we'rn gooin forrud fro theere who shud us see but Mestur Tummus Booth, faktury maistur, un his missis wi' him, un two o ther childer, noise yung lassus verry. E ax'd us heaw we wer'n, un sich loike, un his mistris did th' saime loike, un E sed us E wer fain fur to see us hav o bit o plezzerin fro whomme loike. Wel, aw sed, aw'm fain too, aw'l warrunt yo, un Jinny sed, yo sin Mestur Booth, "O wark un no play mays Jak o dul lad" us aw tel maw

maistur, saime toime yo knone we han to "cut us quotte okwordin to th' cloth" us foke sen. Aw sed, aw gues yo connut tel wen this 'Meriko war 'ul be o'er con yo, un E sed us it 'ud tay o cliverer mon nur him fur to tel that. Wel, aw sed, yo're reete aw dar say, but it mays wayry wark wi' us O, dusn't it, fur we'r O link't in o bant, un e' thyngs gwone on mich lunger us they dun weere yo un me comn fro, o deyle o foke 'ul nevvur liv fur to scrat o grey yed, schuzheaw. So wi' that we bid 'um gud day, un went on wi' us seete-seein, un sum plest we wer'n fur to see sumbrey fro Rachde, Jinny wer e' pertikler.

We hadn't gwone so furr fro theere ofore we coome to thre gentulmen raythur darkish culurt, sumweere obeawt th' culur ov o owd coppur kettle yo knone, un they had'n sich rumgumshus hats on fur shure, obeawt th' shap ov o shugar lofe wi' th' top end squozzen in o bit. Aw sed too o mon, con yo tel weere thoose chaps comn fro, un E sed they coome fro Indy, un they'rn wat they coed Parsee marchunts. Wel, aw sed aw'd us lief hav o billycock hat oppo me yed, us thoose consarns us they'n getten, onnyheaw. Wel, E sed, many men o many moinds, un foke didn't O think oloike; naw, aw sed, they dunnot maistur, un sum foke connut tel wat they thinken lung ut once, un yo knone that us mays th' differuns betwene o mon un o jakass is, us o mon dus change his moind but o jakass dusn't us furr us foke con see. Whawl aw wer diskoarsin wi' that mon, Jinny 'ud fund eawt summut us aw cud see us plest hur wele, un hoo bekont o me fur to goo un hav o luke, un wen aw geete theere aw fund eawt us it wer th' model o wat they coed o jimnayshum, wi' sich o seete o littul foke in, saime loike us iv they'rn swingin un cloimbin powles, un O sich loike wark us that, un ther'n shap o th' mistris omung 'um, seein yo knone us O wer gooin on reete, un verry admyruble it wer fur shure. After that we seede o rook o offisur caps, un O maks o sodier clewus un krinolyne, un stockins un galluses fur to howd foke's breechus op wi'. E one spot ther'n o greyte rook o razzors, un scithers, un pistils, un sich loike. Aw sed to th' mon us wer wi' 'um, aw gues ther's noane so monny razzors coed for neaw wen th' tone hauve o th' foke un gan o'er shavin thersels. Wel but, Jinny sed, theaw knoes they'n want so monny moore scithers, un oppokeawnt o that it winnut may

mich differuns, will it maistur. No, E sed, E didn't kno us it did. Us wer'n gettin raythur tyert we seete us deawn fur to rest ussels oppo sum shets, un ther'n o verry pratty blak lad keawerin theere, us Jinny wer mich taen wi', un so aw ax'd him weere E coome fro, un E sed, fro Cape Coast Castle, e' Africo. Ar te comin to liv e' this kuntry? aw sed, un E towd us E wer nobbut comn to skoo, un wer beawn bak ogen wen E'd finish't his eddycashun. Wel, Jinny sed, theaw mun be shure fur to be o gud lad, un then theaw'l olis foind "wen one dur shuts onuther 'ul oppen," un theaw'l likker hav o deyle o teawin fur to get on e' th' wurld, un theaw mun olis think on us "o idle brain's th' devil's smithy," un "e' theaw mun heyte th' krindle theaw mun crak th' nut" us foke sen. E' theaw olis dus that uts reete, sumbrey 'ul tak care on thi me lad, e' theaw has o blak faze, un wi' that hoo shook honds wi' him, bid him gud day, un gan him tuppunze.

Wen we'dn gwone forrud o pese, we seede o deyle o foke lukin into o glass caze us iv ther'n summut verry peɪtikler in, so aw made bowd fur to ax one on 'um obeawt it, un aw ses, e' yo plezzen, wat is it us yo're O so takken wi' un E made onsur un sed, it wer sum orniments us E understoode wer made ofore th' toime o Mosus un Arun. Wel, aw sed, it caps me iv it is us yo sen, un aw's be loike fur to hav o luke ut thoose schuzheaw. So wen sum on 'um 'ud gwone oway, aw thrutch't missel fare e' th' frunt on 'um, but ofore aw cud say Jak Robisson, ther'n o rook o th' foinist ladis us evvur aw clapt me een on, coome reawnd me ov O soides oppo th' saime arrund us aw wer. Us furr us aw cud yer be wat they sed'n, sumbrey 'ud bin tellin 'um obeawt th' saime consarn us aw wer lukin at, un so they coome O in o wuther, un ther krinolynes wer loike baloons welley, yo nevvur seede sich loike, ut leyst aw nevvur did, fur bugth yo knone, un theere aw wer gradely hemm'd in, omung 'um. Jinny, yo sin, wer o th' eawtsoide on 'um, un cud nobbut just get o seete o maw yed un shilders eych neaw un then wen they skiftud thersels, un fur th' loife on hur hoo cudn't get weere aw wer, saime toime hoo wer raythur tikkelt wen hoo catch't maw een un seede heaw aw wer sittewaytud. Thinks aw to missel aw mun howd me din whawl these foine foke ur heere, fur onnyboddy cud see us they belung'd to th' qualuty, appen

to Lords un Dukes fur aut us aw kno. Eh! they wern sum foine fur shure, un pratty un O. One on 'um gaytud o tellin th' tuther heaw hoo'd sin it e' th' *Toimes* nues-papper obeawt these orniments, un heaw it towd obeawt one on 'um bein taen fro th' coffin ov o Aygypshun Quene us 'ud bin berrid thre theawsun sevun hundurth un sixty yer, sum ov o lung whoile that, wern't it? Aw yerd hur tel us sum o th' orniments wer made foive hundurth yer ofore th' toime o Mosus, him yo knone us went wi' Arun deawn to Agypt theere wen Faro catch't it so fur his impidunse. Hoo towd theese tuther ladis us it wer considert be sum foke us Abrum woife onc't belung'd 'um, but thinks aw to missel ther mun be o meterly deyle o gues wark obeawt that, iv aw'm noane mistaen. Abrum woife, us furr us aw've larnt, cud affaurd to set hersel eawt wi' sich trinkel-ments us wele us onnyboddy e' thoose days, bekose hur husbun yo knone wer o mon us had meterly wele to doo, un had o deyle o sarvunts un sich loike, but to maw thinkin Sally wern't o wummon us 'ud care mich obeawt settin hursel hoff wi' gowd un sich loike—hoo wer to wele favvert fur that.

Wel, yo sin, wen theese foine foke 'ud gwone eawt o th' rode, Jinny coome forrud fur to hav o luke hursel, but hoo sed us hoo rekkont naut mich on 'um, un so fro theere we went o havin o peep ut th' pikters ogen, fur ther'n sich o vast seete on 'um whawl they tuke sum lukin o'er, aw'l warrunt yo. Jinny un me too wer pertikler taen on wi' one pikter us wer coed "O Martyr e' th' toime o Diocleshun." Us furr us we'rn towd it wer th' shap ov o mon us wer beawn fur to be worrid be o lion, fur naut ut O, but bekose E'd gaytud o bein o religus mon, un this Diocleshun us they coed him, wer th' yed o th' Romans, toime theere us it towd on. Wel, yo sin, E wer considert o meterly clivvur mon oppokeawnt o sum thyngs us E wer wele kalkilatud fur to doo, but E wer o waistril fur O that, fur lettin foke do us this pikter towd obeawt, but aw lippen us foke didn't kno mich bettur e' thoose days. Heawsum-evvur theere E wer e' th' pikter—aw meyne th' martyr, un E'd foen fast oslepe had th' poor felley wi' o cross in his hond un his yed oppo sum straw ur summut o' that mak oppo th' floor. It wer o bit ov o reawm us 'ud ardly howd o wummon th' bugth us they are neaw o days, un th' lion

wer gloorin at him eawt ov it cage us luk't into th' t'one end o th' reawm. O mon welley us big us Og, th' king o Bashun, wer oppenin th' dur, un th' leete coome in verry natteruble us evvur aw seede aut, un th' dur wer just oppent furr enuf fur yo to see theawsuns o foke keawert e' ther shets, e' wat they coed th' hampytheeayter, O comn theere o purpus fur to see o poor chap chompt op wi' that wild cratur. Monny o one thinks us fokes ur greyte foos fur gooin us furr us sum foke dun o purpus to see o mon hang'd, but aw ko wat aw'm tellin on wur be th 'hauve nur that, dunnot yo?

Onuther pikter us we seede un loikt verry wele, wer th' shap ov o painter's reawm wi' sum pikters in us E'd finish't, un whawl E'd gwone eawt sumweere, sum littul childer coome in un gaytud o daubin one on 'um o'er wi' his paint brushes. E wer just comin in, un wen E geete o seete o wat they'rn dooin E wer in o terribul flunter aw'l warrunt yo, un o bonny scutter ther wer omung th' childer, fur it wer plain to be sin ut E wer us mad us o wasp. Onuther us we seede wer th' pikter ov o owd felley us wer fiddlin fur o rook ov his gronchilder, us wer doancin reawnd him, un th' owd mon seem't moore plestur nur th' childer, un that's o deyle fur to say. Jinny sed us hoo nevvur seede naut moore natteruble e' O hur loife, nur it wer; un iv hoo'd nobbut brass enuf, un that pikter wer to be sowd, hoo'd us lief hav it us onny us evvur hoo seede onnyweere, sin hoo wer born. Then ther'n th' shap ov o mon frizzlin o befestake wi' o pare o tunges, un ther'n o big dog keawerin oppo th' harthstone gloorin at him us iv it did want o bit sum ill; un it wer wele dun, verry. Onuther wer th' pikter ov o priest us wer cuttin th' yure hoff th' yed ov o yung lass, un onuther priest wer howdin o tray for him to stik it on us E cut it hoff wi' th' scithers. Aw gues they'rn beawn fur to put hur into th' nunnery, saime toime ther'n no cayshun fur to may sich o feaw teawil on hur us O that coome too. Jinny sed us hoo cudn't see heaw onnyboddy cud foind e' ther hart fur to doo e' that rode wi' th' poor cratur, mayin hur o shaime fur to be sin, but hoo gues't us hoo'd noboddy fur to ston op for hur, un "o meawse us nobbut has one ole us yeasily taen," us foke sen.

Wen we went eawt o th' pikter gallury we coome to O

maks o thyngs welley. E one spot we seede o vaste seete o matches, un ther'n aktily o pikter made eawt on 'um us capt me us mich us aut, fur wi' th match yeds bein differunt maks o culurs it wer dun to luke meterly wele. We seede o deyle o verry pratty carved boxus un ivury paintins, un sich loike, un o rook o top quottes made o furr, fro sum spot koed Norway. Ther'n th' busts o th' Quene un Prins Albert aktily made o sum mak o candul tollow, un o caze o shoone pegs, un th' shap ov o urn made o swoap. Heawsumevvur, one o th' quarist thyngs us we seede wer o tree un sum fleawers besoide, made o yure fro th' yed ov oather o mon ur o wummun—that wer o quare consarn wern't it? un appen yo'ne noane think us it wer us aw'm tellin on, but it wer schuzheaw, un yo knone seein's beleevin, isn't it?

Us we'rn gettin raythur tyert we seete us deawn oppo o shet us ther wern, fur Jinny sed us heaw hoo wer gettin raythur foote sore. O mon us keawert osoide o me had o beyrd on, welley hauve o yard lung, onnyheaw it wer oboone o quarter aw'm shure, un us E nevvur haused to say naut, thinks aw to missel, sumbrey mun speyke fust e' we'rn to hav onny diskorse ut O, un so ses aw, yo mun ha' gwone wi' this beyrd moovement o meterly lung whoile, maistur, us furr us aw con see. So wi' that E sed, wat doo u say, sir? Aw sed, aw wer just wunderin to missel heaw lung it wer sin yo'rn shave't, but aw dar say, maistur, us yo'ne likker think us aw'm botherin me yed wi' summut us aw've naut to doo wi', un appen aw hannut, but then yo knone aw've no ill e' wat aw'm axin, not aw, no moore nur o unborn chylt. Wel, E sed, it wer O reete, un E persaiv't us aw coome eawt o Lankishur. Wel, aw sed, yo're noane so furr wrang, un aw gues yo comn fro sumweere? Yes, E sed, E beleev't E did. Wel, aw sed, e' yod'n bin sartin, aw shud likker o bin axin weere it wer, un Jinny sed, dunnot thee bother th' gentulmon, fur theaw knoes its naut to thee weere E coms fro, is it? Hoo sed, yo sin, maistur, maw felley's getten it into his yed us iv E nobbut knoes weere o mon coms fro, E con lippen meterly wele wethur E's onny wit in him, ur E hasn't. Wel, th' gentulmon sed E coome fro Nottingum. O, aw sed, dun yo? Waw! it wer yo us sent Fergus O'Conner to th' Parleyment Heawse, un aw use't fur to think us Nottingum foke 'ud moore whoite e'

[Yo mun ha' gwone wi' this beyrd moovement o meterly lung whoile, maistur.]

ther een nur O that coome too, fur Fergus wer one o th' quarist tykes us evvur donn'd o shurt on, fur shure wer E. Aw sed, wat dun yo think obeawt th' Eggshibishun, its o fizzin consarn, isn't it? E sed it wer, verry, un E'd bin verry mich plest wi' wat E'd sin so furr, un so han me un maw mistris, aw sed. Wel, Jinny sed, did'n yo get o seete o that pypin bulfinch, maistur, fur that gloppent me oboone o bit, pertikler wi' it bein so natteruble, un E sed E had, un it plest him verry mich. Wel neaw, aw sed, wat dun yo think o this 'Meriko war, fur it plays the hangmun wi' us weere aw com fro, wich soide ur yo for? E towd us us E wer fur th' Seawth, bekose they'rn feightin fur ther liburty. Wel, aw sed, it bangs O fur to yer o mon wi' yore bugth ov o beyrd tauk e' that rode, fur onnyboddy wi' o yed pese o th' vallerayshun ov o bodle, con see us th' Seawth ur feightin to kepe op slavury, un naut elze; onnyheaw it wer

that us they gaytud for, un naut elze, fur they sed'n so. Wel, yo sin, wi' that E raythur geete his dander op, un E did ko Abrum Lincon, un thoose chaps, oboone o bit. Aw sed, its no mak o use yo flytin e' that rode, fur e' yo gwone on gausterin fur o twelmun, yo'ne may naut on it, nobbut wat aw towd on, un heaw con it seawnd to rezzon fur onny mon, ur his childer oathur, to be baut un sowd loike pigs un kitlins. Wel, Jinny sed, us furr us aw con see, o deyle o thoose blak chaps ur us fause us whoite uns, onnyheaw that preychur wer, us we seede obeawt e' th' news, un tel that gentulmon obeawt it, wil te? So aw towd him us one o thoose slaves in Omeriko 'ud larn't to preych, un E wer lettin hoff o verry solid sarmon obeawt th' judgment day, un E sed, "breddern and sisturs, in dat day de Lord shal diwide de shepe from de goates, and bress de Lord, we kno woo wears de wull." Neaw, Jinny sed, wat dun yo think o that, maistur, un E laff't us E geete op fro his shet, un wauk't hoff, but hoo coed eawt, "giv o dog o ill name un hang him," us foke sen, that's wat sum foke dun, maistur. Us it wer gettin welley givin oer toime, we went deawn th' stares ogen, un seete hoff to Symon Pyke's.

Us we'rn gooin too us lodgins, Jinny unbethaut hur us hoo mut get sum roitin pappur sumweere, fur hoo sed hoo shud welley be freetent o gooin bak to Rachde iv hoo didn't onsur that lettur us hoo geete fro hur cuzzen Betty, un hoo sed us it wer olis considert us "short rekkonins made lung frends." We spirr'd tuthre toimes un sune fund o buke shop, un bwoth on us bowtud streyght in, un aw sed to th' gentulmon us wer tentin th' shop, heaw'r yo to neete, maistur, un E sed, verry wel, thank u, sir. Wel, aw sed, maw mistris heere us comn fur to ware o bit o brass wi' yo, fur hoo's o lettur fur to roite to neete ofore hoo gwos to bed, un hoo's beawt roiting pappur, so e' yo'ne let hur luke ut sum we'n be obleeght to yo. So wi' that E leete Jinny luke ut evvur so monny maks, fur sum wer raythur to lenock, un uther sum wer raythur to stuckle, heawsumevvur ut last ov O wen hoo'd chozzen th' mak us hoo consider't 'ud doo, th' gentulmon ax't hur heaw monny quoires hoo'd tay. Waw! bless yo're loife maistur, aw sed, iv hoo nobbut spekilates ov o pen'urth, it 'ul fit hur oboone o twelmun, fur it's o greyte day aw'l warrunt yo wen hoo roites o lettur, un hoo may's us mich labbur on't us iv hoo're mayin hur will.

Wel, yo sin, wen Jinny 'ud getten wat hoo wantud, th' gentulmon sed us E thaut us E cud gues wheere we coome fro. Wel, aw sed, aw dar say yo con, maistur, un we're noane feyrd ov onnyboddy foindin it eawt, us we comn fro Rachde, fur yo knone John Brite livs omung us, un Mestur Cobden stons for us e' th' Parleyment Heawse, un yo knone verry wele us ther's sich o seete o ninnyhommers theere, whawl it 'ud ardly be worth koin o Parleyment e' thoose two wern't omung 'um. Wel, E sed, E knoed Rachde verry wel, fur E onc't liv't e' Manchestur un wer o " roider eawt " un wi' gooin o deyle theere, E knoed O th' Skwoffils, un th' Brelleys, un th' Butteruths un sich loike us thoose. E ax't heaw Mestur Livsey wer gettin on, un E did oppen his een wen aw towd him us E wer o aldermun. E sed E'd yerd tel on him twenty yer sin wen ther'n sich o doo obeawt th' charter, un E rekillektud obeawt 'um subscroibin ther brass fur to hav his pikter taen fur his mistris. Ah, aw sed, un so doo aw, un aw sed, did'n yo evvur yer o sum nowman us made sum poetre us E considert wer gud enuf to festen to th' bothum o' th' pikter? No, E sed, E'd nevvur yerd o that. Wel, aw sed, aw dar say us aw con tel yo, for aw getten it welley hoff be hart, it wer summut e' this rode:—

" This pikter heere which u doo see
Me Rachde frends 'un gan to me;
The mon yo sin insoide the frame
Is Tummus Livsey koed by name.
Me hat yo sin lies on the cheer,
Un oeronent the Charter dear,
Ut frunt ov O missel dus stond
Loike o Parleyment mon, wi' o pen e' me hond
Me halliday clewus aw'm paintud in,
Made o foine quotte cloth verry plain to be sin.
Gud peepul hall, yo mun agree
It's meterly wele fur o chap loike me.
To thoose us han subscroibt ther brass
Aw con but thank 'um, bekose olass;
It's eawt o me peaw'r fur to let 'um see
Th' tone hauve us aw fele fur what they'n dun fur me."

Th' gentulmon wer sum tikkelt wen E yerd that, un wer beawn fur to say summut, but E skrew'd op his faze in o crak wen E seede two grand ladis comin in, wi' us monny posis e' ther yeds us sum foke han e' ther gardin, un moore too iv aw'm noane mistaen. Jinny un me mizzelt e' no

toime wen we seede 'um, un bid him gud neete, but we'rn sum fain aw'l warrunt yo to leete wi' o mon us knoed so mich obeawt weere we coome fro.

Wel, yo sin, we reycht Symon's obeawt hauf past eyght o'clok, un geete sum tay un sich loike, th' furst goo hoff, fur Mistris Pyke 'ud olis th' kettle oppo th' hob reddy for us wen we geete bak ov o neete. Hoo wer us gud naturt o cratur us evvur wer teede too o mon, but fur O that hoo hadn't o deyle fur to say, but wen hoo did let aut eawt, it wer olis summut wurth yerrin. Jinny sed too hur one neete, aw'l tel yo wat Mistris Pyke, foke sen ut "o wummun's tunge wags loike o lamb's tail," but e' they sen that obeawt yo it 'ul noane be tru. Wel, hoo sed, hoo seede no sense e' foke taukin wen they'dn naut fur to say. Wel, Jinny sed, appen yo're reete, fur yo knone "O woise yed mays o still tunge," un aw dar say us yo'ne less to repent on nur o deyle o foke han.

Wel, yo sin, Jinny gaytud o roiting hur lettur, un sum un thrang hoo wer wi't fur shure, but hoo teaw'd oway at it loike o gud un fur o heawr un o hauve, aw dar say, un wi' me eych neaw un then givin hur o bit ov o lift wi' th' speyllin, hoo geete forrud meterly wele, us yo'l see fur yore-sels neaw, us aw'm beawn fur to gi' yo o seete on't—it wer e' this'n:—

Gumshun strete,
Thursdy neete.

Maw dere Cuzzen,

Aw Geete thaw Lettur safe un seawnd, th' neete aftur Theaw'd ritten It, un B 4 aw geete it, me un maw Maistur 'ud bin O day e' th' greyte Eggshibishun un Sum un plest we'dn bin wi' O us we'dn Sin, Saime toime Wen Aw'd red wat theaw'd getten To say, Aw wer Raythur deawnkest, pertikler wi' havin th' toothwarch.

It caps me watevvur Foke mun doo, fur us foke sen "o smo heawse has o Woide Throte," but e' Ther's naut fur to be Addelt ther con Be Naut to pay wi', con ther? Maw gudnis, e' foke winnut larn Neaw, They nevvur win, fur Thoose us met o Lade op fur o Rainey day Un didn't, han to go thru Sent Peter's Needul Neaw, Fur shure han Thi. Theaw knoed Symun Bolum didn't te? Waw, him un his Childer addelt 6ty shillin o weke regler, that 'ur thre

peawnd theaw knoes, but wat wi' His fuddlin un th' lassus Gooin so mich to Belvu un O sich loike wark us that, E hadn't o bodle to Bless hissel wi' Wen th' Meriko war gaytud, un th' t'one hauve o ther clewus wer e' th' pop shop Besoide. Roger theaw knoes wer just us mich th' tuther Rode, un tuke Greyte care ov His addlins un His woife wer olis preychin Too hur childer to waste Naut, tellin Um us "Wilful Waste made Woful want," un Wi' that theaw Sees heaw E's getten on, fur O us th' Wholle boylin on 'um didn't addle Us mich o Weke be mony o shillin us Symun did. Aw gues E'l likker Get o'er th' bad Toimes, beawt axin Onnyboddy fur o farthin Pese, Mich iv E winnut. Heawsumevvur "It's o Lung lone Us has Nevvur o Turn" un Theaw'l See us things 'ul Mend ogen Sum yer ov eawr Lord, mich e' They winnut. Theaw capt me Wi' wat Theaw towd on obeawt Sally Pyklit gooin fur To get hur Fortin towd, wat o Gonneryed hoo mun Be fur to hause to Get aut o that mak Dun for hur in o kristiun kuntry Weere we'n free Trade o purpus fur foke to may ther oan Fortins. Theaw shud be op e' this kuntry mon, it bangs O us evvur aw seede, fur Shure dus it. It 'ud gloppen Thee fur To see sich o Stok o foke us ther is. Aw Study monny o toime heaw The dickins they O getten meyte, Weshin, un Lodgins. Aw shol ha' Sum stok o News for thi wen Aw com Whomme ogen Shannut aw. Its Gettin lat neaw, un so Aw mun giv o'er, Fur aw Bin welley o Heawr un o hauve Wi' wat aw dun Oreddy. Theaw mun Gie maw Best respekts to yore Sally un Thi unkle Jim, un onnyboddy elze Us leets fur To spir obeawt Us. Theaw mun Be Shure fur To tak care o th' owd cat Un hur two kitlins whawl We comn Bak ogen. Brass gwos meterly fast e' this kuntry. But theaw knoes foke Connut goo mich o Seete seeing beawt payin, con thi? Heawsumevvur "O's Wele us ends wele" us foke sen, so No moore ut Presunt fro thaw Cuzzen

JINNY.

Aw ko that o daysunt mak ov o lettur, seein us heaw Jinny larnt fur to roite aftur hoo wer wed, but yo sin hoo wer olis meterly sharp ut takkin aut in, un th' furst neete us hoo seete hursel to larn roitin, hoo geete thru bwoth streyght strokes un pothooks un laduls un O.

Aw'd o gud deyle o diskorse wi' Symon whawl Jinny wer roitin hur lettur, un E towd me heaw plest E'd bin wi' o teetotul baggin, us o mon 'ud getten him fur to goo to, un heaw o lott o chaps 'ud getten op un towd heaw mich bettur they'rn hoff sin they gan o'er fuddlin, un sich loike wark. So aw towd him obeawt o quare mak ov o doo us aw onc't went too missel, e' Baymfurth. Ther'n o chap us liv't theere coed Beesum, us ad us mich wit us two foke, okwordingly too his own thinkin, un E'd getten o terribul spyte ogen th' teetotullers, un olis geete us mad us o wasp wen E geete omung 'um. His gronfaythur oppo th' woife's soide wer o cobbler, but wer o mon us did o bit e' th' musik loine besoide, un eych neaw un then E gan lessuns to thoose us wantud teychin yo knone, un oppokeawnt o that E geete o soign put op wi' his name on, un underneythe it wur set e' big letturs:—

> "Deliteful task to mend the tender bute,
> Un teych the yung ida heaw to flute."

Wel, yo sin, this Beesum gan o challinge to th' teetotullers, fur E rekont hissel wele kalkilatud fur to let foke see wat foos they wer'n, bekose E sed e'd gan o deyle o study to chymistry, un sich loike. So one Setterday neete aw seete hoff wi' o rook o teetotullers to this meetin, ut o plaze coed th' "War Office," e' Baymfurth, un wen we geete theere we fund him us ful ov hissel us o fitch, O reddy donn'd op in his halliday clewus. Th' reawm us th' meetin shud o bin in wern't hauve big enuf, un so oppokeawnt o that it wer ogreed on, us th' meetin shud tak plaze e' th' fowt eawtsoide, un th' speykers wer to ston oppo th' top ov o sawpit, us wer ogen th' gabul end ov o heawse, un o rook on 'um geete op, un aw follud 'um, un wen we'd getten gradely gaytud, th' cheermun coed o Beesum fur to speyke, un sum fause E luk't aw'l warrunt yo; un wen E'd stretch't hissel op loike o feightin cok, E gaytud un sed, "Mestur cheer, gentulmen hall, un ladis e' ther is onny; aw'm preawd fur to ston ofore yo foke, underneythe the blu canopin ov heaven, seein us heaw aw consider it maw duty fur to let o morsel o day leete into these teetotul chaps. Sum on yo wat's heer to neete aw bin towd ur Methodis, un aw's want yo fur to tay pertikler notis, bekose one ur two spots us aw's tel yo o'er eawt o this Bibul 'ul knok yore

teetotul stoos fro under yo e' quik stiks, mich e' they dunnot; (o mon coed eawt, theaw'l be mistaen theere, schuzheaw). Wel, gentulmen hall, Beesum sed, aw'l sune shut that chap op, yo'l see, un aw ax yore pertikler notis to wat aw'm beawn fur to rede eawt o this Bibul us belunged to me gronfaythur (it met o belung'd too o bettur chap, sumbrey coed eawt). Thee moind thi oan bisnis, Beesum sed, un let me go forrud wil te, theaw con ha' thaw doo wen aw dun. Wel, gentulmen hall, yer e' yo plezzen wat this Bibul ses. Sent Paul towd Timothy, fur its heere e' black un whoite, to sup no moore waytur, but tak sum woine fur his stummuk's sake (wel, o chap coed eawt, theaw sees onnyheaw us Tim wer o teetotuler to start wi', schuzheaw, un wer nobbut to tak it fur fizzik). Thee owd on o bit, Beesum sed, un aw'l sattle thee too, ofore aut's lung. Neaw, gentulmen hall, yer wat aw'm beawn neaw fur to rede, un e' this dusn't sattle that chap, E mun hav o yed us thik us o pese o tharkake (theaw's o skrew lose, schuzheaw, sumbrey coed eawt), wat aw'm tellin on, Beesum sed, yo'ne foind e' th' fifteent chaptur o Matthew un th' levent vers, un us shure us aw'm stonnin heere it ses "It's noane that us gwos into o mon's meawth us defiles him, but that us coms eawt ov his meawth that defiles the mon." Just then ther'n o greyte yaupin laff seete op, un Beesum sed, E coed 'um no bettur nur o pak o hinfiduls fur to goo on e' that rode wen o mon wer reedin th' skripter. Neaw, gentulmen hall, Beesum sed, it wer naut but arrunt nonsens fur th' teetotullers to say wat they did'n ogen drink—waw th' blood in o mon's veins wer fermented licker (thoine is schuzheaw, o felley coed eawt). Un neaw, he sed, E'd welley letten hoff O us E'd getten fur to say (un o poor doo theaw's made on't, th' foke coed eawt) un E'd giv o'er bekose th' cheermun wantud to say summut.

Foke coed eawt us it wer noane reete fur him to gate wen noboddy ut th' tuther soide 'ud spokken, heawsumevvur, speyke E wod, un E spluttert eawt o deyle o rubbitch, un sed us ther'n wantin to tay ther drink, un in o whoile they'dn try fur to tak sum o ther meyte (theaw lies theere, theaw skitterwit), sumbrey sheawtud eawt, un just then o mon coome op wi' o drum un made sich o din whawl naut cud be yerd. Wel, yo sin, sum on 'um wer so mad whawl they geete howd o th' drummer un wer beawn

to pummil him, un one mon coome wi' o runnin punse to lose him.

Beesum jumpt deawn in o crak, un wen aw seede 'um gaytin o feyghtin, thinks aw to missel, aw'l mizzel schuz-heaw, un aw appent fur to leete to turn reawnd un aw seede o winder oppen ut th' gabul end o th' heawse, un aw made no moore o doo but jumpt op un catch't howd o th' winder bothum, un poo'd missel op, un aw went wi' sum ov o wuther oppo th' floor e' th' insoide un fund missel osoide o two beds, but ther'n nobrey in 'um yo knone. Wel, thinks aw to missel, aw's be e' th' rang box iv aw stop heere, onnyheaw, un us sharp us leetenin aw bowtud deawn th' stares un o rook o foke ut wer gettin ther baggin wer welley flay'd eawt o ther wits. They'dn yerd me goo wi' o greyte thunge oppo th' floor, but ofore they cud unbethink 'um wat to doo, they yerd me com clatterin deawn, un they'rn so feyrd whawl they cudn't tel wethur to run eawt ur to keawr weere they wer'n, fur they thaut th' owd lad hissel mut be comin. Wel, yo sin, us sune us evvur they geete o seete o maw faze, they coome to thersels ogen, un aw made th' best on't aw'l warrunt yo, un towd 'um O obeawt it, un they sedn us they'rn fain us ther'n naut no wurr. Wen aw'd getten reawnd to th' tuther soide o th' heawse ogen, aw fund they'dn sattelt thersels un wer O gooin hoff whomme, fur they sedn us it wer o no mak o use hausin to argufy wi' o drum.

Symon sed it wer one o th' quarist doo's us evvur E'd yerd tel on, un sum tikkelt E wur fur shure, un his mistris un O, fur hoo aktily lafft moore that neet nur O th' toime us we'dn bin theere. Wel, yo sin, wi' that we O went to bed, fur it wer getten lat un bwoth Jinny un me wer tyert, saime loike us we wer'n evvury neete wi' settin ussels so mich to doo e' th' day toime.

EYGHT TH' CHAPTUR.

Consarnin sum diskorse wi' Symon obeawt Omeriko, un wat Jinny un me seede wi' gooin to Greenich, pertikler consarnin th' owd penshuners.—O bit ov o doo us we hadn wi' o gentulmon us we'rn gooin whomme ogen.—Obeawt us gooin to see th' Parleyment Heawses, un wat we'rn moyst gloppent wi', un sich loike, un obeawt O besoide us we seede, un wat we didn til we geete bak to Rachde ogen.

Us we'rn gettin us breykefust th' next mornin, Symon red o pappur us E'd baut fur o penny us towd obeawt o terribul battul us ther'd bin in Omeriko un sum ov o rook o foke ther'n kilt us furr us aw understoode. E sed it wer o terribul consarn us foke mut stik un shute one onuther saime loike us iv they'rn nobbut so monny sheep ur pigs. Wel, aw sed, yo're reete theere Mestur Pyke, but aw sed, aw'l stik to wat aw've olis sed us thoose ur th' moyst fur to be fund faut wi' us gaytud th' furst, pertikler wen they gaytud us thoose raskuls e' th' Seawth did fare o purpus to keep foke e' slavury. Wel, but Symon sed, foke sed they'rn feightin fur ther liburty. Wel, aw sed, ses aw, heaw cud that be, bekose they'dn us mich liburty us onny mon livvin cud want, ofore they gaytud o feightin, un aw sed they sed'n thersels us they'rn feightin fur wat they coed th' institushun o slavury, opurpus us they met buy un sel foke saime loike us iv they'rn nobbut so monny carrits un turmits. Aw sed, Symon, heaw wod'n yo loike yore Mistris fur to be sowd into Scotlun un yo to be sowd fur to goo into Owdum ur sumweere theere, un yore childer e' yo had'n onny to be trundelt hoff sum rode elze? Waw! E sed E wodn't loike it ut O. Naw aw sed, aw think yo wodn't, nur me noathur. Wel, Jinny sed, iv onnyboddy sowd thee aw'd go wi' thi, iv it wer to Jeriko. Wel, but aw sed, heaw cud te, e' theaw wer sowd to Doldrum ur Boothhollins ur sumweere that rode on? Wel hoo sed, it sheds O e' they cud doo that. Wel, aw sed, aw'l warrunt te its us aw towd on, un iv o mon wer fund hausing fur to teych onny o' th' slaves to rede oathur th' Bibul ur aut elze they'dn play the hangmun wi' him welley, fur its ogen th'

laws o th' kuntry, un th' Parsuns un O ston op fur that mak o wark. Wel, Jinny sed, hoo'd nevvur yer o Parsun o that mak preych schuzheaw, nur noane sich loike feffnecutes.

Wel, yo sin, wen we'dn had us breykefusts we seete hoff fur to goo to Greenich, us they coen it, fur Symon sed us we mut goo theere be O manner o meynes, un E towd me wich road fur to goo fur to get on too o styem pakit us 'ud tay us theere verry chep. So Jinny un me yo sin seete hoff, but aw nevvur towd hur us we'rn gooin be waytur, feyrd o freetenin hur. Heawsumevvur ut last uv O we went deawn o strete us braut us to th' waytur soide, un Jinny gaytud o foindin faut, fur hoo sed us heaw hoo'd towd me ofore us hoo didn't want fur to goo oppo th' waytur ut O. Aw towd hur us hoo'd naut to be feyrd on, un seein us heaw it wer saut waytur it met doo hur o peawer o gud, fur hoo'd bin sadly bothert wi' o terribul grumblin un unyessiness in hur insoide evvur sin hoo geete op e' th' mornin.

Wel, yo sin, whawl we're tauking th' pakit coome op, un sum ov o seete o foke ther wer on it fur shure, un Jinny stoode theere us iv hoo wer beawn fur to be dreawnt, fur hoo sed hoo wer feyrd o th' pakit wautin o'er wi' O thoose foke on. Heawsumevvur aw deawn wi' me brass fur two on us—nobbut sixpunze o pese, chep, wern't it? un hoo link't howd o me faster be th' hauve nur hoo did wen we'rn quortin, un on we bwoth on us strode, un hoo keawert hursel deawn th' furst goo hoff fur hoo wer terrubly flayed o being sick. Aw wauk't obeawt omung th' foke us bowd us onnyboddy, un wen aw seede aut us aw wantud to larn obeawt, aw olis ax't sumbrey, fur ther's naut loike axin fur gettin to kno. We sailt underneythe evvur so monny bridges, un o gentulmon show'd me th' Parleyment Heawses, wi' th' gilt teawers un th' greyte-clok un sich loike, un o plaze coed Summerset Heawse, us coome op to th' waytur soide, six hundurth foote lung they sed'n it wer, un th' frunt soide on't reych't into th' Strand us they coen it. O gentulmon sed us they made'n postige stamps e' this Summerset Heawse, un kept th' keawnt ov O th' foke us wer born un wed, un O thoose us wer berrid un O. Wel, aw sed, they'n ha' sum wark then, fur ther's o deyle o foke bein wed regler weere aw com fro, un aw gues likker us they'n ha' bwoth me un maw mistris deawn sumweere,

that's hur aw sed wat's keawerin oppo that shet theere, un hoo's terrubly feyrd o bein oppo th' waytur. Aw sed, wat dun yo think o this 'Meriko war, maistur, un E sed it wer o terribul consarn. Wel, aw sed, yo're reete theere, un it 'ul be wo-op wi' o deyle o foke e' they dunnot stop it ofore lung, but, aw sed, wich soide ur yo for, maistur, un E made onsur un sed us E wer anxshus fur th' rebels to be put deawn. Wel, aw sed, aw'm just ut th' saime rode o thinkin, un aw'm fain to leete wi' o mon uts reete in his yed, but, aw sed, yo sin ther's bin faut o bwoth soides obeawt this slavury dooment, un us maw mistris ses, "Wen rogues fo eawt, onist foke 'ul com be ther oan," un thoose slaves us leetes fur to get to kno us ther legs ur ther oan 'ul sune foind eawt wat to do wi' 'um, mich e' they winnot.

Wel, yo sin, us we sailt oway oppo th' waytur we geete o seete o th' monniment us they coen it, un th' teawer, un in o whoile we coome to sum spot coed th' Isle o Dogs un then we coome to Greenich itsel, un us sune us evvur we geete hoff th' Pakit, we ax'd us rode to th' Hospitul. We sune fund it, un o verry noice plaze it wer furshure; ther'n evvur so monny greyte bildings un o meterly big yard fur th' owd felleys to wauk obeawt in, un sum un fause th' owd chaps luk't wi' ther blu quottes, un eych neaw un then we geete o seete o one wi' o cokt hat on his yed, but th' moyst on 'um ud billycock hats on. Ther'n heere un theere two chaps to be sin wi' nobbut o pare o legs betwene 'um un uther sum wi' o arm short. We tauk't wi' sum on 'um us towd us weere they'd bin oppo th' sa, un sum plest th' owd chaps wer fur to tauk obeawt thersels, aw'l warrunt yo. We went op o rook o steps e' one bildin weere we geete o seete ov o rook o littul reawms us sum on 'um liv't in, un verry noice they wer'n fur shure, un e' one reawm ther'n o owd mon us wer sarvunt wi' Lord Nelsun, un th' owd chap wer eyghty thre yer owd, E wer fur shure, un us clen us o penny. Jinny un me had o deyle o diskorse wi' him un E rattelt oway tellin us O obeawt Nelsun bein kilt un sich loike. Wel, Jinny sed, aw dar say maistur, us yo'ne monny o toime bin eawt o th' seete o lond wen yo'ne bin oppo th' sa, un E sed us E had monny o weke ut onc't. Eh! maw gudnis, hoo sed, iv aw'd bin so aw shud nevvur o thaut us aw shud foind me rode whomme ogen, but hoo sed, did'n yo evvur leete o that spot weere Jona wer thrut

into th' sa, un E sed E cudn't rekillekt us E had, eggsaktly, but E sed us E'd bin monny o toime oppo th' waytur wen th' ship ud gwone op us heegh us o heawse top. Wel, hoo sed, " to mich ov aut us gud fur naut " us foke sen, un iv aw'd bin theere, aw shud o bin flayed eawt o me wits welley.

Wen we'dn had sum moore diskorse wi him, we laft th' owd chap, un Jinny towd him us heaw hoo'd bin wele plest fur to see o mon us knoed Lord Nelsun, un hoo gan him tuppunze fur to buy sum sneeze wi'. Fro theere we went un seede th' owd penshuners gettin ther dinnurs un e' one big reawm ther'n thre hundurth un fifty on 'um, un in onuther reawm we seede fore hundurth on 'um, un sum un wele they O luk't fur shure, un wele they met, for evvury mon jak on 'um geete o gradely bally ful o meyte us fur us we cud see. We'rn towd us they'dn differunt maks o meyte welley evvury day, un two pints o ale o day besoide, so yo sin th' owd chaps didn't doo mich e' th' teetotul line schuz-heaw. Evvury two yer, o mon sed they geete o bran nu shute o clewus o pese, un o pare o breechus evvury yer besoide, un o cokt hat, un thre pare o stokkins un fore pare o shoone, un o deyle o thyngs besoide, un sum pokit brass un O, sum o shillin o weke, uther sum hauve o creawn, un sum moore nur that. Ther'n o rook o poor foke waytin wi' ther pots un cans fur to get sum o th' brokken meyte wen th' owd lads ud getten ther dinnurs. Ther'n two theawsun penshuners in, owhoile sin, but they'dn getten deawn too obeawt fifteen hundurth wen we'rn theere.

Ther'n o verry bonny chappil us we seede, wi' o gallury fur th' officers un ther childer to keawer in e' th' sarvis toime, un th' bothum wer fur th' owd sailors, un big enuf fur to howd foretene hundurth on 'um, but we'rn us mich taen on wi' th' paintud hall us aut we seede. It wer full ov O maks o pikters, un th' woles un O wer paintud, un e' one spot ther'n th' quotte un th' waistequotte us Lord Nelsun wer kilt in, un his hat un stokkins un his snuf-box un O, so yo sin, E loik't o bit o sneeze did th' owd Admirul. Wel, yo sin, wen we'dn getten o seete ov O us we cud'n, we went un seede th' Park, un wat they coed th' Observatury, theere aw gues weere they luk'n aftur th' stars un sich loike. Us we'rn comin deawn into th' teawn ogen, o chap coome op to us un towd us ov o spot weere we cud get us dinnurs bwoth gud un chep, e' we wantud onny. Wel, aw sed,

thoose are two meterly gud things, schuzheaw, un e' theaw'l nobbut ston to wat theaw ses, we'n goo wi' thi onnyheaw, fur we'n noathur on us bote ov aut sin we geete us breykefusts, un maw mistris theere 'ul be havin o yed warch iv hoo dusn't get summut ofore aut's lung. So oway we went'n, wele plest us we'rn beawn fur to get summut to heyte, un th' mon plest, us E'd catcht two customurs, un we didn't goo furr ofore E show'd us into o foinish mak ov o reawm, un we keawert ussels deawn osoide ov o tabul wi' obeawt hauve o duzzen foke reawnd it. O mon coome un ax'd us wat we'd tay. Wel, aw sed, okwording to wat yon mon towd us, wat yo'ne getten us bwoth gud un chep, un E made onsur un sed, O sertinly sur. Wel, aw sed, that's the tikkit fur us, so th' furst goo hoff yo mun let maw mistris hav o dish o tay, fur hoo'd eldur doo beawt aut nur hur tay, to maw thinkin; but aw sed, wat mak o flesh meyte han yo for us? Wel, E sed they'dn chops un stakes; un aw sed wat elze? Wel, E sed, they'dn roast meyte un boilt meyte; ah, aw sed, un wat elze? Wel, E sed, they'dn soles un sammon, un whoite bate; stop, aw sed, aw'l ha' sum o thoose, schuzheaw, fur aw sin it e' th' news monny o toime obeawt Lord Jon Russil un thoose comin fur to get sum whoite bate wen they'dn welley dun ther parleymentin. E sed us ther'n sum moore gentulmen un ladis beawn fur to ha' sum, un iv aw'd naut ogen it we met O sit deawn togethur, un aw sed, wi' O th' plessur e th' wurld. Wel, yo sin, in o whoile th' waytur coome wi' o gradely dish ful o thoose whoite bate fur hauve o duzzen on us, un us sune us evvur Jinny seede 'um hoo coed eawt, wel, that sheds O, ther naut but Jak sharps. Wel, aw sed, they favvern 'um onnyheaw. Ah, hoo sed, us mich us peys favvern one onuther, un theaw knoes verry wele us we'n sin lotts on 'um e' th' brode waytur e' Rachde obeawt th' same mickle, e' ther noane th' same mak. O mon us keawert oeronent me sarv't 'um eawt, un ax'd iv aw'd sarve th' pottytus, un one o th' ladies ax'd me fur sum, un stayr't loike o stick't shepe wen aw ax'd hur iv hoo'd tay cobs ur sleck, so aw sed aw'l gie yo bwoth lumps un smo, un then aw's be reete likker. Wel, yo sin, we gobbelt op th' wholle boylin on 'um omung us, but then yo knone bits o things loike thoose ur naut to fil o mon's bally wi', un onny mon us knocks obeawt onny be th' loike 'ud be hoynein ogen

ofore two heawers wer o'er iv E'd naut elze, so we'dn sum befe stakes fried for us, un wi' that yo sin, we did meterly wele loike, tak it Otogethur. Wen we'dn pade fur wat we'dn hetten, we seete hoff to th' ralerode fur to goo bak to Lundun ogen, fur Jinny sed us heaw hoo'd raythur be th' hauve goo oppo dry lond, fur iv hoo wer to goo op ov o ruf sa, hoo shud be shure fur to waut o'er sick, un us foke sen, "a gud startin maes a gud endin." Th' train wer O reddy, un we'dn no sanner getten us tikkits un getten keawert deawn oppo th' shets nur hoff they seete, un it wern't monny minnits ofore we londed safe un seawnd e' Lundun.

Us we'rn gooin bak fro Greenich, aw sed too o gentulmon us wer oeronent me, aw gues maistur, yo'ne bin o seein th' owd penshuners, saime loike us me un maw mistris han. O no, E sed, E'd bin deawn oppo sum bisness. O, aw sed, han yo? then likker yo'ne summut to doo wi' th' ships. No, E sed, E wer engage't e' th' law. O, aw sed, then yo're o 'Turney o sum mak. Aw gues law's meterly dar stuf, nobbut o smo pese fur sixpunze: but, aw sed, iv evvury boddy wer o th' saime rode o thinkin us me, 'Turney's 'ud nobbut hav o leyn pastur, maistur. Maw gronfaythur olis sed us "'Turneys' heawses wer bilt oppo th' yeds o foos." Wel, Jinny sed, theaw's no 'cayshun fur to be olis tellin foke wat theaw's getten e' thi yed, un that gentulmon 'ul noane thank thee fur wat theaw's towd him, un theaw knoes foke olis sen, "speyke noane raythur nur speyke ill." Wel but, aw sed, aw've yerd thee missel say us it wer "foos un stupid foke us 'Turneys geete ther brass eawt on." Wel, hoo sed, theaw'd better howd thi din, urelze that gentulmon 'ul get it hinto his yed us theaw wants fur to fo eawt wi' him, schuzheaw. Naut ut soart, aw sed, yo knone bettur nur that, dunnot yo maistur; un aw'l be bun us yo'dn raythur ha' to doo wi' onist spokken foke nur onny mak elze. O sertinly, E sed. Aw thaut so, aw sed, yo'rn loike. But E sed us heaw E considert us aw'd raythur o quare 'sosiashun ov idaus, aw think E coed it, wi' foke ov his profeshun. Wel, aw sed, appen yo tel'n tru, maistur, un it's likker owin to mi braughtin op; but yo knone th' truth mun com eawt, un its o rode us aw getten, un wen aw see sum chaps aw'm us shure fur to think ov o jackass or a turmit us me yed's oppo me shilders.

E wer raythur tikkelt wen aw towd him that, un E ax'd iv aw coome eawt o Lankishur, un aw sed, ah aw doo, its Rachde us aw com fro, theere weere Mestur Cobdin stons for; aw sed, that's the mon fur hommerin at 'um e' th' Parleyment Heawse, un e' we'dn nobbut o rook moore theere sich loike us him un Mestur John Bright, we shud ston o bit ov o choance o gettin things put to reets e' th' kuntry, un noane sich o seete o brass waistud us ther is ut tis presunt toime. Wel, E sed, that wer just us foke thaut. Wel, aw sed, it's wat o deyle on us think'n weere we comn fro, schuzheaw, un Rachde foke rekkon fur to kno wat's wat, us wele us moyst foke. Just then we geete to Lundun ogen, un th' gentulmon bid us gud day.

We went streyght forrud too us lodgins beawt stoppin onnyweere oppo th' rode, un Symon gloored at us wen E seede us comin whomme so sune.

Seete seein, yo sin, us noane sich yessey wark, un monny o toime in o mornin wen aw've wakkent aw've bin us stark us iv aw'd had th' crump, un yo sin sum foke us gwos o plesserin gayten o ther wark be th' skroike o day, un gwos at it loike hey-go-mad whawl bed toime. It matters naut me hausin fur to tel yo wat we diskors't obeawt ut Symon's that neete, fur aw dar say us yo'll care naut obeawt it likker. Jinny wer us bissy us o hum-o-bee wi' Mistris Pyke, teychin hur heaw to may tharkake, fur Jinny hasn't o idle bwone in hur skin, un hoo olis mun be dooin summut, fur hoo's o greyte rode o sayin "thoose us wer dooin naut wer dooin ill."

Wel, yo sin, Symon towd us th' next mornin us we met get fur to see th' Pallus o Westminstur, us they coen it, theere weere th' Parleyment Heawses wer, un sich loike, e' we'dn nobbut be ut o bit o labber fur to goo un ax o mon us gan takkits to foke ov o Setterday. Eh! maw gudnis, Jinny sed, we mun see thoose schuzheaw, un we mun "stroike whawl th' iron's whotte," us foke sen.

We seete hoff us sune us evvur we'dn had us breykefusts fur to seech aftur th' mon us Symon towd on, us gan th' tikkits, un sum ov o traunce we had'n aw'll warrunt yo; heawsumevvur we coome to th' spot ut last ov O, deawn wat they coed Parleyment strete yo knone, un wen we geete to th' soide o th' bildin aw sed too o gentulmon us

aw seede, e' yo plezzen, maistur, con yo tel us weere me un maw mistris con get us tikkits fur to get hinto this greyte bilding heere us weere stonnin osoide on. E towd us in o crak, un boke't his fingur too o dur us E sed we mut goo into, un E sed we'dn nobbut fur to ax un we shud get wat we wantud; so in me un Jinny bowted, but hoo stoode just insoide o th' dur, whawl aw went forrud too o gentulmon us wer keawert theere wi' o rook o pappurs ofore him, raythur o darkish culert chap, welley loike o mon us 'ud had th' Jonus, un so aw sed, we'n bin towd maistur e' yo plezzun, us yo gien tikkits fur foke fur to goo into th' Parleyment Heawses wi', un aw'l be obleeght to yo fur o tikkit o pese fur me un maw mistris; hoo stons theere, aw sed, osoide o th' dur ole, un aw coed eawt Jinny, com forrud un sho thissel, lass. E wer o verry civil mak ov o mon, un E gan us two tikkits, un aw sed aw con but thank yo, maistur, un hoff we bowted.

Wel, yo sin, we went'n in, un o mon coome un tuke us, un sum moore foke us wer theere, un we sune geete to th' dur o th' heawse o Lords, un wen we geete in, we did oppen us een aw'l warrunt yo, un Jinny stay'rt loike o stik't shepe, un hoo sed, eh! maw gudnis did evvur onny boddy see th' loike, un hoo wer pertikler taen on wen hoo seede th' throne us th' Quene keawert on wen hoo went fur to oppen th' Parleyment un sich loike. We seede th' Wullsecks us th' Lord Chancellur had his shet on, un th' cushint shets fur th' tuther greyte foke. Aw sed, wel maistur, iv aw wer to keawer me deawn oppo thoose shets aw shud fo oslepe e' no toime welley, fur they're us snod us mowdywarps, un welley us sauft us boylt turmits. Jinny sed us it mut be o grand seete wen O that spot wer ful o Lords un ladis un O maks o qualuty foke un th' Quene hursel omung 'um. Wel, aw sed, it 'ud welley turn th' yeds o sich loike foke us thee un me, wod o seete loike that, fur shure wod it. Ah, Jinny sed, theaw'rt reete theere likker, fur theaw knoes they olis sen us "o nod fro o Lord us o breykefust fur o foo," saime toime theaw knoes, ther nobbut human craturs saime loike us thee un me, but "foine fithurs dun may foine brids" us they sen.

Wen we laft th' Heawse o Lords, we went forrud to th' Heawse o Communs, un th' mon towd us weere Lord Palmerstun un Lord Jon Russil un thoose, had ther shets,

aw sed aw'l thank yo maistur, fur to tel us weere Mestur Cobdin un Jon Bright ston wen they speyk'n. Wel E sed E cudn't tel eggsaktly, but sumweere E sed, obeawt o spot us E boke't his fingur too. Aw sed yo'dn doo wi' o rook moore sich loike us thoose e' th' heawse, fur thoose ur the chaps fur lettin dayleete into foke, un e' th' Parleyment 'ud nobbut doo us they towd 'um, poor foke 'ud ston o deyle better choance nur they dun, that's wat they sen, weere we comn fro, schuzheaw.

Jinny sed, heaw is it maistur, us they dun O ther taukin e' th' neete toime, fur iv evvur aw tauk e' th' neete, maw maistur ses us its olis sich gibberish whawl E con may naut ut O on it. Wel, E sed, us it wer moore convenyuntur, bekose greyte foke 'ud ther roidin eawt un sich loike fur to doo be dayleete. Wel hoo sed, its quare to maw thinkin; aw sed, aw bin towd us yo'ne o deyle o bukes sumweere e' this spot, con us get o seete on 'um e' yo plezzen? Wel, E sed, they'dn o verry grand librayry us E met giv us o seete on e' ther'n noboddy in. Wel, aw sed, aw shud loike verry wele fur to hav o seete o that, schuzheaw, un so wod maw mistris heere, fur hoo's o rare un fur bukes, aw dar say hoo's red "Jak un his 'leven bruthers," hauve o duzzen toimes o'er, welley. Wel, yo sin, wi' that E just went un peep't into o dur ole, un coome bak un towd us fur to com forrud, un thinks aw to missel, its verry gud o th' felley, un aw popt o odd three haupunze us aw had e' me singlit pokkit into his hond, beawt sayin aut, un aw cud see us that wer just the tikkit for him, fur E gloor't streyght e' me faze, un smylt. Eh! we did get o seete o sum ov o stok o bukes, un bonny uns they wer'n too us evvur aw seed, aw'l warrunt yo. Aw went forrud un stayr't furst ut one rook un then ut onuther, un th' mon sed us aw seem't fur to be o deyle taen op wi' 'um, but E cud ston watchin on us no lunger, fur E'd o rook moore foke besoide us fur to tay reawnd. E sed us E'd letten us see O us ther wer to be sin, un aw towd him us we'rn mich obleeght to him, un Jinny sed th' saime loike, fur hoo olis ses us "gud words cost naut, un ur wurth o greyte deyle." E show'd us too o rook o greyte steps us we'rn towd fur to goo deawn, un we sune coome into th' strete ogen, noane so verry furr fro weere we startud. We went into o spot un geete summut to heyte, un rambult obeawt into differunt spots, lukin ut

th' shops un sich loike, whawl it geete baggin toime, un wi' it bein Setterday we went too us lodgins meterly sune.

Ut th' Sunday mornin wen we'dn had us breykefusts un sich loike, Symon woife went wi' me un Jinny to th' Church, un to th' Chappil ut neete, fur noathur on 'um wer so furr hoff, un so yo sin we gan bwoth on 'um o turn, un yerd meterly gud sarmuns ut bwoth spots, un th' singin wer sich us no rezzonuble mon cud foind faut wi', but wat capt me th' moyst wer us they'dn no collekshun ut th' Methody Chappil, un aw'd to tay me brass bak.

It wer raythur doughy un weete O th' day, un oppo keawnt o that Symon sed us heaw E mut stop owhomme bekose E'd had o bit ov o smatch o th' breawntitus twoice o'er, un th' doktur towd him us E mut tay care ov hissel, fur it wer o terribul consarn fur comin ogen, us sartin us th' rent day, e' foke wer ut O carlis obeawt thersels. Symon sed us E raythur lippent us E mut ha' to skift fro th' heawse us E liv't in too o warmer spot, iv E didn't leete fur to be bettur nur E had bin; saime toime E sed us E wer so spakt to th' spot whawl it 'ud goo ill deawn wi' him fur to be obleeght to flit. Us we'rn taukin ut th' Sunday neete, Symon sed us ther'n beawn fur to be wat they coed th' Handul Festivul ut th' Krystil Palus, us gaytud th' mornin aftur, un E sed us me un Jinny mut goo be O mannur o meynes, fur we shud nevvur ha' sich o choance ogen likker. E sed ther'n sich o vaste seete o foke beawn fur to sing un play, whawl it 'ud be sich o doo us ardly onny mon evvur seede ofore. Wel, Jinny sed, wat wod'n ther be to pay, un Symon sed ut th' cheppist spot 'ud be foive shillin, un th' next oboone, wer o hauve o ginney. Wel, Jinny sed, that wer o seete o brass, but fur O that, hoo sed hoo shud vastly loike to goo, iv aw cud shap it onnyheaw. Wel, aw sed, aw'l warrunt te us aw con shap it sum rode, un us theaw's getten ogate o maunderin obeawt it, ther'l be naut for it but lettin thi goo, that's O; un us it leetes, aw've moore brass laft nur aw lippent on, seein us heaw we'n sin sich o seete o thyngs un gwone to so monny spots, sin we coome e' this kuntry.

Wel, yo sin, we sune made it op fur to goo, un so th' next mornin, us ther'n no toime to loyse, seede me oppo th' rode us sune us evvur aw'd had me breykefust, e' quick stiks too o place coed Exeter Ho, weere th' tikkits wer

sowd, fur aw'd bin towd us that wer th' spot fur to get 'um at. Aw sune fund it wi' gooin us Symon towd us, beawt mich labber, un aw ax't o chap us wer stonnin ut th' dur weere obeawts aw mut goo fur me tikkits, un E show'd me too o reawm weere th' felley wer ut sowd 'um, un so aw sed, "Gud mornin to yo, maistur;" un E sed th' saime loike to me, gloorin at me loike o pot cat. Aw sed, aw'm comn o fottin o tikkit o pese fur me un maw mistris, e' yo plezzen, fur this musik doo ut th' Krystil Palus to-day; so E gan me too, un aw pade him th' brass, moore nur yo'd lippen on aw dar say, but yo knone it wer onc't fur O, un eawt aw coome, fur aw knoed verry wele us it 'ud doo noane to be lither obeawt it.

Jinny wer O reddy wen aw geete bak ogen to Symon's, un hoff we seete to th' ralerode weere we hadn fur to goo fro. It tuke us welley hauve un heawer fur to get theere us fast us legs cud carry us, un ther wer sum ov o crom ut th' stayshun aw'l warrunt yo. Aftur o deyle o thrutchin we geete ur tikkits, o shillin o pese nobbut. O th' shets wer ov o proise un so we geete into o grandish mak ov o carrige wi' pratty cushins in, un hoff we seete welley us sune us we keawert us deawn. Jinny wer th' furst to speyke un we'dn gwone monny o moile ofore hoo gaytud o sayin aut. It capt me ut hoo wer so lung ofore hoo oppent hur meawth, fur hoo wer us quoite us iv hoo'd bin keawert in o church. Ther'n o lady oeronent hur wi' sum ov o bugth ov o geawn pese on, un hoo'd o verry pratty choilt oppo hur knese, un thinks aw to missel, it 'ul cap me e' that littul joker dusn't set hur o gooin, fur aw seede us hoo wer vastley taen op wi' him, un hoo'd olis o greyte lykin fur childer. Wel ut last ov O, aw seede hur tak howd ov it littul hond, un hoo sed, wat dun they ko thee me lad, fur theaw'rt o pratty un, schuzheaw?—wil te hav o haupenny to buy summut wi', un hoo thrutch't it insoide ov his littul kneyve. Hoo sed to th' lady, aw gues likker E's yore chylt missis e' yo plezzen, un yo'l set o vast o store on him, aw dar say. Wel, th' lady sed, they sartinly did, seein us heaw E wer O us they had'n ut their heawse. Wel, Jinny sed too him, theaw mun be shure fur to be o gud lad, un aw dar say thi' muther 'ul teych thi, wen theaw gets donn'd e' breechus fur to be a gud lad fur "brawlin curs nevvur want'n sore ears," us they sen. Aw sed, aw

gues, mistris, yo're takkin him to yer theese musishuners us we'r beawn fur to yer, un hoo sed they wern, un ofore aw cud say aut moore we'rn ut th' Palus fur shure wer'n us. Eh! ther wer sum ov o stok o foke geete eawt us evvur onnyboddy seede to maw thinkin, ut one doo yo knone. Wel, yo sin, up th' steps we O went'n us thrung us turmits in o feelt, un us it wer noane startin toime, Jinny un me turn't eawt fur to hav o wauk oppo th' grase un to get o seete o th' posis us wer so admyruble to luke at. Th' grase wer sum un snod, un ther'n o seete o foke op un deawn it, saime loike us we wer'n.

Wen it wer welley toime fur th' singin to gayte, we bowted streyght in, un wen aw seede O th' foke thinks aw to missel, we's ha' sum wark fur to get shets iv aw'm noane mistaen, un we went obeawt omung th' foke op un deawn seechin fur o gud spot, un they gloored at us whawl Jinny cud ardly howd op hur yed, un wen hur krinolyne catch't howd ov o cheer, hoo'd welley fone flat ov hur faze, un hoo went us red us o turkeycock, un hoo sed it wer enuf to maddle onnyboddy. Heawsumevvur ut th' last ov O, we fund two spots us wer just the tikkit, fur it wer reete fur bwoth seein un yerrin. Th' musishuners un th' singers wer o deyle on 'um theere, wi' ther fidduls un sich loike, un we hadn't fur to watch lung ofore they haust fur to gayte. Sum o th' fidduls wer us big us trakle punshuns welley, un they did giv 'um sum bant wen they'rn scrapin 'um. Wel, yo sin, in o whoile they O stoode op, un gaytud o wat they coed th' Messiar; un sum chap coed Costa us we'rn towd, stud ut th' frunt on 'um, leydin 'um O, un yo nevvur seede o mon knock his yed un stik obeawt so, sin yo'rn born; mich iv it didn't warch ofore E'd dun. Ther wer sum ov o din wen they'rn O ogate, un aftur o whoile they O dropt it, un o chap coed oather Sim urelze Symon Reeves had it too hissel evvur so lung, dooin o pese us gaytud wi' "Cumfurt ye maw peepul," un E did let it hoff sum strung aw'l warrunt yo; aw nevvur yerd o mon sheawt so sin aw wer born, saime toime E geete thru his wark meterly wele. O th' toime E wer ogate, th' foke wer us quoite us iv they'd bin ut o berrin, un wen E'd dun, they did clap him oboone o bit, un E nodded his yed at 'um un keawert hissel deawn ogen wi' his whoite gluves on. Then ther'n furst one lot un then onuther had o doo, un then

th' wholle lot on 'um seete off singin " Un the glory ov the Lord shall be reveeled," un they did sheawt ut sum ov o rattul th' wholle thre to fore theawsun on um, un iv aw'm noane mistaen they met o bin yerd o moile hoff. Th' fiddlurs did lay too it oboone o bit, us fast us cally looms, sixty picks in o minnit, aw dar say.

It tuke greyte howd o Jinny, un aw'l be buttert iv hoo wern't fare cryin wen aw turn't reawnd to ax hur heaw hoo loik't; un so aw sed, neaw theaw munnot may o foo o thissel watevvur elze, un e' theaw connut howd thissel in, foke 'ul think us theaw's o screw lose sumweere, schuzheaw. Wel, hoo sed us heaw hoo nevvur yerd naut loike it sin hoo wer kersunt, un heaw cud onnyboddy elp it tayin howd on 'um e' they'dn onny feelin ut O obeawt 'um. Just then they gan o'er, un o rook o th' foke, singers un fiddlurs un O, gaytud o gooin eawt, un thinks aw to missel they'n sune dun onnyheaw, un aw sed too o gentulmon us wer osoide o me, is this O us we mun ha' fur us brass, maistur? un E sed us they'rn nobbut beawn to hav o bit ov o rest. Wel, aw sed, they'n doo wi't, fur they'n dun hard whawl they'n bin ogate. Eh, maw gudnis, Jinny coed eawt, dust te see theere? un aw sed wat is ther fur to see? waw, hoo sed, e' that isn't Mestur John Chedik, ut th' Brode Feelt Steele, aw'm noane heere, un theere E wer sure enuf gooin eawt wi' o lady linkin wi' him, fur to get summut to heyte, aw dar say. Aw'd yerd foke say us E wer o greyte mon fur musik, un oppo keawnt o that yo knone it wer so loike us E'd be theere.

Wel, yo sin, in owhoile they O coome bak ogen, un ther'n o bonny howrow kick't op wi' 'um O gettin into ther shets ogen reddy fur startin, un wen Mestur Costa stoode op un howded op his stik they O stayr't at him in o crak, us mich us iv they'd sin o boggart, th' fiddlurs un O did, un hoff they went'n at it ogen, un it tuke raythur moore howd o me this toime, un as fur Jinny, waw! hoo cudn't fur th' loife on hur howd fur woipin hur een monny o toime iv hoo mut ha' bin hang'd for't, un aw had to doo o bit missel oppo th' sly yo knone, pertikler wen they gaytud o dooin that us ses " E is the King o glory," un sich loike. Ther'n o lady us they coed Mistris Tisshuns us leete hoff o pese be hursel verry wele, un sum pratty it wer fur shure, un foke rekkont us heaw hoo wer th' best e'

th' wholle lott, un sartinly it wer wele dun us furr us aw cud see, un O th' foke wer vastly taen op wi' hur, us wer plane to be sin, heawsumevvur aw connut tel yo th' hauve o wat wer dun. It wer thre heawers ofore O wer o'er, un yo'l be raythur gloppent, mich e' yo winnot, wen yo yern us ther'n fore hundurth un nynetene fidduls o differunt maks, un eyghty-six brass thyngs us they blow'd thru, un then besoid O thoose ther'n thre theawsun one hundurth un twenty foke fur to doo naut but sing, un that made, yo knone, thre theawsun six hundurth un thirty-foive, rekkonin hauve o skore us wer th' yed singers yo knone, un O that lott wer loike to may o greyte din wern't they, wen they'rn O sheawtin ut onc't.

Wen O wer o'er, we went un geete o'seete o th' greyte fountuns us wer playin, saime loike us aw towd yo on ofore theere wen we went'n furst toime, un ther'n us monny foke us evvur aw seede ut o' lekshun, to maw thinkin, un th' waytur did fiz op oboone o bit, fur shure did it. Wen it wer turn't hoff, Jinny sed, aw'l tel thi wat, aw fund one thyng eawt, schuzheaw—ut musik 'ul doo noane osted o meyte, un aw mun oather ha' summut to heyte fro sum-weere ofore auts lung, urelze aw's be us sik us o dog fur want o summut. Wel, aw sed, ther's lotts o bally timbur e' th' Palus, un us aw'm feelin mich th' saime loike us thee, we'n een goo in un see wat they'n getten for us, so wi' that hoff we seete, un wen we'd getten in, we keawert ussels deawn osoide ov o stonnin, un bwoth on us geete sum tay un sandwichus, un sum gud we considert they wern aw'l ophowd yo. Wen we'dn dun, we went op o rook o stares, two sets on 'um, un geete into th' loft weere so monny foke wer sellin stuff, un rambult obeawt o greyte deyle. Jinny stopt ut one shop, fur to ax th' proise ov o pare o scithers us o yung wummon wer sellin, un hoo wer towd us hoo mut hav 'um fur nobbut o shillin. Wel, hoo sed, un win yo warrunt 'um gud uns, un hoo sed hoo wod, fur they'rn best Sheffil scithers us cud be getten howd on fur brass. Wel, Jinny sed, aw gues yo knone wat yo sen to be tru, mistris, un yo knone "truth un sweete oyle olis comn to th' top," us foke sen, un so aw'l try o pare on 'um schuz-heaw, e' maw maistur ul nobbut potter eawt th' brass. Wel, aw sed, aw'l potter eawt onc't moore, saime toime aw sed, we's be potterin eawt e' we gwone on mich lunger

whawl we's ha' to goo whomme oppo tryst eneaw. Wel, yo sin, we went streyght deawn to th' ralerode, fur ther'n sich o seete o foke gooin whawl we wern feyrd o bein so lat e' we'rn to watch ov onuther trane, un us it leetud we'rn just e' toime fur to get hoff, un away we bowted un geete safe un seawnd onc't moore to Gumshun-strete ofore nyne o'klok, meterly wele tyert, us we'dn bin monny o toime ofore us yo knone verry wele be wat aw've towd yo.

Wen we geete bak fro th' Festivul, Symon wer O fur yerrin wat we'dn sin un sich loike, un aw gan him o gradely inseete into O us aw cud, yo knone. Symon wer o mon yo sin, us aw cud o dun aut for, welley, fur o moore daysunter mon nevvur stoode op e' shoe lethur, un that aw'l ston too, chezwat onny boddy ses. E wer naught okin to thoose cratchinly felleys us threps wi' welley evvury boddy us they'n aut to doo wi', but o deawnreete, opreete mon, gradely jannock, us yo connut foind th' marro too onny day. Wel, yo sin, we'dn o deyle o diskorse ogen, saime loike us we olis had evvury neete, un we made it op us we'dn hav onuther doo ut th' Eggshibishun e' th' mornin, iv O wer wele, fur yo sin it 'ud be th' last day us we'rn stoppin e' that kuntry, un we'rn stirrin e' meterly gud toime e' th' mornin, aw'l ophowd yo, un geete to th' Eggshibishun dur welley us sune us it wer oppent un went oppo foote O th' rode besoide. We thrutch't oway omung th' foke fur ther'n o vaste seete on 'um us usel, un went bang in, osoide o th' gowd pillur, un forrud fro theere to weere th' guns wer'n, fur ther'n olis o greyte rook o foke osoide o thoose. Thinks aw to missel, it sheds O us foke shud be so taen op wi' consarns made fur naut elze but killin foke, un aw'l be bun e' one on 'um wer foirt hoff us it 'ud knok o mon's yed hoff his shilders ofore E cud turn reawnd fur to see weere it 'ud gwone too. Aw sed to th' gentulmon us wer tentin 'um, aw'l tel yo wat, maistur, yo'ne getten sum terribul consarns heere, schuzheaw. Yes, E sed, they'rn butiful guns. Wel, aw sed, aw may naut on 'um, un yo wodn't likker yoresel, e' one on 'um wer leete hoff un o cannon bo wer to com thwack ogen th' soide o yer yed ofore yo cud say Jak Robisson. Jinny sed us hoo cudn't tel fur th' loife on hur wat foke mut goo o feightin for, " o gud word wer us sune spokken us o ill 'un " but yo sin, hoo sed, sum foke ur so

[Weerevvur's teh comn fro, Bil, owd lad ?]

nattle, whawl ther welley past O bydin, saime toime hoo sed, hoo considert e' foke wod fo eawt un feight, hoo'd let 'um ha't to thersels, schuzheaw. But aw munnot furget fur to tel yo obeawt us meetin O ut th' suddin wi' Bil o owd Neddy's ut th' two lone ends, th' last mon ov O us we evvur lippent to com e' contract wi', un E did oppen his een wen aw geete howd ov his hond un sed, weerevvur's teh comn fro, Bil, owd lad? un aw dar say us we'dn oboone hauve an heawr's diskorse t'one wi' th' tuther, Jinny un O

yo knone, fur hoo wer sum plest fur to see him aw'l warrunt yo, fur hoo olis considers us ther's noboddy loike Rachde foke.

Fro theere we rambult obeawt, op un deawn, un in un eawt, til we'rn welley moydert, un iv aw wer fur to tel yo obeawt O us we seede, it 'ud cap me e' yo didn't fo oslepe ofore yo'dn yerd th' hauve on't. Heawsumevvur yo's just yer obeawt tuthre moore thyngs us we geete o seete on, un then ay'l shut op, fur us maw mistris ses, "to mich ov aut, us gud fur naut" un yo knone foke olis sen us "enuf's us gud us o feyst." Jinny sed hoo mut hav onuther seete o th' singin brid iv hoo seede naut elze, un so we spirred us rode, un wi' axin th' poleese eych neaw un then, we coome fare oeronent it. We'dn o meterly deyle o thrutchin fur to get thru th' foke us stoode weere this brid wer, un we leete 'um see us we'rn noane beawn fur to be bauk't, un we push't ussels gradely to th' frunt, un aw'l warrunt yo sum o th' foke geete squozzen oboone o bit, un ther'n o bonny shuntin omung th' krinolynes. We hadn't bin theere oboone o clok minnit, ofore th' mon braut eawt th' littul craytur, un it did sing oway sum, un we'rn wele plest bekose we'dn getten onuther seete on't.

Ofore we laft that spot we seede two moore consarns us made bwoth me un Jinny oppen 'ur een, un th' moore we glendurt at 'um, th' moore we'rn gloppent. One wer th' bonniest lukin glass us evvur oather on us seede sin we'rn born, schuzheaw. It wer nobbut obeawt o foote woide, but th' pillurs ov oather soide, un th' drawers underneythe wer O made o gradely gowd, wi' lotts o wat they coen gems in. Th' tuther consarn wer o Ivory Sterryoscope us they coed it, un sum pratty it luk't wi' O maks o dymuns un sich loike op un deawn it, us thik on us raisins in o asster bo. Th' gentulmon us wer tentin 'um, sed th' vallerayshun o bwoth on 'um wer fiftene theawsun peawnd. E shud get that brass for 'um wen E livvert 'um op to th' mon us they'rn sowd too. Wel, Jinny sed, aw'l tel yo wat, maistur, sumbrey mun ha' moore brass nur wit, schuzheaw; appen, hoo sed, yo wodn't tel o boddy who yo'ne sowd 'um too. O yes, E sed, they'rn sowd to th' Sultun fur o presunt to one ov his woives. Waw! hoo sed, E hasn't moore nur one woife, shurelee? O yes, E sed, E'd lotts on 'um. Wel, hoo sed, that sheds O, but iv E liv't e' this kuntry, E'd us sartin

sure be taen op us aw've o yed o me shilders, un iv E sarves 'um O eawt e' that rode they'n cost him o bonny penny.

Th' next thyng us we seede wer summut us we nevvur lippent on, it wer o stunner, aktilly o masheen fur taukin. Aw made naut on't, un Jinny sed ther'n to mich taukin Oreddy, moore nur aut wer gud too monny o toime. Heawsumevvur, th' capper ov O us we seede, wer o masheen fur prayin, fur yo sin e' sum spots foke ur to lither to pray fur thersels. These prayers, yo sin, wer printed oppo pappur, un crom'd into o cilinder us they coed it, un they aktilly keawnted so monny prayers fur evvury toime it went reawnd. We'rn towd ut e' sum spots e' Indy these masheens wer turn't wi' waytur peawer, un did th' prayin fur o wholle teawn welley. Wel, aw sed, to maw thinkin they mun be bonny gawkies fur to get that into ther yeds, it wer wurr nur o lad us aw knoed on, us olis sed his prayers ov o Sunday neete, sevun toimes o'er fur to doo O th' week, oppokeawnt yo knone ov him having raythur moore toime, but then yo knone E mut be o foo fur O that, fur dooin e' that rode. Un so neaw aw likker think us aw mun hause to shap obeawt givin o'er, fur it's mich e' yo winnot be stow'd Oreddy, fur aw've getten welley to th' same spot us th' black preychur had wi' his sarmon, wen E sed, " now bredren, a bit moore ob de payshunse an den ve vill sing de sockdologer."

Wel yo sin, ofore we coome eawt we keawrt us deawn fur to get onuther gradely seete o th' wholle consarn, us furr us we cud'n yo knone fro one spot, fur bwoth on us considert us we shud nevvur see th' marro too't ogen. Ther wer sum ov o seete o foke fur shure gooin bak'urds un for'urds, moystly qualuty foke us foine us paycocks. Heawsumevvur, ut last ov O we coome eawt, raythur iv oathur ogen us will, bekose yo knone it wer nobbut fore o'clok, un we'd pade us brass to stop in, e' we loik't, till sevun, but yo sin we had fur to get ussels reddy fur gooin whomme th' day aftur. Us we'rn gooin thru th' streets we stopt eych neaw un then o meterly lung whoile, gettin o bit ov o inseete into differunt maks o things us we'rn obeawt Pickadilly un theere, un aw dar say us we'rn two heawrs oppo th' rode, fur wat wi' grand shops, un th' foine foke, un th' loike o that, aw cud ardly get Jinny forrud, hoo glendurt

so ut O us hoo seede, saime toime we did get to th' fur end ut th' last uv O, un us wele tyert us two foke cud be welley.

Mistris Pyke sune geete us baggins reddy, fur hoo'd th' kettle oppo th' hob us usel, un aw'l warrunt yo us we went at it ut sum ov o speed, fur we'dn had naut ut mattert aut ov O day ardly. Symon coome whomme just us we'dn dun heytin, un so me un Jinny un him un his mistris, O gaytud o havin us tauk, but aw cud see us plain us dayleete us Jinny wer raythur deawnkest wi' th' thauts o levvin 'um, but then yo knone it 'ud nevvur doo fur to kepe stoppin in o kuntry weere th' brass wer O gooin eawt, un noane comin in, fur aw'l ophowd yo us we'dn getten shut ov o daysunt lott, fur O us we considert us we'dn bin meterly careful. Jinny wer detarmint fur to may o bit ov o presunt to Symon woife ofore we laft, un us we'rn comin fro th' Eggshibishun hoo baut hur o verry pratty pot dog fur to keawer on hur chimbley pese; sevunpunze haupenny aw think hoo gan for't, un aw geete Symon o 'bacca box, un they'rn bwoth on 'um wele plest wi' 'um us onnyboddy met see. Eh! we did stop op sum lat that neete, but fur O that we'rn stirrin e' rare gud toime e' th' mornin, we'rn loike yo knone us we'rn comin whomme. We'dn had us breykefust, un us thyngs wer O pak't op lung ofore Symon clok 'ud strukken eyght, un ofore hauf-past we'rn keawert in o cab ut Symon dur, un ther wer sum shakin honds aw'l warrunt yo, un Jinny kept unbethinkin hursel furst o one thyng un then ov onuther us hoo had fur to say to Symon woife us hoo stoode osoide o th' cab, whawl aw'd aktilly fur to ko eawt o th' mon fur to droive on e' th' middle o ther tauk, fur iv aw hadn't we shud us shure o bin to lat fur th' trane us turmits ur turmits.

It wer sumweere obeawt hauve un heawer ofore we geete to th' ralerode, un to maw thinkin aw wern't oboone two minnits, ur thre ut moyst, ofore aw'd bwoth sattelt wi' th' cab chap, un getten us tikkits, fur yo sin, th' trane wer O reddy fur hoff, un ther'n o bonny scutter fur to get us in ofore it gaytud, un just us they jamm'd th' dur too, th' wissel made sich o yell un oway we O seete hoff. Aw met o towd yo obeawt wat we seede oppo th' rode iv aw hadn't foen oslepe, un oppo keawnt o that yo knone it's no use hausin. Th' best ov O wer us we geete safe un seawnd bak to Rachde, th' saime neete, un wen aw yerd th' owd

Church bells ringin aw thaut aw nevvur yerd naut prattier sin aw wer born. One o Dree Robin lads wer osoide o th' stayshun, un us we knoed verry wele us his faythur ud naut mich to doo, we leete him carry us box for us, un gan him thrippunze, fur it wer o meterly lung stretch yo knone, to eawr heawse. Jinny's cuzzen Betty 'ud kindelt th' foire for us un swept th' harstone, un th' owd brindelt cat wer keawert theere osoide o th' hob, us fain to see us, us onnyboddy. Jinny doff't hur bonnit in o crak, un hoo sed, wel, aftur O, its O verry wele fur to see wat ther is to be sin op un deawn th' kuntry, but us foke sen "ther's no spot loike whomme." Wel, aw sed, that's O tru, aw dar say, but theaw knoes ther's nobbut heere un theere o lass us has o husbun loike thee, un wi' that we sune geete ogate ov us baggin, un bwoth on us wer raythur iv oather o bit tyert wi' havin sich o lung roide, yo knone. So neaw aw gan yo o ful, tru, un pertikler okeawnt o wat we seede un yerd wi' gooin to th' Eggshibishun e' eightene hundurth un sixty-two, un iv it dus yo onny gud fur to rede it, it's O reete to me, un iv it dusn't, aw connut elp it. Jinny ses they mun be ill to plez us foinds onny faut wi' wat aw towd yo on neaw, un yo knone ther's th' dickshunary, saime loike us ther wer e' me tuther buke, un tak it O togethur, it shud doo, shurelee.

A GLOSSARY

OF

LANCASHIRE WORDS AND PHRASES.

A

Ackwording... ... ...*according*
Addle... ... ...*to earn*
Afeyrd .. .. *afraid*
Affaurd... ... ...*afford*
Afore... ... ... *before*
Aint ... ... *aunt*
Aktily, Aktilly ... ...*actually*
Aliker ... ... *sour ale*
Am'ot... ... ... *am not*
Ancliffe, Ankliffe... ... ...*ankle*
Appron ... ... *apron*
Ardly ... ... *scarcely*
Argyfy ... ... *argue*
Arro ... ... *arrow*
Arrunt ... ... *downright, real*
Asster... ... ... *Easter*
Asster-bo... ... *Easter-dumpling*
Aut ... ... *anything*
Auter ... ...*alter*
Auterayshun ... ... *alteration*
Auvish ... ... *clownish*
Av ... . *have*
Avin ... ... *having*
Aw .. .. *I*
Aw'd ... .. *I had, I would*
Aw'l ... ... *I will*
Aw'm ... ... *I am*
Aw's ... ... *I shall*
Aw'v ... ...*I have*
Ax, Axen ... ... *ask*
Az furr... ... ... *twice as far*
Az mich ... ...*twice as much*

B

Baggin... ... ... *afternoon meal*
Baggin toime... ... ... *tea time*
Balk ... ... *a beam in a house*
Ballis ... . *bellows*
Bally ... ... *belly*
Bally timber... ... ...*food*
Bandyhewit...*name given to a dog*
Bangbeggar ... ... *a beadle*
Bant ... ... *string*
Bat ... *speed, rate, "aw connut goo on at this bat"*
Baut... ... ... *bought*
Bawk't...*disappointed, frustrated*
Beawn ...*going, "aw'm beawn to goo"*
Beawt ... ... *without*
Beet, Bete ... *to light, "aw'l bete th' foire"*
Befone ... ... *befallen*
Bekose ... ... *because*
Bellin ... ... *crying*
Berrid... ... ... *buried*
Berrin ... ... *funeral*
'Bewsin ... ... *abusing*
Beynes, Byens ... ...*beans*
Beyrd ... ... *beard*
Beyse, Byess ... *beasts, cows*
Beyte... ... ... *beat*
'Bide... *abide, "aw connut 'bide"*
Bin... ... ... *been*
Bleddur ... ... *bladder*
Bloan ... ...*blown*
Bo ... ...*ball*
Boadle ... ...*half-a-farthing*
Boggart ... ... *a ghost*
Boked, Bok't ... ... *pointed*
Booth Hollins, *a place near Littleborough*
Bote...*bit, ate, "aw nevvur bote ov O day"*
Botham ... ... *bottom*

Bother ... ... *to tease or annoy*
Bowd ... ... *bold*
Bowl't ... ... *bowled*
Bowted... ... *bolted, went away*
Bowton ... ... *Bolton*
Boylin ... ... *boiling, and used to denote quantity, "th' wholle boylin on 'um"*
Brade ... ... *bread*
Bran new ... ... *quite new*
Brass ... ... *money*
Brast ... ... *burst*
Braut... ... ...*brought*
Brazil ...*the name of a hard wood, and used to denote want of feeling, "E wer as hard as Brazil"*
Breawn-titus ... ... *bronchitis*
Breete ... ... *bright*
Breyke... ... ... *break*
Breykin ... ...*breaking*
Brids ... ... *birds*
Britchill ... *brittle, liable to break*
Brode ... ... *broad*
Brosten ... *burst, fat, overgrown*
Brun ... ... *burn*
Brunning... ... . *burning*
Brunt ... ... *burnt*
Buckthwang ... *a punishment administered by boys taking a culprit by the hands and feet, and swinging him with a bump against a wall*
Bugth ... ... *size*
Buljoans ... *the young of the frog*
Bullocking ... ... *bullying*
Bun ... ... *bound*
Buttert ... *"aw'l be buttert," a common method of expressing astonishment*
Bwone ... ... *bone*
Bwoth... ... ... *both*

C

Canopin ... ... *canopy*
Capt ... ... *astonished*
'Cayshun... ... ... *occasion*
Chap ... *a man, "E wer o quare chap"*
Cheers... ... ... *chairs*
Chens ... ... *chains*
Chep ... ... *cheap*
Cheppist... ... ... *cheapest*
Cheppur ... ...*cheaper*
Chetted ... ... *cheated*
Chezwhat ... ... *whatever*
Childer ... ... *children*
Chimbley ... ... *chimney*
Choance ... ... *chance*
Chompt ... ... *chewed*
Choynge ... . *change*
Chylt ... ... *child*
Clapt ... ... *placed*
Clem ... ... *famish*
Clemming ... ... *starving*
Clen ... ... *clean*
Clewkin ... ... *strong twine*
Clewus... ... ...*clothes*
Clivverer... ... ... *cleverer*
Cobs ... ... *large coals*
Coed ... ... *called*
Cok't op...*a person given to drinking is said "to cock up his little finger too much"*
Con ... ... *can*
Connut ... ... *cannot*
Coome, Koome ... ... *came*
Cowd ... ... *cold*
Cratura ... ... *creatures*
Creawd... ... .*crowd*
Crem... ... ... *cream*
Crom ... ... *cram*
Crom'd ... ... *squoze*
Crope ... ... *crept*
Crump ... ... *cramp*
Cuddent... ... ... *could not*
Culert, Culurt ... ... *coloured*
Cuvert ... ... *covered*

D

Dakuns ... ... *deacons*
Dar ... ... *dare, dear, dearer*
Dasunt, Daysunt ... ... *decent*
Dayleete ... ... *daylight*
Deawk'd, Deawk't ... *lowered, stooped*
Deawn ... ... *down*
Deawnkest ... ... *downcast*
Deawnreete ... ... *downright*
Deawts ... ... *doubts*
Dee ... ... *die*
Deede ... ... *died*
Deetud ... ... *wet, dirtied*
Deyd, Dyed ... ... *dead*

Deyfen ... ... *deafen*
Deyle, Dyel ... ... *deal*
Deyth, Dyeth ... ... *death*
Didelt ... ... *cheated*
Din ... ... *noise*
Disaktly ... ... *exactly*
Dissaving ... ... *deceiving*
Dithering... *shivering, trembling*
Doancin ... ... *dancing*
Doe ... *to be healthful, of a person in delicate health it is said, "he doe's ill"*
Don ... ... *to dress*
Doughy...*wet, of a rainy day it is said, "its very weete un doughy"*
Dreawn't... ... ...*drowned*
Dree ... ... *slow, tedious*
Droit ... *a draught, "aw geete a droit o churnmilk"*
Droy ... ... *dry, thirsty*
Dun ... *do, done, finished, cheated*
Dunnut ... ... *do not*
Dur ... ... *door*
Dus... ... ... *does*
Dusent ... ... *does not*
Dymun ... ... *diamond*

E

E ... ... *he, if, in*
Eawt...*out*, an eawt, *a journey of pleasure*
Eawtsoide ... ... *outside*
Eawtlandish ... ... *outlandish*
Eddycrop ... ... *a spider*
Een ... ... *eyes*
Elder, Eldur ... ... *rather*
Elp ... ... *help*
Elpin ... ... *assisting*
Enew ... ... *enough*
Eych ... ... *each*

F

Fain, Fane ... ... *glad, pleased*
Fangle... ... ... *conceit, whim*
Fare... ... ... *right, proper*
Farrantly ... ... *tidy, buxom*
Fause ... ... *cunning*
Faut ... ... *fault*
Favvern... ... . *resemble*
Fayberries... ... ...*gooseberries*
Faythe r ... ... *father*
Fazus ... ... *faces*
Feawest ... ...*most ugly*
Feelt ... ... *field*
Feffnecute ... ... *a hypocrite*
Feight ... ... *fight*
Feightin ... ... *fighting*
Felley ... ... *man, chap*
Fend... ... ... *to provide*
Festen ... ...*fasten*
Festen't ... ... *fastened*
Fete ... ... *feet*
Feyrd ... ... *afraid*
Fithers... ... . *feathers*
Flayed, Flay'd... ... *frightened*
Fleawr ... ... *flower, flour*
Flitted... ... ... *removed*
Flunter... *confusion, agitated, "E wer in o terribul flunter"*
Flytud ... ... *scolded*
Fo ... ...*fall*
Fo eawt ... ... *to quarrel*
Foen ... ... *fallen*
Foin ... ... *falling*
Foke ... ... *folk*
Follerin ... ... *following*
Foo ... ... *fool*
Forrud ... ... *forward*
Fot ... ... *fetch*
Fowt ... ... *a fold or inclosure*
Foyert... ... ... *fired*
Fraust ... ... *frost*
Freetent ... ... *frightened*
Fro ... ... *from*
Frog e th' hole... *a name given to a steak pudding*
Fuddlin ... ... *tippling*
Fund ... ... *found*
Fur, Furr ... *for, far, farther*
Furgeete ... ... *forgot*
Furrist ... ... *farthest*
Futterin ... *shiftless, futtering*

G

Gaffer ... *a common designation for a foreman over labourers*
Galluses ... *braces for trousers*
Gan ... *gave*, "gan o'er," *ceased*
Gate ... *to begin, "he gated ov his wark"*
Gatud... ... ... *commenced*
Gaum ... ... *understand*
Gausterin ... ... *boasting*

Gaw ... "Gaw yon yo," *out upon you"*
Gawby ... ... *a simpleton*
Gawkey ... ... *do.*
Gawm ... ... *understand*
Geawn ... ... *gown*
Geet, Geete ... ... *got*
Gethert ... ... *gathered*
Getten... ... ... *got*
Ginney ... ... *guinea*
Glendurt ... ... *looked earnestly*
Glooart ... ... *stared*
Gloppent... ... ... *astonished*
Gonner... ... ... *gander*
Gonneryed ... *a stupid fellow*
Goo ... ... *go*
Gooin... ... ... *going*
Gowd ... ... *gold*
Gradely ... *properly, well, decent*
Grase ... ... *grass*
Grew... ... ... *grow*
Grewin... ... ... *growing*
Grewn ... ... *grown*
Greyt, Greyte ... ... *great*
Grund ... ... *ground*
Gwon ... ... *go, gone*
Gwos... ... ... *goes*

H

Ha' ... ... *have*
Haddent ... ... *had not*
Hallida, Halloday ... *holiday, holyday*
Han ... ... *have*
Hannot, Hannut ... *have not*
Hasn't, Hassent ... ... *has not*
Haufe, hauve ... ... *half*
Haupenny ... ... *halfpenny*
Hause... ... ... *offer*
Hausin ... ... *offering*
Heaw ... ... *how*
Heawr ... ... *hour*
Heaw'r... ... ... *how are*
Heawse ... ... *house*
Heawse'uld... ... ... *household*
Heawsumevvur ... ... *however*
Heegh ... ... *high*
Heegher... ... ... *higher*
Hektorin ... ... *domineering*
Hetten ... ... *eaten*
Heyte ... ... *eat*
Heytin ... ... *eating*
Heyve ... ... *heave*
Himpidunse ... ... *impudence*
Hindayvur ... ... *endeavour*
Hinseete .. .. *insight*
Hissel ... ... *himself*
Hoff ... ... *off*
Hommer ... ... *hammer*
Hond... ... ... *hand*
Honding ... ... *handing*
Hondle ... ... *handle*
Hondlin... ... ... *handling*
Honds... ... ... *hands*
Hoo... ... ... *who, she*
Hoo'd ... ... *she would*
Howd ... ... *hold*
Howrow ... ... *an uproar*
Hud... ... ... *hid*

I

Injun ... ... *engine*
Inkle-wheyvurs ... *weavers of coarse tape, great friends are said to be "as thick as inkle-wheyvurs"*
Inseete ... ... *insight*
Insense ... *to impart knowledge*
Irn ... ... *iron*
Ith ... ... *if the, in the*

J

Jacksharp... ... ... *a small fish*
Jaw ... ... *jeer*
Jawin ... ... *bantering*
Jonus ... ... *jaundice*
Jow'd... ... .. *knocked against*

K

Kale ... ... *turn, "maw kale"*
Karlis ... ... *careless*
Keawer... ... ... *cower*
Keawert ... ... *sat down*
Keawnter ... ... *counter*
'Keawnt... ... ... *account*
Keawnty ... ... *county*
Keaws ... ... *cows*
Kersunt ... ... *christened*
Kersmus ... ... *Christmas*
Kest ... ... *cast*
Kestin ... ... *casting*
Kewreus ... ... *curious*
Keyved ... *every end up, upset*

Kilt... ... ... *killed*
Kitlin ... ... *kitten*
Kneyve ... ... *fist*
Knoed... ... ... *knew*
Knone ... ... *known*
Ko, Co ... ... *call*
Koed... ... ... *called*
Koin ... ... *calling*
Kolpit ... ... *coalpit*
Kom, Com ... ... *come*
Koome, Coome ... ... *came*
Kosey ... ... *causeway*
Kowd... ... ... *cold*
Kraturs... ... ... *creatures*
Kreawn ... ... *crown*
Krindle... ... ... *kernel*

L

Labber ... ... *labour*
Laft ... ... *left*
Lafft ... ... *laughed*
Langer ... ... *longer*
Langsettle... ... *a couch chair*
Lap... ... ... *wrap*
Lat ... ... *late*
Lau... ... ... *law*
Layruck ... ... *a lark*
Leaw ... ... *allow*
Leawd ... ... *loud*
Lee ... ... *laid*
Leefe ... ... *rather*
Leet, Leete... *light, let, met with, "us daysunt o mon us evvur aw leete wi"*
Leeten ... ... *happen*
Leetenin ... ... *lightning*
Leetes..*happens, "heaw leetes it?"*
Leets .. .. *the lungs*
'Lekshun... ... ... *election*
Lektring ... ... *lecturing*
Lennock, Lennok ... *soft, pliable*
Lep ... ... *leap*
Lethert ... ... *beat, conquered*
Lev ... ... *leave*
Levent ... ... *eleventh*
Levs, Leyves ... *leaves of a book*
Levvin ... ... *leaving*
Leyding ... ... *leading*
Leyse ... ... *lease*
Liefer ... *rather, "aw'd liefer goo wi' thee"*
Likker ... ... *more likely, rather*
Link ... ... *to walk arm in arm*
Lippen ... ... *expect, guess*
Lither ... ... *idle*
Livven ... ... *live*
Loft ... ... *gallery*
Londin ... ... *landing*
Lone ... ... *lane*
Lonlort ... ... *landlord*
Loyse ... ... *to lose*
Lung ... ... *long*

M

Mack, Mak ... ... *sort, breed*
Maen... *make, "maen him do it"*
Maister ... ... *master*
Mak ... ... *make, kind*
Mant ... ... *meant*
Marluk ... ... *trick, spree*
Marro ... *resemble, "marro too't"*
Massakur ... ... *Macassar*
Maunderin ... *dreaming, moping, dwelling upon*
Maw... ... ... *my*
May ... ... *make*
Meawse ... ... *mouse*
Meawth... ... ... *mouth*
Messert ... ... *measured*
Met ... ... *might, to meet*
Meterly ... ... *moderately*
Mettent ... ... *might not*
Meyle ... ... *meal*
Meyne ... ... *mean*
Meyte... ... ... *meat*
Mich ... ... *much*
Mickel, Mikel ... ... *size*
Mischoance ... *mischance, disaster*
Mistaen ... ... *mistaken*
Mistris ... ... *wife*
Missel, Mesel ... ... *myself*
Mizzelt... *vanished, slipped away*
Mollicrusht ... *beaten, made an end of*
Mon ... ... *man*
Monny ... ... *many*
'Mortulize ... ... *immortalize*
Mowdewarp ... ... *a mole*
Mowfins ... ... *muffins, cakes*
Moydert ... ... *puzzled, confused*
Moyst ... ... *most*
Mun... ... ... *must*
Munnot, Munnut ... *must not*
Mut... ... ... *might, must*

N

Natchil ... *to "cry natchil" is when the town crier informs the public that a man will not be responsible for his wife's debts*
Natterubble ... ... *natural*
Nattle ... *cross, short tempered*
Naturt .. .. *natured*
Naut ... ... *nothing, worthless*
Naw ... ... *no*
Neaw ... ... *now*
Neese, Knese ... ... *knees*
Neests ... ... *nests*
Neet, Neete ... ... *night*
Neffey ... ... *nephew*
Nesh ... ... *tender, cold*
Nesht ... ... *next*
Neyve... ... ... *the fist*
Ninnyhommer ... *a simpleton*
Noane... ... ... *none*
Noather ... ... *neither*
Nobbut ... ... *only*
Nobrey ... ... *nobody*
No keawnt ... ... *no account*
Nominy ... *a speech or recitation*
'Notamies ... *anatomies, skeletons*
Nowman, Nowmun... *a stupid person*

O

O ... ... *a, an, all, of*
Oathur ... ... *either*
Obeawt... *about, concerning, near*
Oboon, Oboone...*above, more than*
Obut ... ... *all but, only, except*
Oertay ... ... *overtaken*
Oeronent ... ... *opposite, facing*
Ofeyrd ... ... *afraid*
Ofore ... ... *before*
Ogate ... *going on, commenced*
Ogen ... ... *again*
Okshun ... ... *auction*
Okwording... ... ... *according*
Olis... ... ... *always*
Om ... ... *I am*
Onsur ... ... *answer*
Ophowd ... ... *uphold*
Oppo... ... ... *upon*
Oppokeawnt ... *in consequence*
Oppent ... ... *opened*
Opreete ... ... *upright*
Opurpus ... ... *on purpose*
Oreddy... ... ... *already*
Orgin... ... ... *organ*
Osoide ... ... *aside*
Osted ... ... *instead*
O to be coed ... *spoken against*
Owd ... ... *old*
Owder ... ... *older*
Owd lad ... ... *the Devil*
Owdham ... ... *Oldham*
Owhomme ... ... *at home*

P

Pappurs ... ... *papers*
Parish't ... ... *starved*
Past O biding ... *not to be borne with, insufferable*
Peawnd .. .. *pound*
Peckish... ... *feeling hungry*
Pese ... ... *piece*
Peesus ... ... *pieces*
Petishunt ... ... *petitioned*
Petcht ... ... *patched*
Peys ... ... *pease*
Pikters ... ... *pictures*
Pilpit... ... ... *pulpit*
Playsters ... ... *plasters*
Ples, Plez ... ... *please*
Plest ... ... *pleased*
Poand... ... ... *pond*
Pon... ... ... *pan*
Poo ... ... *pull*
Poo'd ... ... *pulled*
Pooin... ... ... *pulling*
Popt ... ... *pawned*
Pottert ... ... *perplexed*
Pown ... ... *beaten*
Powsedurt ... ... *vagabond*
Pratty ... ... *pretty*
Preawd ... ... *proud*
Pummil ... ... *to thrash*
Punse ... ... *to kick*
Puns'd ... ... *kicked*
Pyke ... ... *to pick, select*

Q

Q ... ... *Kew*
Qualuty ... ... *the upper classes*
Quare ... ... *singular, curious*
Quorting ... ... *courting*
Quot, Quotte ... ... *coat*

R

Rakkit... ... ... *noise, uproar*
Rang... ... ... *wrong*
Rapscallion ... ... *base fellow*
Ratten ... ... *a rat*
Raunged ... ... *stormed*
Raylee ... ... *really*
Raythe ... ... *rather*
Reawnd ... ... *round*
Reawm... ... ... *room*
Reech ... ... *smoke*
Reet, Reete... ... ... *right*
Reych ... ... *reach*
Rezzun... ... ... *reason*
Rivven ... ... *torn*
Roider eawt... ... *a commercial traveller*
Rooze... ... ... *praise*
Rops ... ... *the small entrails*

S

Sa, Say ... ... *sea*
Saime loike ... ... *similar*
Sanner, Suner ... ... *sooner*
Sartin ... ... *certain*
Sarvis ... . *service*
Sattler ... ... *a settler, finisher*
Saup ... ... *sup*
Saut ... ... *salt*
Sayrious ... ... *serious*
Schuzheaw ... *however, anyhow*
Scopperil ... *a small spinning top for boys to set up between the middle finger and thumb*
Scrat ... *scratch*, "owd scrat," *a vulgar name for the Devil*
'Scuse... ... ... *excuse*
Scutter ... ... *hurry*
Seawk... ... ... *suck*
Seawnd ... ... *sound*
Seawth ... ... *south*
Seech ... ... *seek*
Seeching ... ... *seeking*
Seed, Seede, Seedn ... ... *saw*
Seete... ... ... *sight*
Seet hoff ... ... *set off*
Sen ... ... *say*
Setterde... ... ... *Saturday*
Seuri, Sury ... ... *sorry*
Shan ... ... *shall*
Shap ... *shape, used sometimes to urge a workman*, "*come shap will te*"
Sheawtin ... ... *shouting*
Sheds..*surprises*, "*it fair sheds O*"
Shet ... ... *seat*
Shift ... ... *to remove*
Shilders ... ... *shoulders*
Sho... ... ... *show*
Shol ... ... *shall*
Shooling... ... ... *shoveling*
Shoone, Shune ... ... *shoes*
Shudn ... ... *should*
Sich ... ... *such*
Sin ... ... *seen, see, since*
Singlet ... ... *waistcoat*
Skeawndril ... ... *rascal*
Skeyme ... ... *scheme*
Skift ... ... *to remove*
Skitterwit..*a foolish hair-brained fellow*
Skog ... ... *debate*
Skoo ... ... *school*
Skroike ... ... *scream*
Skroike o day... ... *break of day*
Skwoffil... ... ... *Schofield*
Slattert .. .. *spilled*
Slek... ... ... *small coal*
Slutch... ... ... *mud*
Smo... ... ... *small*
Smoote ... ... *smooth*
Sneawt ... ... *snout*
Sneeze... ... ... *to sneeze, snuff*
Snod... ... ... *smooth*
Sodierin ... ... *soldiering*
Sowd ... ... *sold*
Spakt ... ... *settled down to*
Speykin ... ... *speaking*
Speyle ... ... *spell*
Spir ... ... *inquire*
Spirrin ... ... *inquiring*
Splutter ... ... *hurry*
Spon-new ... *brand new, never before worn*
Stark... ... ... *stiff*
Startud... ... ... *commenced*
Stayert, Stayr't ... ... *gazed*
Steele ... ... *a stile*
Steyle... ... . *stealing*
Steyls ... ... *steals*
Steyls... ... ... *broom handles*
Steym, Styem ... ... *steam*
Stok ... *quantity*, "sum stok," *a large number or quantity*
Ston... ... ... *stand*

Stonnin ... ... *standing*
Stown ... ... *stolen*
Streyt ... . *straight*
Strucken, Strukken ... *struck*
Stuckle ... ... *stiff*
Stunner ... *a designation given to a remarkable person or thing*
Sum ... ... *some*
Sumbrey ... ... *somebody*
Summut ... ... *something*
Swap ... ... *to exchange, barter*
Swat ... ... *sweat*

T

Taen ... ... *taken*
Tak ... ... *take*
Taukin ... ... *talking*
Taukt ... ... *talked*
Tay ... ... *take, tea*
Te ... ... *thou, thy*
Teaw ... ... *thou*
Teawers ... ... *towers*
Teawing ... ... *toiling*
Tee ... ... *tie*
Teed, Teede ... ... *tied*
Teein ... ... *tying*
Tentin ... ... *taking care of*
Teych ... ... *teach*
Thame ... ... *them*
Thamp ... ... *soft*
Tharcake ... *cake made of meal and treacle*
Thauts ... ... *thoughts*
Thaw ... ... *thy*
Theaumb ... ... *thumb*
Theaw ... ... *thou*
Theaw'd ... ... *thou would*
Theaw'l ... ... *thou will*
Theaw'rt ... ... *thou art*
Theawsun ... ... *thousand*
Ther ... ... *their*
Ther'n, They'rn ... *there was or were*
Thersells ... ... *themselves*
They'dn ... ... *they would*
Thi ... ... *thy*
Thick, Thik ... ... *friendly*
Thinken ... ... *think*
Thrang ... ... *throng*
Threp ... ... *threap, dispute*
Throttle ... *the throat, to throttle, to squeeze the windpipe*
Thrut, Thrutch ... ... *thrust*
Thrutchin ... ... *thrusting*
Thwack ... *a blow, "thwack ogen his yed"*
Tikkelt ... ... *amused*
Tomnoddy ... ... *a simpleton*
T'one ... ... *the one*
Toothwarch ... ... *toothache*
Toppelt ... *fell, "E toppelt oer"*
Tostikatin ... ... *intoxicating*
Towd ... ... *told*
Trate ... ... *treat*
Treyde ... ... *tread*
Trollybobs ... ... *tripe*
Trundle ... ... *trindle*
Trundling ... ... *wheeling*
Tryste ... ... *trust*
Tuth ... ... *to the*
Turmit ... ... *a turnip*
Turnstele ... ... *a turnstile*
Tuther ... ... *the other*
Tuthre ... ... *two or three*
Twelmun ... ... *twelvemonth*
Twoad ... ... *a toad*
Tyert ... ... *tired*
Tyke ... *an odd person, "O bonny tyke E wer"*

U

Ud ... ... *had, would*
Ul ... ... *will*
Um ... ... *them*
Un ... ... *and*
Unbethaut ... ... *recollected*
Unbethink ... ... *to recollect*
Underneythe ... ... *underneath*
Unyeesy ... ... *uneasy*
Uphowd ... ... *uphold*
Ure ... ... *hair*
Ursels ... ... *ourselves*
Us ... *as, that, which, ourselves*
Uth ... ... *of the, at the*
Uts ... ... *that is*
Uv ... ... *on, upon*
Uzsels ... ... *ourselves*

V

Veyle ... ... *veal*
Vallerashun, Vallerayshun ... *valuation*
Vaste seete ... ... *a great deal*

W

Waistril... *an unprincipled fellow*
Wake... ... ... *weak*
Wakken... ... ... *weaken*
Wakkenbeggar.. *a particular sort of snuff*
Warch ... *to ache*, "yed warch," *headache*
Ware ... ... *to spend*
Wark ... ... *work*
Warst ... ... *worst*
Warty ... ... *week day*
Wat .. .. *what*
Watchfo ... ... *watchful*
Wat's ... ... *who has*
Waukin ... ... *walking*
Wauk't ... ... *walked*
Waut ... ... *to upset*
Waw... ... ... *why*
Waytur ... ... *water*
We ... ... *with*
Weete ... ... *wet*
Weetin ... ... *wetting*
Wele ... ... *well*
Welley ... ... *almost*
Wench ... ... *a young woman*
Wer ... ... *was, were*
We'rn ... *we were*, "*we'rn beawn to goo*"
Wesh ... ... *wash*
Weyvurs, Wheyvurs ... *weavers*
Whawl, Whol ... ... *while*
Wholle ... ... *the whole*
Whomme ... ... *home*
Whoo'd ... ... *she would*
Whotte... ... ... *hot*
Wi' ... ... *with*
Wick ... ... *alive*
Wimmen, Wimmun ... *women*
Win ... ... *will*
Winders ... . *windows*
Winnot, Winnut ... ... *will not*
Wisselt... ... ... *whistled*
Witcher'd ... ... *wet shod*
Wole ... ... *wall*
Worch ... ... *work*
Worchin ... ... *working*
Worr, Wurr ... ... *worse*
Wrang ... ... *wrong*
Wul... ... ... *wool*
Wuther ... ... *hurry*
Wynt ... ... *wind*

Y

Yawpin... *vulgar, noisy*, "*E seete up o greyte yawpin laff*"
Yeasiest ... ... *easiest*
Yeawl ... ... *a howl*
Yed ... ... *head*
Yer... ... ... *hear*
Yerd ... ... *heard*
Yern.. *hear*, "*yo yern, dunnot yo*"
Yernist ... ... *earnest*
Yerrin... ... ... *herring*
Yerring ... ... *hearing*
Yerth ... ... *earth*
Yessy ... ... *easy*
Yeywud ... ... *Heywood*
Yigh ... ... *yes*
Yo ... ... *you*
Yo'dn ... ... *you would*
Yo'l ... ... *you will*
Yollo ... ... *yellow*
Yo'ne... ... ... *you have*
Yor ... ... *your*
Yure ... ... *hair*

CONTRIBUTIONS TO

"The Spectator: a Rochdale Miscellany"

1844-5.

THE YEOMANRY PAPERS.

THE following Articles appeared originally in the columns of a small monthly periodical, entitled *The Spectator; a Rochdale Miscellany*, and where they obtained an extensive publicity in this and the neighbouring Towns. Their republication in the present form has arisen from the earlier numbers being out of print, and the frequent expression of a desire by later subscribers to peruse the whole of the "Yeomanry Papers" in one unbroken series.

The Rochdale Troop was raised in the Spring of the present year, chiefly by the laborious and indefatigable exertions of one particular party. Whether these individuals would have made equal personal and pecuniary sacrifices to promote the furtherance of any measures for the real benefit of their Fellow-townsmen and the Public, is a question open to general discussion; and however indisposed to assert that they would not, *The Spectator* can by no means express his belief that they *would*. The formation of such a Corps in Rochdale is a foul and calumnious imputation on the loyalty of its inhabitants, and an outrageous insult to their good sense and love of order. The plea of *necessity* is not valid in a period of peace; the Public Good is not to be ensured by standing armies of soldiery; and private interests are equally incompatible with the devotion of their time to the follies of a mock-soldier's life. But the parties with whom this nuisance has originated have no superfluous sympathies to waste on others; and as for the *national good*, they are the very last to entertain a sentiment of such lofty and disinterested patriotism. Their grovelling thoughts never rise above the considerations of individual gain or personal aggrandisement; — their souls have no higher aims for their ambition, and no dearer gratifications for their reward. Did they possess one spark of manly pride or true nobility of character, they would pursue more creditable means to procure an introduction to the coveted ranks of titled society, than by *pressing* their young townsmen as Volunteers in a service whose honors and emoluments are only to the privileged few, while to themselves reverts the miserable prospect of ruin, poverty, degradation, or an early death.

But with what feelings does the great body of the people regard these various military preparations? Are they insensible to all but parade and empty show? Do they look on in quiet unconcern, or do

they feel that this is but another exercise of tyrannical power to crush the proper liberty of the subject? If these swords are ever to be *fleshed*, a shudder creeps over the poor artizan, that *he* perhaps, may be one of the victims! It is too well remembered by the inhabitants of this Parish, although a quarter of a century has elapsed, what cruelties and excesses an infuriated Corps of Tory Yeomanry committed in a neighbouring Town; and the Rochdale Volunteers, with one exception, are all of the *same political party*, and own as few redeeming qualities for kindness and good feeling as their predecessors.

THE ROCHDALE YEOMANRY.

"I'll not march through Coventry with 'em, that's flat."
Falstaff's Report of his Regiment.

THE redundant Loyalty of our good old Town has recently obtruded itself on public attention in the extraordinary shape of a Volunteer corps of Yeomanry, to be designated by the honorable title of—"*Albert's Own.*" The localities where it would seem to have been specially exuberant, are the counter and the shopboard; and although such places are commonly considered adverse to the formation, and ungenial to the development of military tastes and dispositions, we must confess they have exhibited the most astounding results in Rochdale. The bare idea was comic enough, but the solemn reality of such warriors has flushed our Borough with an unusual degree of merriment; and more especially as they are expected to make their *debut* on the stage of Martial Life at a grand Field-day to be held on the ensuing *first of April.* We may add that the Uniform of these heroes will be unique, to comport with their character; and as Rochdale may better afford to spare better men, precautions will be taken before their entry upon *actual service*, to line the back of their vests with *stout sheet iron.*

The following Heroic Address has been specially prepared for the approaching demonstration by THE SPECTATOR, who submits it with the profoundest respect to the service and approval of the Gallant Captain:—

"My Brave Companions in Arms! I rejoice to meet "you on this auspicious day. My heart throbs with the "liveliest emotions of delight, as I behold this magnificent

"array of the Chivalry of Rochdale. The plains of Gravel "Hole bore witness to your Fathers' valour; and I rejoice "to recognize amongst your gallant numbers here to-day, "the Conquerers of the Oldham Ruffheads at the memor- "able passage of Buersil Bridge.

(*Wait here for the applause.*)

"Saplings of the British Oak! The eyes of English- "men are upon you. To you a bleeding country turns in "the hour of its perplexity and peril. Nor shall it turn in "vain. I see your Fathers' Sons before me. Your souls "are big with thoughts of noble deeds. A hero's spirit "animates every bosom; and on me devolves the honor "of shewing you the fields where laurels may be won.

(*Wait again for the applause.*)

"Volunteers of Rochdale! Acquit yourselves like men; "but remember that ours are valuable lives, and these are "services our Queen and country can ill afford to lose. "Let your watchword be—'*Semper Paratus.*' Be valiant, "where you may with safety; — but where an enemy "appears and danger threatens, remember! '*The better* "*part of valour is* DISCRETION.'"

(*Several rounds of Kentish fire.*)

After exercising for some time in the decapitation of Cabbage Heads, the Yeomanry will next proceed to dinner at the "Pig and Whistle," the Trumpeter on a high-trotting horse, playing the tune of—"See! the conquering heroes come!"

A DAY IN THE *CIRCUS* RIDING SCHOOL.

THE first morning after a raw recruit has joined the corps, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downwards, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal upon which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been hammered into this

posture,—and much knocking and hammering has been spent in vain, to all present appearances, on the Rochdale Yeomanry,—the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately; the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the sucking Wellington speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half-a-yard of skin from his leg, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, Sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, Sir; these things will happen in the best regulated riding-academy; and in the army, Sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, Sir, don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nonsense, I hope not, Sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out at intervals—"Well-done, Sir! Head a little higher—toes in, Sir,—heels out—bend the small of your back a little more—that will do, Sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's Statue at Charing Cross. Bravo, Sir, rode capitally. We will now try a gentle trot. Recollect, Sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—*trot.*"

"Well done, indeed, Sir,—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, Sir,—no no, Sir, that's higher, I say,—you look for all the world like a *tailor* on his shop-board. What are your elbows doing up there, Sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, Sir—*faster, faster.*"

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Sergeant, halt; I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear! oh dear!"

"Bravo, Sir; that's better,—*faster*!"

"Sergeant! I am sick, Sergeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, Sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Go on, Sir,—*march, trot, faster, faster*! very well indeed, Sir. You'll make a first-rate soldier, and soon like the taste of gunpowder as well as your mother's cheese cakes. There's nothing like keeping a good face towards the enemy, and old nick himself cannot look at you without winking."———

[Keeping a good face towards the enemy.]

"Now, Sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (*if any*) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. *Faster—a little faster — halt.* ——— There, Sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket for the gemman. You had better dismount, Sir."

"Dismount, Sergeant? How am I to get off this great beast?"

"Why, jump, Sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, Sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, Sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay hold of his mane," cries a young fellow, who has just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off!" The novice in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his *first day's drill.*

SUPPLEMENTARY REGULATIONS TO THE ARTICLES OF WAR,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUCKING WELLINGTONS OF THE ROCHDALE YEOMANRY.

HORSE GUARDS,
April 1, 1844.

I.

Always mount your horse on the *right* side, and if your stature be small, and your tit mettlesome, a grasp at the tail may perhaps afford you some assistance.

II.

If your horse should be in the Butter Trade, and somewhat stiff in his pins, use the article freely, as the best application to his spavins.

III.

Crop your horse's ears before you mount, and you will not endanger them in drawing your sword, nor excite the ridicule of the *Spectator* by your awkwardness.

IV.

As the moustache is very fashionable, and adds greatly to the effect and fierceness of Military appearance, as well as often supplies the total want of true courage, have a large pot of Bear's Grease, rubbed on your upper lip every night; or in case of emergency, apply at once to your Mother's long brush.

V.

You can have no doubts of your own courage, so make up by outward bravado, and swagger, and large swelling words; bully when you can, but where you dare not, quit the company of such snobs, as likely to corrupt your morals, and impair the respectability of the troop.

VI.

Always shut your eyes in pulling the trigger of your carbine, to prevent the natural delicacy of your feelings being hurt by the terrible havoc and destruction that may probably ensue.

VII.

If, in so doing, you happen to shoot your own horse through the head, that must be considered as one of the chances, or rather mischances of war; and since the horse will most likely be a borrowed one, the loss is not yours, being entered with the Surveyor of Assessed Taxes, "*on Her Majesty's service.*"

VIII.

Should you chance to be mortally wounded in the siege of some Public House or Dram Shop, remember (if you be not too much elated with glory or beer) to fall gracefully from the saddle, and bequeath your family and kindred as your dying legacy to a grateful country.

BY ORDER,

GENERAL TAKKEMOFF,

Secretary at War.

LEAF

SUPPOSED TO HAVE DROPPED FROM THE POCKET OF ONE OF THE GALLANT BAND OF THE ROCHDALE YEOMANRY.

APRIL 1st. 'Greed fur to be o Sodier un jeynt Rachdaw Volunteers.

2. Play'd ut Sodiers fur fust toime sin aw laft skoo—coom whoam wi o swort, un showd it mi muther—hoo sed it wur meety sharp un oi mut tak care o mysel.

3. Geet up ut too o'clok to look ut mi swort un then geet hinto bed ogen bud cuddent sleep fur thinkin o bein o Sodier—geet up ogen un lookt ut mi swort—scrat mi yed un geet mi breykfust—fot o lodd o koals un then went o prading. Swort exorcoise hard wark—deawn on it—flayed ewt o mi wits wi neerly choppin o mon's yed off—went whoam wi panes i'th' elbose un neese.

4. Slept loike o top wi sodiering th' day ofore, dremt obewt my swort un play'd weet owhoil ofore aw geet op—donn'd mi ut six fur't goo to th' colpit, un went o prading eth' afthurneun — manisht reythur bettur un chopp't o turmit ei too ut one blow—koed us o went whoam un leet my Aint Betty look ut mi swort, un ordert o pare o Sodier's butes wi Will o Jims—ill toirt un went to bed soun.

5. Geet up ut fore — cuddent sleep wi thinkin o mi nue Sodier's butes—bucklet mi swort on fur to see heaw oi lookt—koed to see wen mi butes ud be reddy—no prading to day—seed o *Spectator*—wunder hoo towd him obewt that chap foin off, un tit turnin stupit.

8. Geet messert fur Sodier's clowes un wor sworn hin wi th' Justises — bought o hawporth o trakle toffey us o went whoam, un koed o seein iv mi Sodier's butes wur dun.

9. Geet up soun to try mi nue butes un spurrs on—went o larnin to roide un nobbut fell off wonse—braut mi nue jacket whoam, un leet mi Unkle Jim look at hit—stop't op layte wi mi red qwote on.

10. Drem't us wer'n horder't hoff to Chiney—plest wen aw wakkent un fund mysel o whoam — put mi Sodier's clowes on un went o pradin o horsbak—gallup't fur o whol hewer rewnd Serkus bewt saddle—hard wark larnin to be o horse sodier—punsed o lad us aw went whoam fur boking his finger at me, un nosing me wi po'try—he koed ewt

> Mi fethur mi muthur un mee,
> Un three moore lusti men,
> Wi beet too little ladds bi gum,
> But ti dursent come at us ogen.

Aul teych him fur mayin o foo ov o Sodier—koed un leet mi Unkle Jim look at mi stryp'd breechus—stopt up in um til twelv o'clok.

11. Geet up us stiff us o crokodile—cuddent prade fur bein sore, but waukt obewt wi mi Sodier's clowes on—boute o penni segar un smookt hauve on't.

12. Drem't ut mi yed wur cut off wi goin to battel, un wakkent o in o swat—saddlet my hors un went with regimente to foren parts, rewnd by Yeywud un Baymfurth un theere—praded ith' Butts wi drawn sworts—o chap axt me wot od stik im too pigs for wi mi swort, wat o foo fur axing tat questin—went whoam smookin o penni segar.

13. Went to th' churche wi mi Sodier's butes on—seed some lads lookin at um—preytcher lookt ut mee wen he pray'd ut Queene "met vanquishe un hoverkom hall hur henemes."

14. No prading—larnt to sing o Sodiers' sung koed "Rest, warryor rest"—axt mi muthur wot aw mut doo iv wi wern ordert hinto foren parts—hoo sed hoo shuddent loik mi to goo fur nur Howdum.

THE ROCHDALE YEOMANRY ARMS.

TO THE OFFICERS AND PRIVATES OF

THE ROCHDALE VOLUNTEERS.

GENTLEMEN,

Your Military duties for the present season are now happily brought to a termination; and it gives me sincere pleasure to convey to you my unfeigned congratulations thereon.

Without drawing invidious comparisons with the Troops that other loyal Towns have raised for the service of their Queen and Country, I can feel no hesitation to declare that, in many respects, the Gallant Volunteers of Rochdale stand unrivalled and alone. You have conducted yourselves in a manner that has, more than once, drawn down upon you the distinguished notice of the magistracy of this county; and the peaceful inhabitants of the ancient city of John o' Gaunt will long retain a vivid recollection of the honor of your martial visit.

Soldiers! The common accidents of war have been yours. You have kept watch and ward; — you have marched and countermarched; —you have been in various dangers at home and in foreign parts; and you have won scars upon the seat of honor. May it be your fortune long to wear them and enjoy them!

Gentlemen! Till another year I take an affectionate leave of you. Be not dismayed that the public do not appreciate these services as you might wish; since it will often be the fate of those who happen to be far in advance

of the age in which they live, to meet with the neglect and scorn of an undiscerning multitude. Posterity shall do justice to your numerous merits; and it shall be graven as your epitaph to other times—

He was a Rochdale Volunteer!

I am, Gentlemen,

Your devoted Commander,

MICHAEL.

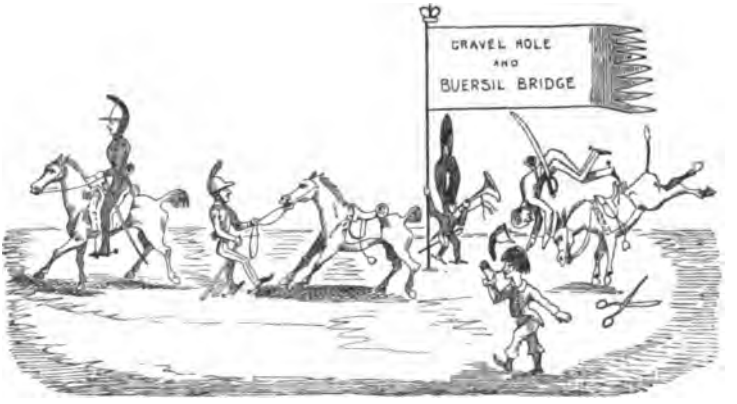
ADDRESS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

ONCE more, ye Quixotes of our Age!
We bid you grace our humble page;
Come on, Immortal Volunteers—
Knights of the Pestle and the Shears!
Your country's pride—the Town's defence—
And when your troop shall hurry hence
At the loud trumpet's startling shout—
Pray—*will your Mothers know yon're out?*

When mounted on your spavin'd steeds,
And "big with thoughts of noble deeds,"—
When marching to the Field whereon
More thumps than honors may be won;—
When you enforce the TORY LAW
FOR HUNGRY MULTITUDES, AND DRAW;
Again shall laughing Milkstone shout,
"Pray—*does your Mother know you're out?*"

But while you draw the shining blade,
Who shall attend the *Jalap* trade?
And when to battle you are gone,
Pray who shall fit our *trousers* on?
And if, alas! you should be slain,
Oh, who shall cart our *coals* again?
What can your Mothers be about—
They surely *do not know you're out?*

Adieu, ye gallant cavaliers!
Adieu, ye pestles, coals, and shears!
Your names a month ago unknown
Scarce half a mile beyond the town,
Shall now descend from age to age,
Emblazoned upon history's page,
And each admiring reader shout
Oh, "did their Mothers know theyr'n out?"



[Going to Parade.]

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CALL.

AIR.—"*Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled.*"

ROCHDALE Yeomen! quit your beds,
Rub your eyes and scratch your heads:
Warriors! wake!—your captain treads
His morning march alone.
Now's the hour and now's the day;
Hark the trumpet's hideous bray
Calls to lofty deeds away,
Arouse ye at the tone.

Heroes, come! forsake your shops,
Your candles, coals, and acid-drops,
And don—instead of Hyam's slops—
The flaming garb of war.
Yardsticks, bodkins, lay aside;
Haste,—your borrowed steeds bestride;
Bravely sport in martial pride
The epaulettes and star.

Glorious troop! immortal fame
Awaits each valiant Nudger's name,
Defying fear, and braving shame
Pull off your caps and shout.
And when some laughing face you see,
Towards you turned in scornful glee,
Let this your warlike answer be—
"*My mother knows I'm out.*"

MEMORANDA

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DROPPED BY ONE OF THE ROCHDALE VOLUNTEERS.

Dec.—Auv just mete neaw bin loukin ut my sodier clowes us hannut bin o no mak o use us lung whoile neaw. Pollisht my spurs un brusht o Edycrop neest hoff my cockade.

Saterday.—Ordert fur to goo to divyne sarvis ut Smobrige church o Sunday, un wer inquoirt fur to be theere soun, us th' folk winnut be freetent we seein so mony sodiers comin hin. O mon towd me us it wur nobbut fur Captin Halbert fur to see us noan on us ud popt ur sodier clowes. Wot o foo—ol pop him.

Sunday.—Went o pradin ith' Buts, besoid th' "brode waytur," ofore gooin to th' church—o deyle o foaks loukt very admyrabul at us — aw seed shap o mi cockade ith' waytur. We'n gettun o band o musick neaw—wen they startud o playin, un aw seed th' sodiers prickin ther eers, thinks aw to mysel, th' Frensh ud catch it iv they'rn heer neaw. A! wot lots o foaks ther wern to wach us un yer th' musick o th' way to th' church. Awm otogethur raungin e my slepe obeawt bein e battel — aw kilt too Frenshmen whoile th' sarvis wur gooin on, un wur just stickin onuthur wen aw wakkent we th' orgin startin o playin. It snowd us we wur gooin to th' teawn ogen, un aw unbethowt me obeawt th' Frensh bein starvt to dyeth e Rushy.

Kept my sodier clowes on o day.

Haypril.—Auv just yerd us ther's beawn fur to be war we Omerika, un us Sur Robert Pele us sent um o challinge fur to feight, it ul be o lung way fur us to goo—saim toime aw no noshun ρ unlistin mysel—bith' mon awl be ard ont ut tis toime.

Haypril fourt.—Yerd ogen obewt tis Omerika war, un gete ut o shop wot te kone o galvanik ring fur me fingur—they sen us it ul kepe th' peawder un pellets fro takkin strung howd.

Haypril ninte.—Bin o pradin oppo orsbak — it stroiks mee us thers beawn fur to be summut fur to doo—thers o deyle o Rachda foke in Omerika—aw shuddent loike fur to shute thame.

Haypril twentithurd.—Bin to-day o larnin fur to foyre my sodier gun—aw olis shut my een wen aw foyrt, fur iv we'rn e battel aw gess ther'd be o greyt rouk o th' henemy fur to shute at, un it mays no mak o difrense wich us kilt furst—saim toime o mon connut tay gradely haim wen ee's freetent.

Twentyfourt.—Sin Captin Halbert, un loike to fone ore o stone we makin o sodier bow at im—awm towd us th' Viker's bin havin onothur doo wi Clemunt—bith' mon thers olis summut fur to doo e Rachda—foke winnut be quoite till sum on um's gettun kilt.

They sen us th' Viker's startud o Tom Livsy too,—iv he con quoiten Tom ee's o gud un, Tom's noan ov o givvin in soart—iv ee wonse gets howd by gingo he'l stik loike o Poor Law Comishuner.

HORRIBLE OFFENCE.—In a case of horsewhipping that recently came before the Rochdale Bench in which Sergeant Major Hall of the Yeomanry was the defendant, the Chairman, an English *O'Driscoll* in his way, inquired "if the complainant had given no cause of offence by making insulting observations on the Rochdale Yeomanry?" As *two* out of the *three* officers of the Corps are *Sons* of this same Magistrate, *The Spectator* respectfully cautions the public *not to laugh* when the Yeomanry are upon duty.

THE YEOMANRY.—When the Yeomanry force were first raised it was held to be unconstitutional to send them abroad on military service, whereupon a wag, who knew how easily their courage would evaporate in the presence of an enemy, proposed that to the clause preventing their leaving the country, should be added these words, "*except in case of an invasion.*"

YEOMANRY CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir James Graham presents his Compliments to the *Spectator*, with a copy of the following Correspondence.

Post Office Coal Hole,
June, 1844.

Lancaster, June 18th, 1844.

DEAR PAPA,

I avail myself of a few moments' cessation of my military duties to inform you of my safe arrival here, and to say that although somewhat fatigued with my journey, I had upon the whole a pleasant ride. I need scarcely say to you that our corps was the object of general admiration as we passed along the road, and I never was more delighted in all my life. There is something about the military life, my dear Papa, that is so exhilarating and truly ennobling, and for which I have acquired such an excessive fondness that I trust, should trade continue to improve, you will think seriously about purchasing a commission for me; indeed I begin to think that I can never again descend to the low drudgery incident to commercial avocations. My mind has, for the past few days, been continually feasting itself with the contemplation of the glorious achievements of the great Alexander, and the heroic deeds of our own immortal Wellington. It just occurs to me that this is the anniversary of the glorious battle of Waterloo. My soul is all on fire to do something for the elevation of my native country, and I should esteem it the highest honor to be instrumental in placing under my feet the neck of but one of the foes of my sovereign. You will doubtless have heard that some of our corps have been somewhat gay since their arrival here, and have indulged in certain pranks which I need not now enumerate; but, be assured, my dear Papa, that I have hitherto kept quite aloof from them, and think I can assert without any deviation from the truth, that I have in all respects deported myself as becometh a British Soldier. I am delighted to say that the Rochdale Corps is considered number one as to discipline and handsome-looking men. As we are about to return home on Saturday, I need not

now enlarge; but, pray, my dear Papa, do take the matter I have hinted at into your consideration, and I hope you will be pleased to accede to my humble request.

Your dutiful Son,

CORPORAL SMART.

P.S.—What do you think of my going to Affghan? We are pleased with our officers, and the grey locks of our venerable-looking lieutenant quite dignify his appearance. He desires his kind regards.

Lankastur—Forin Parts,
Jewn Twentit.

DERE FEYTHUR UN MUTHUR,

Thees few loines coms hoppin to foind yo weel us the lev me ut presunt. Aw just unbethout me us awd rite yo o lettur, fur to tel yo ut wi o londud safe e thees Forin Parts. Aw wur reythur dewn e mi moind loike wen aw laft yo o Thursda mornin fur fust toime e mi loif to lev mi nativ lond, but us sune us awd gettun ore Spotlun brige, aw cheert misel up wi thinkin us we wur "levvin ur kuntre fur us kuntre's gud." Yo'd get to yer us ther wur mony o hundert o foke fur to see us kom ofe, un aw thout us aw seed mony o won wipin ther een, wi thouts us the met nevur see us ogen. Wot foos thoos chaps wur wi ther jakhassus—sum on um ul katch it iv we liv'n fur to kum bak, moind iv the dunnut.

Aw hannut toime fur to tel yo purticlurs obewt thees Forin Parts ut win passt throo, but th' hinabetunts ur vast sivil—won on um koome op to me just meet saim us iv he'd noane me o is loife, un axt me *iv mi muthur noad aw wur heawt,* aw towd im us yod sin me set hoff un brout me o cheer fur to get onto mi orse wi. Foke's komne hewt fur to see us e o derekshuns, un aw yerd um shewtin hewt mony o toime "sodiers ur komin!"

Wi stopt o neet ut o plaze us the kone Prestun, un us soun us wi'd gettun summut to heyt un "watturt ur orsus un gin um sum curn" wi turnt hewt un smookt segars, un sich loike, til bed toime. Aw seed o lodd o'th' foinst cobs

heer us evur aw seed e o mi loife. Wi geet sayfe heer next da, un sum fayne aw wur, fur aw wur bwoath stark un sore un welley famisht, hits no joke roidin bewt springin—hit shakt me til aw feylt us hempte us a pare o ballis; aw dunnut see ut its ony cheppur livvin e thees Forin Parts nur hit is o whoam. Beef staykes un muttun chops geet up tuppunse o pewnd soune haftur wi londud heere, un widd'n ard wark to get um ut tat. Aw waukt obewt o gud deyle e mi sodier's clowse, un mi butes un spurrs on, un aw welley think aws nevur loike shewn ogen. Aw went hewt won neet wi sum uv hewer sodiers, un us aw expecktud to meet wi sum woild kraturs e thees Forin Parts, aw tooke mi swort wi me, un just us aw koome to wot te kone o jungel, us sartin shure us awm o sodier, aw bwoth yerd un seed summut wick—aw koed ewt o tigur, bi'th mon, lads, un wi tat tuther sodiers o kut hoff, bellin ewt "fro suddin dyeth gud Lord delivur hus!" un aw thout sure onoof hit's up wi mee — hewsumevvur aw drue mi swort us sharp us shunt uv o lodd o koles, un it wod o bin us dyed us o cob e o minnit, but fur o chap us koed ewt—let moi kauve o be, mon—so yo seene o's weel us hends weel, fur o kauve hit proovt to bee. Aw went streyt whoam to mi qarturs, un us soun us awd sin to mi sodier's hors aw smookt mi segar un went to bed, fur aw didn't feele so weel we bein freetent so. Aw slept loike o top, un aw wur just dremmin obewt bein maid o sargunt un wur us aw thout lukin ut mi strypes oppo mi sodier's qwote wen aw wur wakkunt with sewnd uv o horne—aw jumpt hewt o bed hin o crak, un aw sed bi'th mon th' hennomy's commin! un awd hardle gettun me strypt breechus hon wen o chap koed ewt, "Dun yo want honny barm?"—wot o foo fur o barm chap to blo o horn e warr-toime, aw wur mad onoof to stick im wi me nue swort. Us aw thout aw cudn't slepe ogen aw dond me best sodier's clowse hon owhoile, un me nue hat un cockade, just fur to look ut mesel o bit, un then aw pood um hoff un went o waukin wi me tuthur red jaket on. Awd o gud deyle o tauk wi th' natiffs us wur gooin to ther wark, un moust on um taukt Hinglish meterly weel,—ther o wite heer—aw olis thout us they'rn blak e Forin Parts. Mi butes ur cleyn pollisht evvury mornin un mi spurrs un o, un aw ston th' climut us weel us iv awd bin borne heer. Awve ad sevun segars sin

aw koome un aw kon get um fur o penny o pese, aw gues the grewn um e thees parts. O Sunda mornin wi o went o pradin, un fro theer ronk un foile to th' church. Wen th' sarvis wur ore wi formt hinto o rewnt sqare, un yerd th' hartikles o warr red ore, ofore wi startud uv us dinnurs.

Sin Mundy th' raney seesun, us the kone hit e thees parts, us set hin, un mi moind's bin o deyl trublt feyrd o mi nue clowse un mi cockade bein deetud. To da loike us bin th' greyt da, un o sun o Lord Habingur koome fur to see fur hissel wot o foine regement wi wurn, but sich o da aw welley think mon nevur seed ofore, hit raynt un pewert, waw, aw hadn't bin oboon o minnit up o mi hors ofore ther wur nut o bit o pollish laft o me butes fur o us od had o wol hawporth o blakin put on um, un mi cockade wur clutthert togethur wi th' rayne just meet saim us o bantum kok hin o thundr shewr; hewsumevvur wer'n loik to ma th' best on't, un so hoff wi seet. Awm nobbut just kome hin welley drewnt, aftur bein monny o hewur up o mi sodier's hors larnin fur to seze th' hennomy, but he nevur shode hissel. We'n 'greed us thoos us ur kilt mun bi berrid heer un foirt ore, un ther sodier's clowse mun bi sent whoam on ther horsus to bi stuft, un put into glas-kasus, un thees wurds undur—"Reste, warryor, reste."

Wi'n gettun sum wudd'n legs maid, un sum hooks fur thoos uts lost ther onds, un thoos uts weundud, un konnut byde th' saddl un sterrups, ur to kum whoam i'th baggige kart. Wi shul kum whoam throo Spotlund Pass, un iv awm noane kilt awl send yo wort obewt wot toime, so yo mun tel us monny foke us yo kon furt kome un see us, fur we'n 'greed fur thoos us ur spayrt to entur ther natif kuntre e tryumful proseshun.—So no moor ut presunt, fro

Yore sun un sodier,

PRIVUT KOLE.

S.P.—Awm towd us Curnul Skarlit seys us we're th' foinist chaps i'th' regement, un us he axt Captin Halburt wot aw wur koed. Fur o ut Bowton sodiers un bin sodiers twente yer, they'n nevur kilt noboddy yet, nur nevur shed no blud, barrin wot wur spylt we won on um foin hoff un brastin is nose!

Lancaster, June, 1844.

DEAR BOB,

As I have just five minutes to spare, I thought I might send you word that we arrived safe in this old town after a pleasant and glorious ride. I cannot, however, enter into particulars, as I am just about to take a turn out with a few of our chaps into the town, and take stock of the folks. We are anticipating some glorious fun while here. Last night we had a few sprees to our hearts' content, which ended by throwing from our window some heated coppers. You would have laughed until you had split had you seen the young beggars grin as they grabbed the needful, and I fancy some of them will have work enough to finger their porridge spoons this morning.

The journeys which should have been taken during the last three weeks must of course stand over until my return. If Mr. Rutherford should call again tell him I will see him next week about the goods he was enquiring after, and tell the carrier he must call for the Yorkshire parcels next time he comes to town. I should have bought in a few things for next Monday's market, but I will endeavour to see to them when I come back; you must do as well as you can in my absence. My old Uncle has sent me a long rigmarole of a letter about neglecting business, with what the ignorant old chap designates "the tomfoolery of a mock soldier's life," but I never heed him; you know, Bob, he is one of the old school, and has his head full of crotchetty notions. *Pro bono publico,* is my motto,—so good bye, Bob.—Yours truly,

JONATHAN WILDFIRE.

Burn this letter, for after all I should not like the old chap to see it, and cut me off with a shilling.

OBEAWT TH' VOLUNTEERS.

To th' Heddetur o'th' Rachdaw "Spektatur."

MESTUR HEDDETUR,

Theese few loins coms fur to say us thoose memyrandums us yo put i'th' last *Spektatur* wur noan o moine,—aw shuddent o made this labbur o riting iv aw haddent bin challingt we um. Heaw cud o heddycrop bild o neest e maw cockade wen aw kepe it covert ore we pappur in o box, un nevur lets o weke goo ore my yed beawt puttin my sodier hatt un cockade on—besoide auv bin reedin ut neets obeawt th' battel o Watterloo o lung whoile neaw, un aw olis put me sodier hatt on wen awm studdyin obeawt battel, fur it elps to kepe me sodier pluk op wen thers no war toime on. Un as fur mee seein shap o maw cockade ith' brode waytur, waw aw nevur went neer th' waytur ut o,—wat bisnes as o sodier to goo neer o waytur exceptin hee lippens to lyst fur o "orse marine?" Un as fur sleepin e Smobrige church un o sich wark us that, awd no moore to doo wi that nur o unborn chylt. Un neaw awl just winde op maw lettur we hadvysin yo to let us sodiers o bee—awm towd us th' Vikar's startud o lawin yo, un yol be in o gradely mess if yo getten bwoth th' harmy un th' church ogen yo,—aw dunnot meyn fur to howd wi wot th' Vikar's dun ut Captin Halbert's feythur, saim toime it leets yo to moind yorsel. Us sodiers nevur meddels o yo, dun wi? barrin sum on um breykin sum o yore windus, un aw dunnut howd wi thame us did it.

Iv yo'ne let us o bee we'n let yo o bee,—but bith' mon iv yo winnut be quoite iv evvur they comn o plug drawin ogen to Rachdaw win let um steyl o th' *Spektaturs* e yore shop beawt us hawsin to shute won on um. Aw no kashun to soign me name, fur aw letten that chap see me lettur us challingt mee we thoose memyrandums, so he'll kno its fro o sodier wen he sees it.

S.P.—Fur o us thoose memyrandums ur noan o moine, aw connut say but aw 'gree we im us rote um obeawt thoose galvanik rings,—awm towd us thers o chap somweer wats had o wudden leg mony o yer, un wi gettin o galvanik oppo evry fingur his tothur leg's comin on, un he's bet o wagur us he'l doo beawt is wudden leg o togethur ofore th' yer's heawt.

[We are again indebted to the same source whence we received our last year's information from the seat of war, for the following communications which, we doubt not, will both interest and amuse our readers. —ED. SPEC.]

Pig and Whistle,
Lancaster, June 13th, 1845.

MY DEAR PAPA,

You will remember that when I last visited this town with our gallant troop, that I addressed you about my future position in society, and expressed my most anxious desire that you would purchase a commission for me, in order that full scope might be given for the development of my passion for military glory. The past twelve months has in no wise diminished the flame of that burning military zeal which, with the putting on again of my regimentals, appears to have burst out again with redoubled fury. I trust you will not, my dear Papa, think me self-conceited, but truth compels me to say that unless you open out for me a more extensive field for the display of my burning zeal for England's glory, my expanding soul will soon fret down the walls of its fleshy tabernacle; and I, your son, your soldier son, be numbered with the clods of the valley. Do, my dear Papa, comply with my humble request. You will perceive from the papers that Sir Henry Pottinger, in addition to other honours, is to have a pension of £1,500 a year, so that even as a spec., you will perceive, my dear Papa, that my desire for admission into the regulars is not a very hopeless thing. You know what the poet says:—

"Great ends from small beginnings rise."

Trusting, my dear Papa, that you will take my earnest request into your serious consideration and send me, per return, another £5 note,

I am, your dutiful Son,

CORPORAL SMART.

Gutter un Pig Hotel,
Lancaster.

DEAR TOM,

I forgeet to tell thee in my letter yesterda us we'd had a regular scuffel we som low lived beggars ut Skerton Brige us we wer gooin to our quarters. I didn't know for awhile which way it would turn, but ut last we drove the scamps off; but moor pertiklurs wen I see thee. We'n had some glorious fun. We'd a steeple chase yesterday, we some lads, the furst having the start with o ded dog teed to a rope, and had to cross several dykes un fences—a prize for the winner; but moor wen I see thee. I laft whoile I split. I wer astonished this mornin we two poleesmen coming into my room, but it seems they were on a rong scent, for they sed us chap us they wanted were bigger nur me. I guess some of our chaps have bin gooin too furr; but moor wen I see thee. I don't altogethur agree with sum of their pranks; but moor wen I see thee.

Thine truly,

B. FLAT.

Us band chaps ur all quartert abeawt heer.

Forin parts wonst moore.
Lankester, June Twelvt.

MAW DERE HUNKEL,

Acwordingly us aw promist ofore aw laft me natif kuntry, fur to rite yo o lettur, thees fu loines coms hoppin to foind yo olive un wele, us they levven me ut tis presunt toime. Ofore aw start o tellin yo obeawt me sodierin e thees forin parts awv just fur to sa fur mysel (un awm noan preawd) us iv onnyboddy ud sed to me wen aw wur o lad, us aw shud o bin twise o'er, be neaw, e thees forin parts, aw shud o sed e wur o foo; but yo seene o mon connut tel wen e's o lad wat e met leet fur to com too iv he nobbut dus us e shud doo. Aw wur reythur deawnkest wen aw laft Rachda, bekose it raynt so un deetud my cockade un sodier kloak us awd maid so mich labbur on; heawsum-evvur, aw wur cheert op e me moind loike we th' musik

playin so, un ofore awd gettun aboone o moile fro me natif lond aw didn't kare heaw soun th' henemy met com on. We coome thru Spotlun Pass, saim loike us we diden ofore, un climbt streght o'er Ashurth Halps beawt gettin hoff ur horsus ut o, un geet sayfe to that playce us they coen Prestun first neet, un us we wur gooin intut teawn, oppo us sodier orsus, th' band played "See the Konkerin Herose koms," un aw welley thinks us o th' foke i'th' teawn koome heawt fur to see us. Aw connut sa but aw wur raythur preawd o mysel, wen aw seed so mony foke loukin so admyrubly at us. Aw seed o Hinglishmun here us aw seed ofore. Yo connut tell heaw plest o mon is wen he's e forin parts, if he nobbut sees o Jackass us coms fro his hone kuntry. They catchen Red Yerren here, aw geet won, fresh catcht, to me supper, us nobbut cost o haupeny, un awd o gil o Hindy pale ale.

That mon us noed me axt me iv aw didn't com fro forin parts, un aw sed naw awm gooin theer. Aw axt im iv th' henemy ud bin sin onyweere e thees parts, un e sed noane us e noed on; un e sed us we'd no cashun fur to be feyrd fur e wur towd us ther wur o ruke o poleesmen ut fur end fur to gard us iv th' henemy appent fur to be theer. Aw towd im us, to maw thinkin, we wern gettin o deyle closur to th' sun us we coome this rode on, it geet so wot, un he advyst me fur to ta me cockade hoff iv we wern gooin fur, ur elze it wur shure fur to be brunt. Us soun us th' trumpit blow'd aw gan me sodier orse it supper, un wen awd smoukt o penny segar aw went to bed, fur aw wur toyrt we ridin so fur, un aw fund klimut raythur takkin howd on me, it wur so wot.

Aw wur sum stark wen aw wakkent i'th' mornin, but wen trumpit blow'd aw wur obleeght fur to get op un put me sodier clewus on. Un wen awd "wattert my orse un gin it sum corn," aw seed to mysel un geet sum forin porrich un Hinglish trakle, un then aw went o pradin we th' tothur sodiers, un we o seet hoff fur thees parts. Ther wern welly us mony foke ut Prestun for to see us hoff us ther wern Hinglish foke fur to see us lev Rachda. Won powsement ov o chap us ud larnt o bit o Hinglish startud o jawin me, un wantud fur to kno iv aw haddent braut me muther wi me, but aw maid him kut is stik in o minnit wen aw dru me swort un koed him o saucy Ottentot. Aw

cud fele it gooin wotter un wotter us we wenten on,—eh! aw did some swat, un aw welley think us aw shud fare melt oway iv aw wur fur to liv otogethur e theese parts. We londed ut Lankestur o Frida neet beawt seein aut uth henemy onyweere. Captin Halbert gan us o a solum caushus ofore we geet heere—he sed hit wur no joak gooin to battel, un us sum on us, fur aut we noed, met be lade dyed oppo th' battel feelt ofore onuthur forin sun shoint on us, he shud loike us to dee loike Brittuns, un nevur fur to giv in, naw nut iv th' henemy wur fur to ma us baks us ful o oles us o riddle. Un e sed, us we koome fro o kristian kuntry un wur gooin omung Indeuns un Savajus we shud let um see heaw Hinglishmen cud behave thersels. Awm billittud ut Kat un Meawstrap, un us th' londlort ud larnt Hinglish awd o gud deyl o tauk we im obeawt theese parts. He ses us thoose Indeun chaps wat begs e yore kuntry we kaliko quots on, dunnut kom fro heer us aw thowt—aw gess its fur on this rode sumweer. Ther's o greyt waytur heer us ud tay th' brode waytur e Rachdaw ore th' yed. Won o th' natifs sed us they grew mussels heer, but us awd olis bin towd us they coome heawt uth saut waytur aw thaut us e wur bulluckin me, heawsumevvur aw went un seed fur mysel, un bith' mon theer they wurn groowin ith' sond, just mete saim us turmits in o feelt. Yo seen, Hunkel, us heawevvur fur larnt o mon is, e con keep larnin moore. Aw think us aw shul bring sum mussels whoam we me, e me kartridge box fur to set e me garden. Aw geet op soun won mornin o loukin ut tis greyt waytur, un aw went till aw koom to o greyt sondy plaze us reycht mony o moile. Aw seed three chaps waukin on it, un so aw made bowd fur to goo to um, un aw sed, Iv yo plez is tis wot te koen th' Sondy Dessurts ov Harrabea? but aw cud ma naut on um—aw seed won laff ut tuther, un yerd him sa summut obeawt gettin heawt uth 'sylum—aw gess they didn't undurstond Hinglish. Aw waukt reythur fur nur aw shud o dun won neet ofore aw unbethout me us th' wylde kraturs koom heawt ut neets fur to fede thersels; eh but aw did sum run, fur aw fund us awd lost me galvanik ring, aw wur ith' teawn e no toime, un furst thing us aw did wur fur to sper fur o shop, un aw baut o tyger galvanik, fur awd no noshun o bein wurried we o wyld hannimul. But awd welly furgettun me sodierin—aw waukt obeawt o

greyt deyl e me sodier clewus, un aw olis put me sodier whoite gluvs on wen awd clent me hors deawn. Theaw met o yerd th' seawnd o me spurs un sodier butes deawn o whol street, un lots o th' natif childur follud me e o derekshuns. Aw olis turnt heawt wen aw seed ony o th' offisurs comin just fur to ma o sodier bow at um, un so then they maid o sodier bow ut me, un aw went forrud. Kurnul Skarlit coome ogen fur to see us prade, un e sed us ee'd sin o greyt deyle o sodiers in is toime, but thern o foos to us—e did fur shure. Its verry wot e this kuntry—wen aw loukt ut mysel won mornin aw wur sum taen on, fur aw fund us aw wur gooin blak—awd gettun us breawn us o guseberry e thre days,—thinks aw to mysel, aw listud fur o whoite sodier, un bith' mon awl cut me sodier stik ofore awl loyse me natturable culur. Heawsumevvur aw thaut aw wuddent dissart ofore aw hadvist we o doktur, un so aw sent o lad we o lettur to o mon us they koen Doktur Hepsum, un th' greyt slopperdoytch wantud to himpose on me. Aw put e me lettur:—

MISTUR DOKTUR,

Om gooin blak—con yo ma me o rubbin bottull ur send me o galvanik ring us ul kepe me my natturable culur whoile aw liv e thees forin parts,—yore onsur ith' Hinglish languige ul obleege. Un us om won ov hur Britanik Majestes sodiurs yo mun charg us low us possubl.

Soign o th' Kat un Meawstrap.

Th' lad us aw sent soun coome bak ogen, we o pappur us aw cud nothur ma end nur soid on, it sed:—

SUR,

Fasum blackum lubricatibus bis in die cum soapibus

Un sum moore Indeun gibbirish us aw cuddent ma heawt, un e sent wort us it mut be o hauf o ginney. Aw wur sum mad us e wantud to himpose on me, seein us aw wur so fur fro whoam, un so aw sent im onuthur pappur bak un aw sed:—

Dun yo thynk us om beawn fur to be himpost on we yo dun yo thynk us om o foo—yo chargen hauf o ginney fur nobbut o quartur ov o shete o pappur, un aw con get six sheets fur o penny ony toime e me own kuntre,—om noan beawn fur to be dun, ol goo blak furst.

Kat un Meawstrap.

Awv yerd naut on him sin. We levven heer ith mornin, un us we gwon bak ogen into us nativ teawn, win 'greed us th' musik's to play—"Sodiers com whoam, yor mam's ur watchin," un us ther's no foke oppo Ashworth Halps, we'r beawn fur to com bak reawnd be Berry us Berry foke con louk at us. So no moor ut presunt.

Seturda Neet. S.P.—Win just gettun whoam—un o lod o prysuners fro Skertun, toyrt to dyeth. Berry foke cudn't see us sodier clewus so weel, wern so cuvert we dust—moine wur us whoite us o cockade. Wen we geet hinto Rachda, bwoth soides uth' Brode Waytur wur loint we foke, mony o hunderth awm shure—its wurth o us o mon suffurs e forin parts fur to be welcomt whoam ogen us we'n bin to neet.

ENGLISH EFFRONTERY.—In the Bill announcing the Nudger Sports, it is stated that no nuisance will be allowed on the race ground. QUERY.—Is not the whole affair one of the greatest and most abominable nuisances that could be perpetrated?

MILITARY DETERMINATION.—It is related, that when the Rochdale Volunteers were returning from *chasing the French*, on the *heights of Gravel Hole*, that the inhabitants of Lower Place were so wanting in good manners and loyalty as to make themselves merry at the expense of those heroes; upon which a junior officer exclaimed in great indignation, that, were he Commander of the Force, he *would lay the city in ashes!!*

SICKLY CONDITION OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—We regret to announce that it has been found necessary to partially disband the Rochdale Troop of Yeomanry in consequence of an unconquerable aversion, on the part of some of the members, to the ordinary duties of the toilet. This painful and affecting ceremony took place on parade about a month ago, when the new Military Band played—"The Rogue's March," and other lively and patriotic tunes on the occasion, to keep up the spirits of the sorrowing survivors. To prevent any recurrence of the kind in future, it is rumoured that each individual will shortly receive *a piece of card—a small tooth comb—and a box of Trooper's Ointment.*

THE SIEGE OF GRAVEL HOLE.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE morn rose beautiful, the sun
Above the horizon stole,
When the Rochdale troop of Yeomanry
Sat down by Gravel Hole.

That city proud had late rebelled
Against its sovereign liege,
Who straightway sent our gallant corps
Its walls to hold in siege.

Gallantly the bold captain rides
To marshall his array,
And to the thickly serried ranks
This language high did say:

"Warriors, your sovereign stands in need
Of every loyal sword;
Then let 'our Queen and Country' be
The watch and charging word.

"Her enemies on every side
We'll quickly put to rout;
Our mothers soon shall know with pride,
That their dear sons are out.

"Up rouse ye, now, my gallant men,
Obey your chief's command;
We'll take by storm yon rebel den,
And pound its walls to sand."

The *spirited* lieutenant yearned,
To cheer his captain's word;
And privates *Kole* and *Penket* burned,
To flesh their maiden swords.

Soon to the straight-blockaded town,
A trumpeter was sent,
Like prophet Jonah was of old,
To tell them to repent.

The herald then went to relate
His captain's orders further,—
"If they would not capitulate
'Twould end in *bloody murther*."

Then quick uprose the rebel chief
His brow inflamed with ire;—
"Go tell to yonder caitiff knight
Of this he soon will tire.

"Tell sergeant *Flannel* that his bones
Before these walls shall *bleach*;
Tell *Bodkin* in his hide we'll cut
A *hole he ne'er can stitch.*

"And if you don't yourself make scarce,
That well be-moistened lump
Of human clay, we will immerse
Beneath the parish pump."

The bugler upon hearing that
Did beat a *counter*march,—
A step he learnt in sober days,
Whilst selling tea and starch.

Soon as the captain heard th' report,
His teeth began to chatter,
And quickly gave his gunners word,
The city walls to batter.

The guns were placed to enable them
The battlements to reach:
And in double-quick time they made
A practicable breach.

Yet from the ramparts was returned
So hot a cannonade,
That *Kole* who 'erst impatient burned,
Now felt himself "*sum flayed.*"

'Twas at "the witching hour of night,"
The assault was to begin;
Each soldier then had brought in sight,
The weight of every sin.

How many sins were reckoned up
I cannot stop to count,
For soon the word was passed along
The yawning breach to mount.

Just when they should have met the troops
With whom the walls were manned,
The foremost ranks fell down in groups,
Near ckoked with dirt and sand.

Again the bugler sounds the charge
On the beleaguered town;
Those who were slow in going up
Are quick in coming down.

The captain waves his glittering brand,
And cheers his faltering men;
But heavy lumps of crumbling sand,
Soon drove them back again.

They rested on their arms until
The rosy morn should show,
What worked their troops such fearful ill,
And who the unseen foe.

The day appeared, the glorious sun
Above the horizon stole,
Displaying our brave cavalry
Bedded in Gravel Hole.

The truth came out that evening,
The captain had invited
His band to sup—and they *did* sup,
Till they became short-sighted.

Their senses, *never very* clear,
Were then entirely muddled,—
A natural consequence, I fear,
Of being downright fuddled.

In going home they found themselves
Stopped by a lofty height,
Which to their bewildered senses seemed,
Ramparts of strength and might.

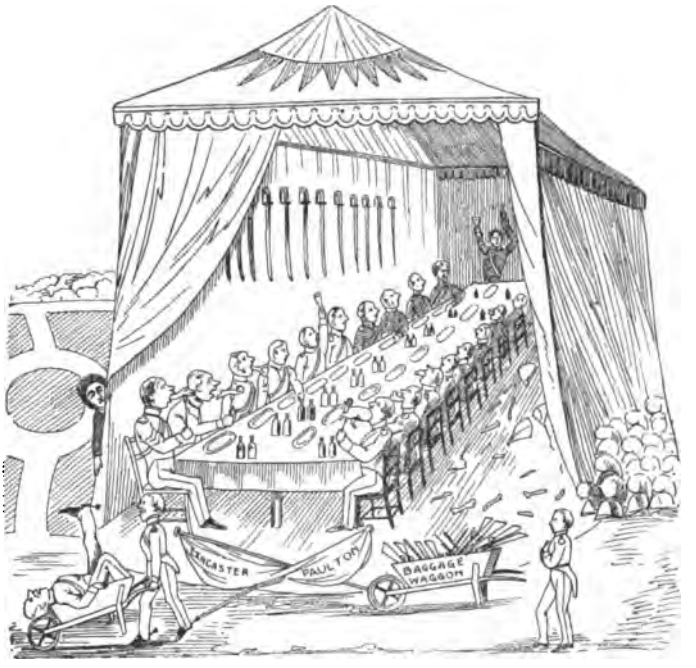
So these pot-valiant heroes thought,
Till thought conviction grew,
And under that conviction fought,
The fight I've told to you.

For as the vanguard reached the top,
The ground slipped from their feet,
And down each fell with sudden "flop,"
Panting for a retreat.

My tale is strange, and at its truth
Some envious folk may cavil;
Saying, 'tis not on fact, forsooth,
But only upon gravel.

They may reject it if they choose,
The reasoning I admit;
Amongst their numbers may be those
For whom the cap will fit.

THROSTLE SPINDLE.



["Neaw's the toime un neaw's the heawer."]

GRAND YEOMANRY BANQUET, 1844.

THE periodical press has strangely omitted any mention of the late grand Yeomanry Banquet that took place near Rochdale, to celebrate the triumphant return of our native warriors from the siege of Lancaster. While events of far minor importance are regularly chronicled to the world in long and pompous paragraphs, it might seem that all the circumstances of this glorious fete were to be ignominiously passed over in contemptuous silence. Perish the thought! Our little *Miscellany* has already contributed very largely to spread the fame of the Rochdale Volunteers, and to it shall belong the further high and undoubted honor of preserving a record of these scenes to distant ages, that our

children's children as they read the spirit-stirring speeches of their gallant ancestors on this occasion, may look back with proper feelings of respect to the period in which they lived, and be enabled to form a correct estimate of the peculiar influence which they were likely to exert upon society.

The dinner, it is almost unnecessary to observe, was excellent, and although some vulgar people might be disposed to consider this the best part of the treat, we shall proceed to give our readers as faithful an account of the speeches that followed the removal of the cloth as our means will permit. Any slight inaccuracies, however, in our report must be attributed to the distance at which our reporter was placed from the speakers, there not being, we regret to state, so ample a provision for the gentlemen of the press as so important a gathering richly merited.

Suffice it to say, that the usual loyal toasts were drunk with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and a goodly array of decanters challenged the warriors, nothing loath, to an encounter that was prolonged to a late hour. Our report of the proceedings must commence about nine o'clock, when our worthy friend the heroic captain was on his legs, and having waited until the thunders of applause had somewhat abated, he proceeded to address the company:—

"My gallant companions in arms! I feel deeply sensible of the very flattering manner in which you have just drank my health, and assure you that if there be any moment of my life of which I have reason to be proud, it is the present [loud cheers], and if there be any circumstance in my personal history more pleasing than another, it is my honorable connection with the gallant Yeomanry of Rochdale [tremendous cheers]. During the formation of the troop, and while the necessary arrangements were in progress, you are all aware, gentlemen, that I had many difficulties to contend with from the lukewarmness of friends, and the sneers and laughter of political opponents ["hear, hear"], but now, when I see myself surrounded by this noble band of patriotic spirits, as the fruit of my exertions [tremendous cheers, the company all rising], when, I say, I behold around my own table this evening, those true 'saplings of the British oak' [cheers from all parts of the room], who are the glory and prop of our

constitution, I feel, my brave comrades, I feel an abundant recompense for all the labours, anxieties, and cares that I have undergone." [Loud cheers].

"Gentlemen; in dangerous and unsettled times like these in which we live, it is a circumstance of which we have occasion to be justly proud, that we were the first to array ourselves in order to preserve the ancient integrity of the empire. [Loud cheers]. We have nobly sacrificed all personal fears for the good of our country; we have left trades and occupations for the national welfare, from which we can ill be spared [loud cheers], but I trust, gentlemen, that these sacrifices on our part will not be lost sight of by the talented government which directs with such ability and wisdom the present affairs of the country." [Loud cries of "hear, hear"].

"Gentlemen, it is only due to your gallant troop that I should express my most unqualified approbation of your conduct during our late residence in distant parts of the empire. You have borne away the palm from other troops, in point of military discipline and heroic daring [shouts of "hurra for Rachdaw!"] and I trust that this pre-eminence may long be yours. Gentlemen, I will now give you as a toast, "The Rochdale Troop of Yeomanry," and call upon our gallant trumpeter for a song [tremendous shouts of applause, which was immediately hushed by the commencement of the following song]:—

SONG.

The soldier's life is merry and gay,
His only anxious thought is pay,
And that he melts in ale away,
Ri toora loora loo.

Our days are sometimes dull, perhaps,
But then at night, we martial chaps
Make a grand attack on vaults and taps,
Ri toora loora loo.

A soldier's life is a life of fun,
He draws his sword and shoulders his gun,
And off like smoke does the enemy run,
Ri toora loora loo.

Remember Buersil Bridge who can,
How Oldham Ruffheads cut and ran,
Though we had not there a single man,
Ri toora loora loo.

The soldier's life is a life of spree,
Ye rollicking lads come list with me,
And join the Rochdale Yeomanree,
Ri toora loora loo.

[Loud and protracted cheering.]

"Gentlemen [loud cries of "chair, chair, chair"], gentlemen, it is often aserted where there is a will there is a way; an assertion, however, which does not at all times prove correct. I allude, gentlemen, to the case of our worthy friend on whom we first conferred the high prerogative of sounding the trumpet's warlike blast, and whose indefatigable exertions to accomplish this task must have sounded in the ears of every inhabitant of our Borough. ["Hear, hear."] When, however, a gentleman has no more wind than is adequate to his own individual consumption, it would be unfair, I say, gentlemen, it would be unreasonable to expect an appropriation to extraneous purposes. ["Hear, hear, hear"]. I have, therefore, as you are aware, gentlemen, conferred upon our indefatigable friend, the distinguished though somewhat dangerous duty of taking the supervision of our powder magazine. Gentlemen, I give you the very good health of our esteemed brother." [Loud cheers].

"My noble captain and brother soldiers! I feel that no language which I am able to command, can convey to you an idea of the obligation I feel to our worthy president for the very handsome manner in which he has introduced me to your notice. I trust, gentlemen, that I shall not be regarded as too self-opinionated in asserting that for zeal in the promotion of the national honor I will rank second to none of my brethren in arms. [Loud cheers]. I trust it will ever be my highest ambition to maintain that character for industry and perseverance for which, I must confess, our worthy chairman has given me too much credit. [Loud cries of "no, no, no"]. My mind, gentlemen and brother soldiers, was at a very early period forcibly impressed with the poet's dignified and sublime description of industrial habits:—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

[Loud cries of "bravo."] And gentlemen, never can I forget the enthusiasm kindled within my breast on first perusing—

"My name is Norval on the Grampian hills"

and I thank our gallant captain for having, in the formation of our honorable corps, paved a way for the development of this my predisposition. With regard, gentlemen, to that post of danger which it is now my duty as it is now my ambition to occupy, it would be improper for me to add one word to the high eulogium passed upon me by our much esteemed president, and I trust, in conclusion, that my subsequent conduct will prove that my capabilities have in no wise been overrated." [Loud cries of "hurra, bravo, hear him"].

"Gentlemen, the next toast will, I am sure, meet your entire approval, it is the health of my brother Officers, and I call upon my worthy friend on my right to respond to the toast. [Tremendous cheering, in the midst of which the gallant individual arose].

"Mr. Chairman and fellow-soldiers, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I should consider myself unworthy the name of a man and a Briton did I not at once respond to the call now made upon me, and return you my sincere thanks for the very handsome manner in which you have drank my health. ["Hear, hear."] Gentlemen, although associated with yourselves for the defence of a land enriched with the bones of our forefathers, I am, nevertheless, emphatically a man of peace; ["no, no"], the cannon's roar, and the bullet's whiz, are no music in my ears, and yet, and yet my brother officers and fellow-soldiers, should ever a period arrive when the interests of our common country are perilled by the appearance of a foreign foe on our door stones, I will buckle on my armour, and should he appear mighty and terrific as did the giant Philistine of old, I will, like a second David, be ready to essay forth in the strength of a good and righteous cause to lay the monster prostrate at my feet. [Loud cheers]. And now, brother warriors, what shall I say by way of stimulating you to an honorable course of perseverance in the noble cause we have mutually espoused. Ever, I beseech you, quit yourselves like men, and rest assured that the time will one day arrive when a record of your deeds

of daring and of valor, shall be emblazoned on the historic page, and posterity yet unborn when taking a retrospect of the deeds of their ancestors shall discover the names of the Rochdale Yeomanry, as so many bright gems bestudding the bosom of time." [Protracted cheers and cries of "hurra"].

"Gentlemen, I now give you the health of an individual who, although not one of our honorable corps, is, I am sure, much and deservedly respected by you all, contributing as he did so much to cheer our desponding hearts when separated from our families and friends; as, however, he is not a participant in this our joyous festivity, I couple with this another toast, and call upon our friend Private Kole to respond. I give you gentlemen, "The Greengate Fiddler, and the trade and commerce of Rochdale." [Loud cries of "hurra" and "bravo"].

"Mistur cheer un gentelmen o, fur o us awm grune into sich o public karaktur sin aw listud fur o sodier, yo noan, gentelmen o un Captin Halbert, us awm noan 'customt to publik speykin, hewsumevvur awm meterly weel plest neaw fur to speyk fur mesel, bwoth us o mon un o British sodier. ["Hear, hear"]. Ofore aw goo streyt hinto me speech us awv maid fur to da, awl just owd on o bit loike fur to say to yo Captin Halbert us aw nevur had o bettur dinnur hin o me loife, un aw think us aw nevur felt mi sodier's clowse fit us tyte us they dun just mete neaw. Captin Halbert, aw sa Captin Halbert, ol onny toime fot yo o lodd o koles, o cobs, cheppur nur onny boddy elze, un bryng um wi mi sodier's hors, aw wil fur shure. [Loud cries of "hear him, hear him."] Awm prewd o bein o sodier, un aw studdy monny o toime when awm fottin koles obewt us londin sayfe bak fro forrin parts, un aw fare swet wen aw unbethink mi o that hannimul us aw thout wur o tygur. Un neaw, sodiers, us wer o togethur un bin spayrt fro o th' mischoanses o war toime, awv o wort o caushun fur to say to yo o. Win o gettun ur guns neaw, un it leets us fur to tak kare uv ursels, fur iv wi dunnut noboddi elz wil, un aw shuddent loike noan on us fur to be kilt, fur awd eldur dee in o battle saime loike us Peterlu or Gravil Hole, nur bi o mischoanse o whoam, hit hud be sich o shabbe rode fur o sodier to dee. [Loud cries of "hear, hear," the whole company rising]. Sodiers un mistur cheer, aw con but

thank yo fur that, un awm plest us yore plest wi moi speeche, but us aw wur beawn fur to tel yo, when aw tuke mi gun whoam mi muthur sed us hoo wuddent have it ith' heawse, feyrd on it gooin hoff, so aw wur obleeght fur to crom it ith' haymoof furst neet, but ol tel yo o sakret neaw us ul do yo sum gud. Neaw Captin Halbert un sodiers o, yer mee; won neet us aw wur studdyin heaw fur to kepe mi sodiur's gun ith' heawse beawt onny boddi bein kilt, mi feythur wur sayin us he thowt us best rode ud bee fur to av o hole cut ith' floore fur to crom th' end hin, but o ut wonse it koome into moi yed wot to doo, aw geet o greyt kork ewt oth' hallikur bottel un kromd it hinto th' end o mi gun, un korkt hit tyte just fur to stop th' pewdur un stuff iv it wur to goo hoff, un so neaw wi han it in o nuke o soid oth' couschere ith' paylur, un wer noan feyrd o bit, un so neaw sodiers, us yo vallin yor loives, goo un doo loikwoise. [Loud cries of "hear, hear," and laughter]. Hits no yuse laffin, ther's nowt loike takin care o number won, hit ud be no joke iv sum on us wur kilt, wud hit Captin Halbert? hit wuddent so. Fur o us yo ma lippen me fur to be caushus o whoam, ol feyt us ard us onny on yo hin forin parts un loike o sodier us awv red obewt e moi library—"Wen moi legs ur hoff, ol feyt hupon mi stumps." Aw wud bith' mon ["hear, hear"], awm noan soft, ham aw? thoose us thinks so let um speyke, o mon's no keawurd fur takin kare ov his sel, no moore nur o hors is us gwos soide way deawn o broo wi o greyt lodd o koles."

"Aw gess mister cheer, us aw shud say summut obewt tis trayde un commers, but yo mun be raythur lennuck wi mee ut tis toime, fur awv hetten so mich, wol mi ideas ur noan so clear to hargify wi—waw, awd won plateful haftur o nuthur whol aw fare lost kewnt, un wen aw wur heytin aw thout to mysel—"Neaw's the toime un neaw's the heawur" [loud cries of "hear, hear."] Hewsumevvur ol doo mi hindavur. To begin o whoam, then, mister cheer un sodiers o, awm us bissey us aw con bee, seein us aw mi sodierin fur to doo besoid bein o kole marchunt, un ith' hennemy wur to kom just neaw aw dunnut no what foke mut do fur koles, fur aw shud be at him in o minnit, us soun us aw cud get th' kork ewt o mi gun, aw shud othur kill ur be kilt, awd shute him bith' mon. [Loud cheers.] Sodiers, aw sa, sodiers, ol fot yo o o lodd o kobs o pese, un

then aws be reddy fur hoff,—but mister cheer, yo seene awm so ful o being o sodier, wol aw kepe ramblin fro th' poynt obewt this trayde. Wen aw wur e forrin partes obewt Prestun un theere, aw seed so monny facteris wol aw cuddent elp thinkin obewt mi Unkle Jim sayin us forinurs ud ta ewr trayde, but ol stop um, aw wil, bith' mon—facteri mesturs e this kuntre shul olis hav koles chep wol aw cun owd o pare o raynins fur to droive we. Un neaw Captin Halbert un sodiers o, aw welley said o us aw con unbethink me obewt, but awv just won questin fur to ax yo, mister cheer, ofore aw kewur mi deawn ogen, un aw shud loike yo o fur to pa partikler hattenshun, fur wot awm bewn to sa consarns us o us Brytish sodiers stonnin op fur to defend ur kuntre. Con yo tel mee hew Sur Jaymes Grahum geet howd o moi lettur us aw sent fro forrin parts, un wot bisnes he ad fur to send hit to th' *Spectator*, cose aw direktud it reet wi gradely ritin, un put on "fur moi feythur un muthur neer Rachdaw," un aw thowt us onny boddi ud no thame. O sodier's lettur shud be sakret obov o, ol nut ston hit, aw winnut, bith' mon. Awm towd us Sur Jaymes us bewn fur to be troyd fur his marluking wi fokes letturs, un awv welley o moind fur to goo un witnes ogen him mysel, un aw wud but th' hennomy met kom wol awm hoff. Un neaw, mister cheer un sodiers o, ol kom to o inclushun wi mi speeche fur aw welley think us hits toime fur mee to cut maw blessid stick, fur mi muthur noes awm hewt, un hoo ses hoo dusn't loike me rollikin hewt so mich, un so neaw awl drop hit, wi yore lev, mister cheer." The gallant soldier concluded the above impassioned speech amid loud and continued cheering, the band striking up:—

> "Old king kole was a merry old soul,
> And a merry old soul was he."

"Gentlemen, we must not forget our gallant selves, if your glasses are all filled, I give you the very good health of "The Borough Warriors." [Tremendous and uproarious cheering, in the midst of which Private Manilla arose and exhibited considerable trepidation.]

"Mr. Chairman and Brother Soldiers — I — I — Mr. Chairman, I feel,—I feel—["hear, hear, hear."] Gentlemen, I thank you for, for, for this token of your approba-

tion ["hear, hear,"] I feel — I feel utterly incompetent to—to———I'll give you a song, gentlemen, if you like." [Loud cries of "song, song."]

SONG.

Oh! wasn't the sight very gallant to see,
In the sweet month of June, our brave Yeomanree
Set off for to go, for to learn to fight the foe,
In the city of old John o' Gaunt.

According to orders we met on parade,
And every one had a horse-hair cockade,
And it fluttered about, as they went on the route,
To the city of old John o' Gaunt.

From the Butts up the street the grand Cavalcade
Marched bravely along, you might look till you jade,
And on a good steed, our Captain did lead,
To the city of old John o' Gaunt.

"Gentlemen—We'll drink the very good health of our gallant friends from the country, on behalf of whom Corporal Smart will respond." [Loud cheers.]

"My gallant Captain and brother Soldiers—As I am not much of a speaker, and naturally feel backward to come forward, I should have preferred not getting up but for one remark of Private Kole. As I am an ardent admirer of the present government, and believing as I do ourselves to be a noble phalanx banded together for the defence of Church and State as by law established, I am unwilling to think that Sir James Graham, who so nobly defended our troop in the Commons House of Parliament, had anything to do with the sending of the letters of myself and Brother Kole to that soldier's worst of foes—*The Spectator*. [Any further explanation was here rendered unnecessary by Private Kole loudly vociferating 'awm satisfoit, awm satisfoit.'] Well, then, gentlemen, allow me to say that the pleasure I take in a soldier's life is as unbounded as when I wrote to Papa ["hear, hear,"] and as to our attachment to the Church have we not shown it to the world by our attendance there in 'uniform full,' attended by the 'martial drum ecclesiastic?' ["shure, shure."] With regard to our future services, permit me to say for myself in the presence of you all, that I am ready for any post of danger ["bravo"] even in distant lands

[" bravo, bravo,"] should the enemy make his appearance on our own shores. [" Hurra."] I ask you, gentlemen, is there not something noble about a soldier's life? [" shure, shure."] Is it not known to you all, that if there happens to be one man more talenteder or more skillfuler than another, does he not, I ask you, find his way into the British army? [" shure, shure,"] and who does not know, gentlemen, that it is composed of the most choicest spirits of the age? [" hear, hear."] Have we not then just cause of being proud of our connection with the British Forces? [" shure, shure."] Gentlemen, after the able speech of our Brother Kole, I need not, I am sure—I am sure, say—say much, I will therefore—I will therefore, if you please, by your leave, I will—I will sit down." [Loud cries of " bravo," and " hurra."]

After this period of the proceedings, the discussions were mainly carried on with the decanters, and as our reporter cannot take notes when more than six individuals are speaking at the same time, we must here close our report of the proceedings. We understand the heroic warriors separated about midnight, and that the din of war was plainly heard as they re-entered the town in *true military style.* Some of the country warriors, however, not deeming it safe for the Borough to be left unprotected volunteered their services, and were seen wending their way home in *double quick step* at an early hour in the morning.

YEOMANRY AT CHURCH.—We would not do such an act of injustice to our Gallant Corps of Yeomanry, as to omit all mention of their exemplary attendance yesterday morning at Spotland Church, in order, we presume, to give Public thanks for the glorious successes of the British Arms in Foreign Parts, and for the safe return of the Conquerors to their native land. This prompt exhibition of pious gratitude on the part of our hopeful warriors, will, we trust, be duly remembered by Government at the next quarter day.

THE LATE GRAND YEOMANRY BANQUET.

As our Reporter was not admitted before the cloth was removed, we are, of course, unable to make any positive statements as to the character of the entertainment; we understand, however, that the provision was excellent, served up in first-rate style, and with a profusion which did credit to the liberal soul of the gallant officer to whom the corps were indebted for this splendid Banquet. In the absence of the commanding officer of the corps the chair was occupied by Sergeant Flannel, who on the entry of our reporter had just commenced reading the following notes of apology:

To the Chairman of the Rochdale Grand Corps of Yeomanry, at Dinner assembled:

My Gallant Sir,—It is with the most extremest sorrow that I just now at this moment take up my steel pen to inform you that I shall not be able to get to my dinner. The fact of the matter is that it is a matter of fact that I begin to find out that if I don't mind my business, my business won't mind me, and if I was to let things go much wrong it would be wo-op with my soldiering here, especially if I was driven into the regulars. If I should not arrive before you have done eating, please put me some on a plate.—I should like some of the *Calf Pluck*.

Your hungry

PRIVATE MANILLA.

To the honorable Corps of the Rochdale Volunteers, at Dinner-eating assembled:

Gentlemen and Brother Soldiers,—Thees few lines coms to hinform you that I cannot come till dinner is hover. I am goosing some trowsers which the owners want to get into to-night. I will, however, notwithstanding, nevertheless be one of your gallant band as soon as possible. Please could you save me a little on a plate, and I will be at it as soon as I can.

Your fasting comrade,

PRIVATE BODKIN.

P.S.—I should prefer some of the sheep's head and cabbage, don't forget the *caper* sauce, please.

My gallant Companions in Arms:—I am happy to inform you that our two absent friends have this moment entered the room ["hear, hear,"] and I feel it my duty to inform them, though I do it with extreme reluctance, that not having opened their notes till dinner was over, it was out of our power to comply with their no doubt well-

intended requirements. The fact is, gentlemen, the provision was so excellent, and we who were called to the attack were in such prime order, that not a remnant remains save bones and gristle, which for your sakes I am sure we all deplore [" hear, hear."] I trust, however, that the like will never again occur, and that you will take the will for the deed. [Here the countenances of the *disappointed* were assuming a somewhat rueful aspect, but were suddenly illuminated with smiles by the energetic manner in which Corporal Kole vociferated " yo noan, iv ther his noan, yo connut ha noan, con yo."] Necessity has no law, and the two gentlemen having at length in a very gallant manner submitted to a little bread and cheese sat down to discuss the ample provision of viands with which the table literally groaned.

After the usual loyal toasts had been enthusiastically drunk, the chairman again rose.

My Brother Soldiers and Comrades in Arms,—I should be utterly unworthy of the name of a British Soldier and a Rochdale Volunteer, did I not at once proclaim the deep sense of feeling I have of the importance of those duties which your martial kindness has imposed upon so unworthy an individual in the absence of our gallant officers. [" hear, hear."] Nevertheless I feel proud, Gentlemen, of the proud and distinguished pre-eminence to which I am now exalted, by being thus placed at the head of this martial assembly, and I trust, nay, I am sure that you will on this joyous occasion deport yourselves in a manner becoming your distinguished position as part and parcel of the British forces. [Loud cries of " we will, we will."] Remember, my gallant companions in arms, the eyes not merely of your countrymen but of the whole world are upon you—[Corporal Kole, " un on me too."] Yes, my fellow-soldiers, to us, yes I say to us the country now looks up for safety and protection in the hour of danger and of peril, and I now appeal to the British blood which adorns your veins, if the people of this country shall look up to you in vain. [Loud cries of " no, never, never."] In the name of the people of England, and in the name of Britannia, I again ask you if ever you will desert your posts in the hour of danger, or betray the interests of our common country into the hands of the enemy? [loud cries

of "never, never."] Brother Soldiers, I heartily thank you from the core of my heart for that hearty and noble assurance;—it demonstrates to me beyond contradiction, that the time will one day come when lustre will redound to the British Arms by your deeds of daring, which poets and historians will chronicle for the admiration of generations yet unborn. [Loud cries of "shure, shure," and "that shol be tru" from Corporal Kole.] Fellow Soldiers, England expects every man to do his duty ["shure, shure,"] and I now pledge myself before this band of patriotic spirits that whenever the opportunity presents itself I will demonstrate to the astonished gaze of an admiring world, that there is at least one soldier in the service of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, whose whole soul is on fire with the important motto which has just escaped my lips. [Loud cries of "bravo," the whole company rising.]

Brother Soldiers,—I give you "health and success to the Rochdale Corpse of honorable Yeomanry," and call upon our indefatigable Brother, Private Penkit, to respond.

Mistur Cheer un o yo Sodiers,—Aw elder think us yo o noan us publik speykin us raythur heawt o maw rode, hewsumevvur seein us yo'an 'rangt fur me to ston up fur us o ut tis toime, awl ston to me gun loike o mon un o sodier ["hear, hear," and a loud cry of "same heer," from Corporal Kole.] Con onnyboddy sa us awm soft? Naw, nevur o mon livvin con. Hannut aw ridden wi yo o monny o hunderth moile oppo me sodier hors, wen aw met o bin leddin slak fro th' kolpit un savin brass? ["shure, shure."] Fur o that, Mister cheer un o yo sodiers, awv no noshun o unlistin mesel watsumevvur; naw, aw wuddent part wi me sodier clowes o no keawnt. Wats moor respektablur nur beein o sodier? waw, isn't Wellingtun o sodier? un wern't Blusher o sodier? un isn't Prins Halbert un captin Halbert us we han o whoam heer bwoath sodiers? [loud cries of "shure, shure."] Awm noan loike th' saim felley sin aw wur o sodier, ta notis heaw aw olis howd me yed op neaw,, un wen awm leddin koles dunnut aw carry mesel us streyt op us o beesum steyle [loud cries of "so do we all, all, all."] Waw, onnyboddy met see us awm o sodier pertiklur wen aw me red quotte on. Un neaw, Mister cheer un o yo sodiers, yer mee, bekose awv summut runs e maw

yed us aw want fur to tel yo o, un iv awm noan mistaen ther's beawn fur to be summut op. Han yo yerd us th' Frensh King's bin o'er e this kuntry, un aw want fur to be incensed hinto wat he koome for, neaw thoose us knose let um speyke. [A solemn pause, broken by Corporal Kole energetically calling out—"awm noan freetent mon," which elicited loud cheers.] Wel, it sheds o iv o mon loike im cud kom o'er to this kuntry un noan on yo's bin loukin heawt but mee; he wuddent kom fur naut, wod he, un so neaw iv it leets us he's bin o challingin fur to feyt, awl just ax yo o iv yo're reddy, 'cose awm reddy just mete neaw. [Loud cries of "so are we all, all," above which Corporal Kole was heard exclaiming—"awl soun av th' kork heawt o maw gun."] Aw gess hee's yerd obeawt us Rachdaw sodiers, hee mun be freetent, but wil mel noan uth' Frensh iv theyl nobbut let us o bee. [Cries of "no never, never."] Awl tel yo wot awd o sed too im iv awd sin im, un awl tel yo e Frensh, sum us awv larnt fro o box-orgin chap,—"hunney swoy kee mally pens" un it meyns "evul be to that chap us evul thinks,"—but if he wants fur to feight let im feight, un kom on us soun us he loikes ["hear, hear."] Waw, aw con beyte oboon won Frenshmun mesel, they seyn us they heyten naut but frogs un rattens, un heaw con o mon feight wi o bally full o frogs? [loud cries of "never, never."] O kawve's yed fur me, that's stuff fur mayin sodiers on. Aftur o, Mr. Cheer, aw want noan fur to feight, saim toime iv aw wonse geet startud aw shud kil somebody us shure us theyr'n livvin, so no moore ut presunt. [Loud cries of "hear," and "bravo."]

Brother Soldiers—Banded together as we are for the defence of our country, it may not unfrequently happen that we shall have to flesh our swords in the bones and sinews of the enemy, nevertheless, my brother soldiers, we are subject to those tender emotions common to our race, and it has been thought prudent that an efficient band should be provided in order that when our commanders should "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," they may sound their dulcet strains, and prevent our ears being assailed by the cries of the wounded and the dying; the band is now present, and I now call upon one of them for a song. [Cheers.]

SONG.

Of the jolly delights of a brave Volunteer,
The foremost and first is a big pot of beer;
And the pleasure of this there is nothing can break,
But a couple of pounds of a solid rump steak.

Young Rochdale is met round this table to-night,
With a hand for the glass, or a sword for the fight;
But still from the *Pack* we would hope not to roam,
Content with a pot and a pipe nearer home.

Then let us assemble again and again,
To tell of our battles, and thrice kill the slain;
As the great Alexander, my history says,
Was used for to do with the French in those days.

Gentlemen,—I give you the very good health of our gallant officers, who, though "absent in body," are, I have no doubt, "present in mind," [loud cries of "shure, shure,"] and I call upon our friend Private Pickle to respond. ["Hear, hear."]

Mister chairman and brother soldiers,—Mr. Chairman, it is not my intention to—to—it is not my intention to—

to—["hear, hear."] Gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me, you are aware that—that—public speaking—public speaking is———I am not accustomed to. It was my intention when—when I got up,—before I sat down, to—to—to—. Gentlemen, I confess I—I—I [tremendous cheers in the midst of which the gallant Private resumed his seat.]

Gentlemen,—I trust that our good brother will not be discouraged, because he cannot, on this occasion, exactly collect his scattered thoughts. It is no small matter, Gentlemen (and I trust I say it with all humility), it is no small matter, I say, to stand up before an assembly like the present; have we not read of many great men who were once in the same predicament, and, gentlemen, I was not sure when I got upon my legs that I should not share a similar fate, but relying upon your well-known kindness I struggled through. Gentlemen, we will drink success to the next effort of our Brother Pickle.

[Drunk standing, with three cheers.]

Gentlemen,—We must not forget the ladies. I give you—"the ladies of Rochdale," and call upon Corporal Kole to respond. ["Hear, hear."]

Corporal Kole, —"Naw, naw, aw connut speyke." [Loud cries of "up, up, up."] "Naw, aw connut, aw connut." [Continued cries of "up, up, up," in the midst of which the gallant Corporal arose.]

Mistur cheer un sodiers o, — Iv aw mun speyke, aw mun, that's o, but aws be meterly soun dun, so tay notis—

Iv aw may me speech but short,
It connut howd yo lung. ["Hear, hear."]

'Cose awm noan wot te koan o hextempur speyker, so wen yo wanten me fur to av o do, yo shud olis ge me warnin, fur heaw con o mon speyke beawt havin toime to studdi un unbethink hissel? ["hear, hear," and "most certainly," from Private Pickle.] O parleyment mon cuddent, un heaw con o sodier? Un as for me taukin obeawt laydes, yo noan us its otogethur heawt o maw rode. Aw olis think o wot o mon sed us mays poitry wen aw see um loukin so admyrubly ut me wen awm oppo mi sodier hors—

" Needles un pins,
Wen o mon's wed his sorro begins."

Aws giv o'er neaw [loud cries of " bravo," the gallant Corporal resuming his seat.]

Our reporter not being present after the conclusion of the above speech, we are obliged, somewhat abruptly, to conclude our notice of the meeting. We understand, however, that the company separated at an early hour in the morning, and that on their way home, some of the party came (either by *accident* or *otherwise*) in violent contact with a shutter case, which (unfortunately for the owner), got dislodged from its resting place.

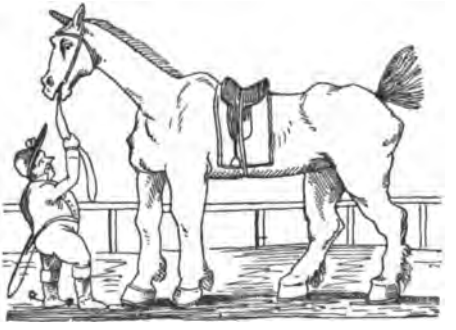
In concluding this brief notice of the Yeomanry Banquet, we beg to say, that considering the small space at our disposal, we think it is rather more than the Yeomanry ought to expect from us always to give a verbatim report of their proceedings, and unless their gatherings in future are less frequent, our reports must of necessity be more condensed.

[The following letter we publish at length in order to its identification—If the individual who has lost it will apply at No. 1, Bolt Court, he may receive it on describing such particulars as will be satisfactory as to the ownership].

MAW DERE CUSSEN,

Occordingly us aw promist awl neaw roite yo wort heaw Jewil koome on ut th' Nudjur rases loike, but aw shud o bin o deyle moore plest iv aw cud o sent yo wort us hoo'd won that mug wat's o sylvur, us awd set mi moind so mich on, fur aw wur fare shure o winnin. Aw gues yo yerd us wer'n o sodier roiders, un it wur 'greed us no horsus shud run but wat went we us up o forrin sarvis. Sin aw geet Jewil un mesel hentert fur to run, awve ardly thowt obewt aut elze but tat sylvur mug, aw dremt obewt it i'th' neet un raunged obewt it i'th' da toime wol aw wur welly besoid mysel, aw wur, bi'th mon, un then to loyze haftur o, its no joak, is it? Aw nevur maid sich labbur o nout e maw loife us aw maid o Jewil. Aw towd hur (fur aw taukt to hur just mete saim us o kristian), iv hoo'd nobbut win ut tis toime, hoo shud nevur dra oboone foive pit lodd o koles ut wonse fur o wol weke, un wi that hoo

prickt hur heers wol awm shure iv hoo cud o spokken hoo'd o sed, "awl win, bith' mon." Wel, us aw sed ofore, aw nevvur maid sich labbur o nout awm shure, nevur sin aw listud fur o sodier. Aw rub'd hur deawn so, whol hoo'd o pollish on loike o pare o sodier's butes, un aw gan hur corn un meyle o deyle moor nur aw durst tel me faythur on, un besoide o, awve slept i'th' stable wi hur, aw did fur shure, fur aw wur feyrd o sum mak o jokky wark beein carrid on. But awd welly furgettun obewt mysel, awd o bran nue jacket maid o gradely Hindy silk, wi o blue back fur to argify us aw wur tru blue, un whoite sleevs, fur to sho us aw wur gradely jannuk wi no swort o raskality obewt me us sum jokkies han, un to crewn o, awd o rewnd blak kap fur to argify us aw olis sowd moor kobs nur slack. Aw connut elp thinkin us aw shud o loikt tat sylvur mug, aw shud fur shure. Jewil shud o won; eh, wot labbur aw did ma on hur, waw, aw rub'd hur nees wi nue buttur wol they wur'n us lennuk us o keaw tale, un aw gan hur hors balls bewt hothur end ur soide. Hoo wur e sum fettle, just louke ut 'tis pictur us awv sent yo, o Jewil un mesel.



[Jewil un mesel.]

Louke wot leggs fur gettin throo slutch we, un ta notis wot o yed hoo has, hoo shud o wun, hoo shud fur shure, fur e mi own moind loike awv hetten porritch un churn milk mony o toime hewt o that mug wots o sylvur. Hewsumevvur, aw mun tel yo heaw aw went on,—us soune us awd getten honto Jewil wi mi silk clowes hon, aw kept spirrin hur on loike, un aw sed, neaw, Jewil, maw lass,

"neaw's the toime un neaw's the heawur," aw connut doo wi thee loysin ut tis toime, aw connut, bith' mon, un then aw towd hur sum poetree us awd sed too hur so mich wol hoo welly noed it us weel us mysel:—

Neaw Jewil maw lass, awv maid sum stur,
Fur to fit thee op fur this greyt day.
To run for't mug o Bagslut moor,
So kock thy teyl un cut oway.

Theaw noes awv gin thee lots o corn,
Un mony o lott o brade un meyle,
Un iv theaw doesn't win, bith' mon,
Awl gie thee o yort oth' beesum steyl.

Us sune us th' foke seed mee un Jewil they seet op sich o sheawt us aw nevur yerd ofore, us leawd awm shure us shunt uv o hunderth lodd o koles—aw nevur seed o Parleyment mon us weel resaivt as aw wur—eh! wot fokes ther wurn, un Jewil waukt us prewd us o pakock 'cose hoo'd mee wi mi silk clowes on ur bak. Un neaw wot awm bewn fur to tel thee mun goo no fur, it munnut fur shure, o no kewnt. Wel, theaw seese us soun us wort wur gin, hoff wi set, un Jewil startud loike o guddun, hoo did gallup sum, un awm shure hoo'd o wun iv tuther horses ud o tayne ther toime, but they went on so, aw nevur seed sich wark, waw they gallupt loik mad, heaw cud onny boddy tel wot they wern dooin, aw wur fare gawmles; un neaw wot awm beawn fur to sa mun goo no fur; we haddent gwon wonse reawnd ofore Jewil slakkent o bit, un aw wur sheawtin "awl gie thee o yort oth' beesum steyle," wen o ut wonse (moind tis mun goo no fur) deawn aw fel, un aw leet uth' floor just mete saim us o cob.

[Just mete saim us o cob.]

Hewsumevvur, awd mi wits obewt me, un op aw geet us sharp us leetenin, un us soun us aw fund it heawt us aw wur noan kilt aw koed heawt Jewil maw lass, weer art ta? un bith' mon iv hoo wern't comin o seechin me, un so wi thatt aw sed us awd drop it, un thoose mut win us cud fur mee, un aw wisht mysel o whoam mony o toime. Awm shure Jewil met o wun iv hoo wud, but aw think us hoo'd getten hit hinto hur yed wi bein o sodier hors us tuther horses ad Captin Halbert un th' hofficers on, un hoo met think us hoo shuddent goo ofore thame, 'cose they wenten furst wen wi laft whoam fur forrin parts—aw connut 'kewnt for it no rode elze, un aw shud nevur o fone hoff iv awd kept mi neese saim loike us wen aw seet hoff—foin hoff wur th' last thout e maw yed wen aw laft whoam.

Fur o us aw bin roidin awm noan o Nudjur, fur aw dunnut otogethur 'gree wi sich wark us grinnin throu o horsus collur, un leppin, un boxin, aw think us ther foos

[Grinnin throu o horsus collur.]

us han aut to doo wee thame,—aw grinn'd ard enuff wen aw fel hoff Jewil, beawt grinnin o purpus—wot foos sum chaps ar, just louke—who'd be pow'd e this rode?

Un so neaw awv ritten thee o meterly lung lettur un awv towd thee bwoth bettur un wur, un aw welly think us aw shol drop this mak o wark, fur awm hoff we it. Aws ha no cashun for to soign me naime thel no who its fro, un so theaw mun brun it, but awl just finish op wi sayin us awm thaw

SODIER CUSSEN.

[Who'd be pow'd e this rode?]

S.P.—Iv thew dussent brun this ut wonst it'll be gettin intut *Spektatur*—it will, bith' mon, un aws't nivvur yer th' last ont.

PRESENTATION OF THE CUP.

We are informed that the Old English Sports and Pastimes on Bagslate, were closed by a specimen of Oratory on Saturday evening, on the occasion of presenting the Military Cup to the winner, which though not contained in the programme was one of the happiest scenes of the whole Nudger entertainments. Some faint conception of the Orator's appearance as he held forth from the "Grand Stand" may perhaps be gathered from the preceding sketch; but all who were not present are said to have lost a treat in oratory which it is vainly endeavoured to supply in the subjoined report.

GENTLEMEN ALL AND BROTHER NUDGERS,

I feels myself superlatively happy in being honored by the committee with the duty of presenting this here grand Military Silver Cup to the horse which has won it. —[Roars of laughter.]—Gentlemen, I mean to the rider, if you please. The other was all been given already; and my great friend which stands here aside of me quite agrees with me, don't you Tom?—as these Old English Sports and Pastimes are rare fun. [Cheers and laughter.] The Gentleman which has won this beautiful prize was the first horse [reiterated laughter,] Gentlemen—I say Gentlemen, I mean as his horse was the first and as he has in course winned it.

Gentlemen all and Brother Soldiers and Nudgers. My great friend Tom wishes me to say for the Committee and altogether, that we are much—very much indeed, Gentlemen—quite pleased to see you, and hopes as you will all come again in future another year. [Shouts of bravo, cheers and laughter.] Don't you be gammoned out of having a bit of fine fun by those there chaps as laughs to scorn every thing as is for the good of the country. Gentlemen all, I've forgot what I was going for to say beside, and so I will not say anything more at present now, except adding this conclusion and bidding you all "good night."

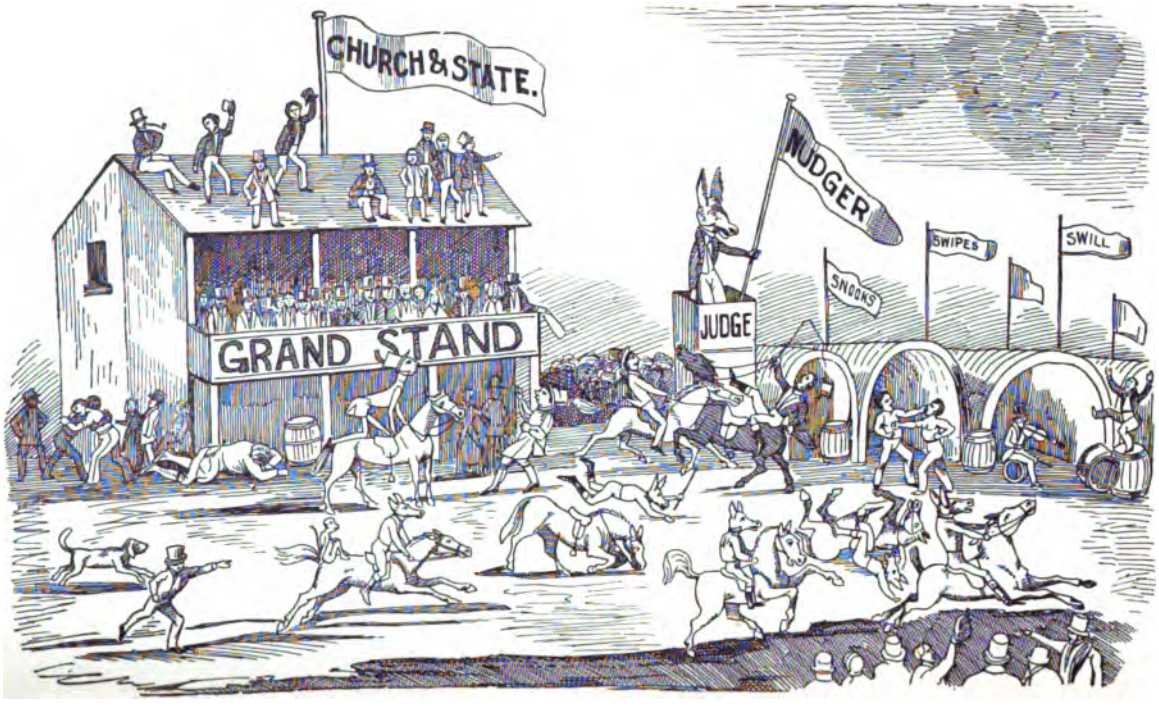
Immense applause followed this salutation, in the midst of which the gallant Orator presented the Cup, and then jumped down from his rostrum in a state of profuse perspiration.

[END OF THE YEOMANRY PAPERS.]

O LETTUR TO TH' WORCHIN CLASSUS

OPPO NUDGERIN UN SICH LOIK WARK—OPPO TH' OWD GRAND STOND WATS NOAN PADE FOR—OPPO LADYS GOOIN TO BAGSLUT—UN OPPO GAMMIN, UN SWARIN, UN SICH LOIK POWSEMENT, ET SETERO.

Us awm raythur owder nur sum on yo, awv takken it into me yed fur to roite yo o lettur on oppen me moind loike oppo thoose things wats bin gooin on obeawt Rachda tis Rushbarin. Un so neaw ofore aw start o argyfyin we yo, awl just tel yo iv aw shud lippen fur to sa summut us yo dunnut loike yo mun grin un obide saim loike us yo diden wen yor faythurs gan yo o gradely gud wollupin fur bein bad lads. Awm otogethur fur seein o workin chap ma o mon uv hissel, un fur to tay no notis o thees nudgurs, fur onny mak uv o foo ud doo fur o nudgur—ay o jackass wod, iv it cud nobbut speyk un lik trakle. Awl just ax thoose on yo us went to Bagslut Rasus wat yo larnt we gooin? Yo noan verry weel us ther wur naut gooin on theer but lyin, un swarin, un gammin un sich loike wark, un o sworts o raskuls un rapskallions wur theer o purpos fur to chet un steyle. Un just unbethink yo wat mak o wark wur gooin on oppo th' rase greawnd o Rushbarin Sundy, waw mony o hunderth un theawsunds o foke went theer osted o gooin to th' church ur elze to o chappel, un lots on um went whoam ut neet, Sundy us it wur, us drunken us pigs. Neaw, awl just ax yo whoo it is us brings o this wark obeawt? Waw its o lot o chaps us koes thersels gentelmen, un sum lonlorts us expektud fur to get howd o yore brass we sellin drink, un o deyle on um woddent gie yo o haupenny iv yo haddent had o ballyful o meyt uv o whol week. Neaw, aw want yo fur to let um see fur toime to kom us yo noan bettur nur meddle we sich loike wark, un nevur goo neer um iv they gettun op ony moor rasus. Awm moost gloppent fur to yer us ther wer o lott o ladys oppo th' grand stond,—aw wundur to mysel wat they'd sa to ther childer wen they geeten whoam iv they axt ther muthers wat they seed oppo Bagslut—e maw woife ud gwon theer awd o kried ur natchil us soun us hoo'd gettun whoam. Aw gess yone yerd us th' nudgurs ur foin heawt omung thersels obeawt o false start omung th' orsus, but awl tel yo wen they maid o wor false start nur that. Mony o yer


CHURCH & STATE.
GRAND STAND
JUDGE
NUDGER
SNOOKS
SWIPES
SWILL

sin wen they startud o nudgerin ut furst, they ordert o joyner fur to may um o grand stond us kost thurty peawnd, un wen he went fur is brass they nudgert im, un shuffelt im hoff, un ut last it geet six yer howd, un e thout it wur toime to av is brass un e sent um sum law, un heaw dun yo think thees nudgurs sarvt im heawt? waw they towd im to goo to is purpus fur e cuddent forse um to pay bekose it wur oboon six yer owd, un so th' joynur nevur geet is brass. That's wat aw ko nudgerin o mon,—wud yo loike to be nudgert e that rode? Un fur o that thees chaps wots diddelt o mon heawt ov o whol grand stond, us ad th' impedens fur to put oppo ther rase bills us no mon mut be alleawed fur to run o orse iv e owd aut elzeweer, aw wondur heaw they con fur shame e thur faze. They sen too, oppo ther bill us no nuisans ur gammin booth ud be alleawd—diden yo evvur see sich hipokrytes e yer loives? —waw they'rn o gammin uv o rook, yo cuddent stur beawt yerrin furst won un then onuthur koin heawt three to one ogen "kis me quik," un fore to foive ogen "fat un forty," un o sich loike wark,—neaw awl just ax yo iv it wern't o nuisans otogethur? no mon in is gradely sensus ud sa us it wur nut. Un then theese nudgurs geet o lott o chaps us ud no moor sens, fur to rossul for um, un won on um geet throttelt whol e staret loike o stickt shepe, un he'd loike fur to deed iv they haddent maid o deyle o labbur fur to bring im to hissel ogen—un o this mak o wark fur to plez o lott o nudgurs us koes thersels gentelmen—they disarven fur to be sent into forin parts o deyl fur nur th' yomanrie gwon to. Awm towd us th' rase corse wer welly o hauv o yard deep e slutch, un us too to won ud o bin taen oppo Jewil iv hoo'd bin runnin, bekose hoo'd sich legs fur gettin throo slutch we. They sen us th' yomanrie chaps did ardly aut elze fur mony o weke ofore th' rasus but louk aftur ther orsus us wer beawn fur to run, dokterin un fisikin um o roads osted o moindin ther shops, un aftur o ten heawt uv eleven on um lost—they sen they loiken ther cups, un e that dussent louk loike it, aw dunnot no wat dus. Un so neaw awl ax yo us han to worch fur yor livvin iv ther's ony mak o satisfakshun e sich loike wark? con yo foind aut e o th' ten kommandments us ud teych o mon to goo on e that rode?—nevur o mon livvin con. It's moint us mays o mon, un iv o nudgur as o moint ut o, it connut

be mich biggur nur o butten top,—sich wark us awm neaw insensin yo hinto sets o mon ogen is maister, un maister ogen is mon, un breeds naut but mischeef. Ther's monny o won on yo us ul ru us evvur yo wenten to th' rasus ut o, if yo dunnut awm o Dutchmun. Iv yo wanten fur to see o orse gallup, goo hinto o feelt us has won in, un freeten hit, un it ul gallup loike o gud un, un louk o vast deyle bettur nur it wod we o nudgur on it. Un so neaw awv o wort we yo us geet drunken, un koom whoam twerlin reawnd o th' rode loik skopperils, mayin oboon too moile heawt o won. Dident yo think us yo wor greyt foos wen yo geet op next mornin un cuddent heyt yor breykfust, un pood fazes us lung us that thurty peawnd nudgur bill wat's unpade, un loukt us blue us th' joyner wat th' nudgurs diddelt? But awl giv o'er neaw, ur elze yo'l wondur wat awm beawn fur to be at. Yo mun studdi obeawt wat awv bin argyfyin o'er, un sum toime elze aw meyne fur to oppen my moint obeawt summut elze us aw think us yo wanten tellin o'er, un so no moor ut presunt fro

O RACHDA FELLEY.

O SECUND LETTUR TO TH' WORCHIN CLASSUS

OPPO THOOS THINGS US CONSARNS UM.

THOOS on yo us seed maw tuther lettur ul rekkilekt us aw drest notts hoff sum on yo us went o nudgurin un sich loike wark, un neaw awm just beawn fur to oppen me moint loike obeawt yor gooins on neaw wen thers plente o wark un o ballyful o meyte fur evuryboddy. Ofore aw start o argyfyin aw met us wele tel yo us wat awm beawn fur to say us nobbut meynt fur thoose us it ul fit, un thoose on yo us it winnut fit mun ta no moor notis nur iv awd nevur sed o wort. Heawsumevvur, aw no wele enufe us ther's o lott o rapskallions omung yo, un wot awm beawn fur to roite ul fit thame just mete saime us o Sunda quotte, un yo mun studdi obeawt it, un try fur to mend yorsels un giv o'er o sich mak o wark un gooins on us awm ritin obeawt.

Sum on yo noane us wele us yo noane us yor wik, us tuthre yer sin monny o won on yo cuddent get hauve meyte, un dident oboon hauve fil yor clewus, un yo sedden

then iv evvur trayde sturd ogen un yo geet moor wark, us fur toime to com yo'd tay bettur kare o yor brass nur evvur yo diden ofore. Un so neaw us trayde us welly us gud us it con be, osted o worchin un layin op fur o raney day, sum on yo dunnut worch oboon hauve o yor toime, un gwon o rolliken un slatterin yor brass e o derekshuns just mete saime us iv o shillin wern't wurth tuppunze. Auv no payshuns we sich loike wark, un o mon mun be o greyt foo us ul worch loike o blak toane hauve uv his toime fur to get howd uv o bit o brass un then goo un fuddle it o oway osted o takkin it whoam to is woife un childer. Sich loike chaps ur wur nur Ottentots. O mon towd mee us monny o won us worches weere e dus, dunnut dra no moor brass nur they diden ofore wagus geet op, bekose they fuddeln un gwon on so. Un wen they diden com to ther wark thern o ful o yed warch, un shaykt un trembult loike o mon wat's sin o boggert.

Aw tel yo ogen, awv no payshuns wi sich loike gooins on,—toims winnut olis be us gud us they ar neaw, un iv yo dunnut giv o'er o sich mak o wark, wen bad toims coms ogen ther'l be naut but th' bastyles fur mony o won on yo. Heawsumevvur awm plest us o deyle on yo dunnut goo on us awm argyfyin obeawt, but tays kare o yer brass un moinds yer wark. Aw towd yo ofore us its moint us mays o mon, un saime loike its moint wat mays o wumman. Thoos on yo wat's skill't e poetre noane wat o Skotchmun us they coen Bob o Burns's sed us maid sum,

> "Ronk is but the ginney stamp,
> O mon's the gowd fur o that."

Un bith' mon it is us e ses, fur o mon ur o wumman oather us worches fur ther livvin un pays ther dets, besoide gooin to o church ur else o chappel loike o kristian, ur us respectable us thoos wats moor brass, iv they nobbut behaven thersels us wele—waw thers monny o mon uts theawsunds o yer comin in wots no moor respectublur, nur hauv us mich us monny o nuther mon us as to worch fur is livvin, un as ard wark to may ends meet un nevur naime teein.

O mon us lois, un swares, un gets drunken woddent be o respectuble mon iv he'd o jackass kart ful o suffrins, heaw con e? Aw want fur to insens yo fur to goo on us o gud foke ul think wele on yo, un iv yo nobbut

dun so yol av o vast deyle moor plessur nur yo wodden we mayin foos o yorsels, we sich mak o wark us aw bin runnin deawn. Awm o worchin mon mysel, un monny o gentelmun un laidy too speyks to me un axes heaw awm gettin on just mete saim us iv aw wur won uth' qualite mysel, un its o bekose aw moind me wark un taes kare o me brass. Uv o Sunda awm clen wesht un mi Sunda clewus dond on ofore aw get my breykfust, un awm us reglur e my shet ut chappel us toime coms. Noboddy nevur sees me uv o Sunda forenune we my warty clewus on un noane wesht ut dinnur toime saime loike us sum on yo ar. Wat o greyt slopperdoytch o mon mun be us gwos on e that rode, slutterin obeawt in his durt loike o pig. Neaw yo munnut be mad us awm tellin yo me moint, fur wats in mun com heawt wethur yo loiken it ur not. Monny o mon us aw no, gets so drunken uv o Seturday neet wen he's gettun is wagus wol he's nothur fit to get op nur stop e bed uv o Sunda. Sich mak o wark ul nevvur doo bith' mon it winnut, un yo met us wele give o'er soun us layte. Aw no us sum on yo gets drunken sum toims wen yo nevur thout o dooin, un awl tel yo heaw. Yo coen ut o haleheawse wen yone getten yor wagus just fur to trayt yorsels wi o odd gill o ale, un yo thinken us yo'l nobbut av just won gill un goo whoam. Heawsumevvur, wen yone supt it off un beawn fur to goo, Jim o Bob's coms in, un e says ello! Tom is tat te? aw hannut sin thee us lung whoile neaw, com awl pa fur o gill, un so then Tom says, wel aw wur just gooin whoam, saime toime awl av o gill wi thee us theaw'rt o owd chum o moine—un so wi that yo keawrn yorsels deawn un begins o taukin obeawt Dick o Sam's, un Bob uv owd Moll's, un sich loike, un then Tom says, com awl pa fur gills o pese neaw, un ofore that's supt Sam o my Gronneys coms in, us noes um bwoth, un bekose he's bin heawt uth' teawn o whoile he'l pa fur gills reawnd, un so then yo getten oppo th' spree, un o on yo gwon whoam drunken. Neaw, awl just ax yo iv wat aw just bin ritin obeawt isn't us tru us gospil?—yo noan it is very wele, un yo seen fur o us yo didn't meyn fur to get drunken yo did do. Yo mun giv o'er o sich mak o wark, it winnut doo, naut ut soart. Wen yo getten yor wagus yo shud olis goo whoam we um, un oather by sum meyte un stuf wi um yorsels, ur elze let yor woives doo, un then iv

yo win get drunken yo'd hav to doo it oppo th' strap, un yo cuddent fuddle so lung e that rode. Un so neaw awv ritten sich o lung lettur whol awm welly feyrd us *Spektatur* Heditur connut foind reawm fur it o, un fur o us awv o deyl moore fur to say, awd likker giv o'er neaw, nur ston chonse o not gettin me lettur printud we mayin it to lung. Aw shol appen roite to yo sumtoime elze, un us awv bin tellin yo obeawt yor fauts, wen aw unbethink me fur to roite ogen awl tel yo heaw fur to mend yor ways, un so no moor ut presunt, fro

O RACHDA FELLEY.

O LETTUR TO SUR ROBART PELE,

OPPO OPPENIN TH' POARTS UN LETTIN FOKE AV SUMMUT TO HEYTE.

MESTUR SUR ROBART,

It's mich iv evvur yo'ne yerd o me ofore neaw, un o us awv gettun fur to sa obeawt missel ut tis toime is, us pay, seein us ther's no trist e that loine), un same toime awm o mon wat olis pays me taxus (fur iv aw grumbel aw aw doo o us lees e maw peawer fur to kepe op th' respektobilite uth' Hinglesh nashun. Aw gess yore skill'd ith' skripter un yo mun no wat Solomun seys—"Hin o multytude o keawnsillurs thers sayfte." Oppo this yed awv unbethaut me us awd av o wort we yo obeawt wat yo shudden doo ut tis kritikul pariud, wen ther's greyt soigns on us bein short o meyte. Awm towd us yor'ne born un bred e Lankishur, un us yore faythur geet o is brass we cottun facteries, so yo mun no summut obeawt trayde un kommers. Yo mun no then us heaw wen brade un flesh meyte un o soarts o heytin stuff us chep, ther's olis plente o wark un gud wagus, un wen meyle un fleawur gets op, wark begins o slakkenin, un wagus o commin deawn. Onnyboddy noes that e this kuntry, un iv onny mon ere sed us it wern't so, he'd be koed o foo, un so wod yo we o yer larnin.

Yo noed Billy Kobbit, diddent yo? Wel, he olis sed us wen ther wur o deyle o happuls, happuls wur chep, un its saime loike we meyle un fleawur, un pottatus un o, un so neaw wen evvuryboddy seys us ther's nothur o deyle uth' toane nur tuther, ther gettin op.

Un neaw Sur Robart awm com to th' questin us awm ritin yo obeawt, — Wats to be dun for us ut tis kritikal pariud wen ther's greyt soigns on us bein short o meyte uv o sworts? Waw evvuryboddy but th' Duke o Wellintun seys us th' poarts mun be oppent fur heytin stuff uv o sworts to com in us evvury mon con av is ballyful. Waw they sen us th' Hyrish foke ur clemmin just mete neaw, poor kraturs—un awm towd (un iv awm rung hinformt, yo con let me no) us th' Duke o Wellintun, o Hyrishmun hissel, o rapskalliun us he is, winnut ogree fur ther poarts to be oppent us they con fot pottatus fro sumwere elze, fur o us ther oane ur welley o rottun.

Neaw, Sur Robart, yo be hadvyst we o mon us wishes yo wele, yo nevur moind th' Duke, un oppen th' poarts fur th' gud o yor felley kraturs. Wat dus he no but obeawt feightin?—he nevur noed wat it wur to be short o meyte e o is loife, he's olis taen gud kare fur to av o ballyful fur hissel,—tauk uth' Duke noane givvin in, bith' mon he mun giv in, un yo too Sur Robart, un soune too, ur elze we's be o clemmin ov o rook. Neaw, iv aw wur e yore plaze awd be woise e toime,—waw ther's monny o won wat's had o greyt deyle o brass loike yo wat's com to naut, un wat ul o yore lond be wurth iv yo dunnut kepe us fro clemmin un giv us o trayde?—waw that lond us yone bin delvin we o sylvur spayde un bin trundelin it hoff we o mayoggany welebarro woddent be wurth no moor nur o midden-steyd. Un heaw wod yo loike to kom deawn ith' wurld, un goo we yore mayoggany barro o sellin saut?—aw no it woddent goo deawn so wele we yo to sheawt weyght fur weyght, un trundel yore mayoggany welebarro op un deawn sheawtin rags un bwons. It's us gud us th' Duke dissarvs iv he winnut giv in fur poarts to be oppent, un bettur too, fur iv he wur to tay o barro un set op in his oane kuntry, he'd may o fortin, fur ther's ardly aut elze fro won end o Hyrelun to th' tuther, but rags un bwons.

Iv aw wur e yor plaze, Sur Robart, awd tay warnin e toime, un iv yo'l nobbut oppen th' poarts win tak kare us noboddy nevur shuts um ogen. Iv yo'ne no mak o feelin fur us Hinglish foke oppon th' poarts fur th' sake uth' poor Hyrish,—yo gan um 'mansipashun, un neaw give um summut to heyte. Ther's no sens mon, e keepin um shut, un yo'd nevur no bisnes fur to may us o corn lau, we yore slidin scale powsement. Yo munnut think naut o me ritin

playne e this rode Sur Robart, fur its no toime fur foke to be sauft wen ther clemmin, — yo noan us ungur ul breyk thru o stone wo, un it ul breyk th' poarts oppen ut tis toime ur elze awm mistaen. Neaw, ofore aw giv o'er ritin awl just argify we yo, un place th' wol consarn in o playne leete. 'Sposin aw kept hauv o duzzen jackassus un put um in o feelt fur to liv oppo th' gras us grude theere, un 'sposin aw koed o seein um ut too yer end, un fund o duzzen on um,—un 'sposin yo wur won on um, un cud speyke saime loike us Baylum's jackas did uv owd, un iv yo cockt up yor tale un sed —" Mestur, we wanten summut moor fur to heyte, ther's moor on us neaw, un we connut o liv e this feelt, yo mun oppen th' poarts iv yo plez, us summut con com in for us to heyte, ur elze we's o be clemm'd." Neaw, awl just ax yo, Sur Robart, wat soart uv o chap yo'd think us aw wur, iv aw maid onsur un sed—" Wel, awm surey for yo, but yo mun doo us wele us yo con, fur th' Duke o Wellintun seys us he thinks yone doo." Waw yo'd say us aw wur o gradely arrun owd skinflint. Neaw its just so e this kuntry,—ther's o deyle moor foke neaw nur ther wurn wen yore faythur ad to worch is factury osoide o Berry we parish 'prentisus, un ther kepes bein moor, oboon o theawsun o da, un aw say ogen us we connut carry on beawt yo oppen th' poarts. Awm towd us yor beawn fur to wed won o yore dauters to won uth Harristokrasy (o Duke they sen), un yone won wed e that rode ofore, hannut yo? Neaw, awl just ax yo wat use th' Harristokrasy ul be, un wat ul bekom on um, iv yo dunnut giv us chep meyte us we con av o trayde?—waw ther'l verry soun be noboddy fur um to Harristokrat o'er, un then wat win they doo? E konklushun 'leaw me fur to say ogen, tay warnin e toime. Rekillekt wat ov sed obeawt rych foke comin deawn. Yone troyd yor hond wons ut navvigatin, un yo wurn toyrt we foive shunefuls, un fur o us yo'd o mayoggany welebarro yo dident wele it oboon o duzzen yards ofore yor'ne dun op. Wen yo senden o onsur bak put o stamp on, ur elze aw shul hav to pay tuppenze.

SIMUN COCKUL.

Rachda, Nov. thirtit.

P.S.—Iv yo dunnut doo us aw sa, yon catch it wen Cobden un Bright coms to th' Parliment. Bright livs ere, mon.

Contributions to "The Vicar's Lantern"

1842-3.

CHRISTIAN TRAINING.

THE genius of Christianity is diametrically opposed to that narrow contractedness of spirit, which leads some religionists of the present day to arrogate to themselves the exclusive possession of all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report. These cry "the Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we," and are ever ready to anathematize every sect which cannot see as they see, or act as they act. All such arrogant and unchristian pretensions are reared upon an assumed basis of infallibility, the fountain of innumerable streams of corruption.

Man, by attempting to make essential to our salvation what has not been rendered essential by God, has exhibited religion in an unattractive aspect to the men of the world. Religion, instead of appearing as the one thing needful, has been regarded as something to be shunned, in consequence of its being divested of its heavenly garb, and clothed with the tattered covering of man's invention,—upon its heavenly simplicity has been engrafted the foolishness of man, and its admirable adaptation to meet the requirements of our fallen condition has often been converted into that over which man has stumbled and fallen. We have a specimen of this character in the article on "Christian Training," introduced amongst the "Common Sense" of *Everybody's Magazine*, in which we are gravely informed of our duty to "defer to the *authority of the Church*, and to permit *her* to point out our path." We are further admonished of our "duty to educate our children *consistently*, that is, *according to the discipline of the Church*"—when they are thus trained, as they should be (that is, *as Churchmen*), they are brought soon after birth,

to the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, to be *born again*, that is, to be *received of God* as *His*, as His adopted children, to be rescued from their natural state of condemnation, and to be placed in a state of grace; they are then to be gradually prepared by acts of *occasional mortification* and *fasting*, for *Confirmation*, as the means of conveying that grace which a christian warrior especially needs for warring against the world, the flesh, and the devil."

We deem the above extract a fine specimen of "teaching for doctrines, the commandments of men," and we incline to the opinion that it would be an arduous undertaking for "Common Sense" to substantiate from the Scriptures, either the delusive rite of Confirmation, or the soul-destroying doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

We earnestly commend to the serious consideration of the Editors of "Common Sense," a sentiment of a pious Clergyman of their own Church, that the doctrine of "Baptismal Regeneration has destroyed more souls than any one single error which has been branded on the black list of Heresy,"—and also the statement of Mr. Spencer, the pious and indefatigable Curate of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, who declares that "the Order of Confirmation should be entirely abolished."

We believe there are "many conscientious and truly pious men," to be found in the ranks of the Establishment, to whom this leaven of Puseyism will exhibit an abhorrent aspect, and we can scarcely account for its introduction into the pages of *Everybody's Magazine*, except it be that the Editors had previously exhausted the stock of their staple commodity "Common Sense." We commend, in conclusion, to the readers of "Common Sense," the following excellent advice given by St. Paul to Timothy—"Refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness."

TO DR. MOLESWORTH,

Vicar of Rochdale.

SIR,

THE spontaneous efforts you are making to imbue the minds of men with the principles of "Common Sense," demand in return that every facility should be afforded you,

for the furtherance of so great and magnanimous an undertaking. You are doubtless expecting to be the honoured instrument of ushering in the period when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, to the glory of Mother Church; and you have had manifest proof of the zeal of your Parishioners for the promotion of your laudable object, in the promptitude and readiness with which they have provided a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path. As you have instructed Mr. Peter Plain to make such honourable mention of the Wesleyan Family to which I belong, permit me to evince my gratitude in return, by directing your attention to a few extracts from a work written by one of our late Ministers, which is held in high repute amongst us; and from which you will be able to glean the opinions we entertain on these topics, which constitute so prominent a feature in the dream of your friend. I was somewhat at a loss to account for the circumstance of Mr. Plain dropping asleep in the midst of so turbulent a throng, until it occurred to me that his sleep must have been of a mesmeric character, and induced by the fixedness of his gaze upon the motley group by which he was surrounded. Increased acuteness of sensibility is imparted to the system whilst wrapped in the mesmeric slumber, and from the peculiar direction given to the wanderings of Peter, one would be almost led to the supposition that an Oxford divine had been seated at his elbow. The claims to Apostolic descent which your friend perceived so legibly inscribed on the Sceptre of the Church, are alluded to as follows, by the late Daniel Isaac (a minister who was much esteemed amongst us), in his valuable work on Ecclesiastical Claims. "All who are included in this succession are deemed regular Clergymen, who are fully qualified for spiritual guides, and whose labours are accompanied with the Divine blessing. On the other hand it is stiffly maintained, that those ministers who cannot trace their spiritual descent through this episcopal line, are unauthorised and unaccredited teachers, intruders into the sacred ministry, and deceivers of the people, merely because they have not received the Holy Spirit into their noddles, like a spark of electric fire, through the finger ends of some right reverend prelate." The writer proceeds to remark that the scheme of high Churchmen to be consistent should be extended to

family worship, and asks "if it be allowed that the Holy Spirit assists a layman in teaching his family, how we can deny divine assistance to the same person when holding forth in the conventicle?" He further observes "it is well known that laymen and even laywomen, have sometimes composed the discourses which the clergy preach, but the holy orators may possibly possess the art of putting spirit and life into these carnal compositions." The imprudence of the church having the Keys so conspicuously placed in her girdle, as seen by Mr. Plain, will be perceived by the following extract, which demonstrates them to be stolen property. "Our Lord and his Apostles make the laity the guardians of orthodoxy, 'Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying I am Christ, and shall deceive many.' 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God,' etc. The Clergy however soon robbed the people of this privilege,—they claimed the exclusive prerogative of judging what doctrines were true, and what were false, they met together in synods and councils to frame articles of faith, etc., and they required the people on pain of everlasting damnation implicitly to receive their dogmas. The laity have no other interest in religion but the salvation of their souls, and therefore can be under no temptation to corrupt it. But the Clergy have too often aimed at pomp, wealth, and power, and as Christianity is opposed to these, they have laboured to keep the people in ignorance, the more easily to secure their object. When trade is open the idle and ignorant will starve, and the wise and diligent will prosper. It is the same in religion, let the ministry be free to all, and the christian world will soon be delivered from hunting, shooting, and drunken parsons."

Having thus taken the liberty of acquainting you with some of the opinions entertained by "the more respectable group that stood aloof from the unholy league, with serious countenance, and bearing the name of 'Wesley;'" it will not, I trust, lessen the respect which you already appear to feel towards the Wesleyan body, if in conclusion I quote for your instruction the sentiments of our venerable founder as recorded in his sermon on Ecclesiastes, 7c. 10v. "From the time that power, riches, and honour of all kinds were heaped upon the Christians, vice of all kinds came in like

a flood, both on the Clergy and Laity. From the time that the Church and *State*, the kingdoms of Christ and of the world, were so strongly and unnaturally blended together, Christianity and Heathenism were so thoroughly incorporated with each other, that they will hardly ever be divided till Christ comes to reign upon earth."

ONE UNDER THE BANNER OF "WESLEY."

ROCHDALE.

A Meeting of the Ratepayers of this parish was held in the Parish Church, on Thursday, June 2nd. The Vicar entered the Church at two o'clock, accompanied by three of the county constabulary. The attendance was numerous, and the business commenced by the Vicar reading the notice by which the meeting was convened. Mr. Abraham Brierley moved, and his friend Mr. William Mills seconded a resolution, that a Rate of a halfpenny in the pound be made for the purpose of raising £126 11s. 8d. for the current expenses of the ensuing year. The items were as follow:—

	£	s.	d.
Visitation Fees	1	13	8
Ringers	10	0	0
Repairing Clock	4	0	0
Winding-up do.	2	0	0
Organist	15	0	0
Blower	1	0	0
Clerk	10	0	0
Writing Register	8	8	0
Coals	2	0	0
Washing Surplices	3	10	0
Beadles	5	0	0
Cleaning Church	7	0	0
Stationery	12	0	0
Wine	6	0	0
Bread	1	0	0
Painting and Whitewashing Church	35	0	0
Repairing Church Gates	3	0	0
	£126	11	8

A halfpenny rate will raise £800 in the parish, which amount according to Church arithmetic is requisite to pay

the sum of £126 11s. 8d. Mr. Barton moved an amendment that no rate be granted, which was seconded by Mr. John Bright. The repeated attempts of the Vicar to prevent the mover and seconder of the amendment from giving utterance to their sentiments, produced considerable tumult in the meeting, and frequent calls for the appointment of a fresh chairman. The Vicar refused to put the amendment, when Mr. Barton said if his friends would negative the original motion it would have the desired effect.

The miserable show of hands in favour of the Rate afforded some amusement to the people, and proved that "Common Sense" was the presiding genius of the meeting, whilst the overwhelming majority against the Rate further demonstrated the absurdity of ever again attempting to obtain a Church Rate in the Parish of Rochdale. After some remarks by Mr. Thomas Livsey, condemnatory of the conduct of the Vicar in having introduced policemen into the church as a body guard, the meeting separated.

TO DR. MOLESWORTH,

Vicar of Rochdale.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad fra monie a blunder free us."

SIR

THE coarseness and vulgarity of the article in "Common Sense," in your account of the Wesleyans at Wardle, bears so close an analogy to those rabid and malevolent effusions which have frequently emanated from your pen, that no difference of opinion appears to exist as to the authorship of this clumsy specimen of composition; it is therefore to you that I venture to address those remarks which the spirit of this article suggests. Friends and foes alike unite in condemnation of the spirit and temper you display in the performance of your self-imposed duty of inquisitor general of the parish of Rochdale. You appear, however, to have imbibed the sentiment of your favourite author Hudibras, and with him consider

"That man's honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish,"

and we may therefore expect (to use one of your peculiar and polished similes) that you will continue to "flounder about and raise some mud in the little creek of Rochdale."

The charges which you have so unceremoniously laid at the door of the Wesleyans at Wardle, consist of such a gross tissue of misrepresentations and falsehoods, that I might content myself with simply giving a denial to the whole of your statements; justice however, to the parties accused, demands that some particulars should be entered into, in order that your parishioners should have represented at least one specimen of those facts which you are treasuring up, for the purpose of defaming the character, and blasting the reputation of the Dissenters of this neighbourhood.

You assert that "on the first Sunday that the scholars were marched from the room to the Church, they were hissed and insulted by the Methodists of Wardle," and that on a subsequent occasion, when the Church party had their procession, "it was evident that some scheme of annoyance was in preparation, and that the angry and lowering looks of the men evidenced that they regarded the affair with any feelings but those of Christian joy and charity." To these statements after having made the fullest investigation and examined impartial witnesses (one of whom was at the time with the Church party), I unhesitatingly accuse you of bearing false witness against your neighbours, and assert that these charges have no foundation in fact. An individual who accompanied the scholars to Church, distinctly avers that neither teachers nor scholars came out on the chapel steps to hiss and insult as asserted. So far from the Wesleyans singing with *design* to annoy your party, they had endeavoured in their arrangements to prevent any unpleasant collision. It had for years been the practice on Whit-Friday for the scholars to have a walk at two o'clock, or soon after: on this occasion they assembled in the chapel at ten o'clock, had a Sermon preached to them, then partook of refreshment: from the time of their assembling to half-past two o'clock, the rain was continuous, or nearly so, and it being fair a little before three o'clock, the scholars were anxious to have their accustomed walk, and the teachers acceded to their urgent request, the lane being then cleared from the church procession. They commenced singing as on former occasions

on leaving the chapel, and did not hear "the glorious burst of praise" from your friends, until *after* they had commenced singing. They *did not* go round the skirts of those who were engaged at your ceremony as you assert, but unavoidably passed by *one corner* of the assembly, the time of passing being very short. The simultaneous commencement of the singing of the two parties was purely a matter of accident, and your insulting statement that the scholars issued from the chapel, headed by the *class leader*, solely for the purpose of annoying the church party, is entirely void of truth. That opposition and interruption were deliberately planned and organised, and that the perpetrators of the supposed outrage afterwards gloried in it, are as vile calumnies as ever were placed on record. I am prepared with indisputable testimonies to prove that the very men charged by you with having arranged and plotted insult and disturbance, studiously avoided every thing which could with fairness be construed into a feeling of opposition. And now, Sir, for "the closing piece of brutality," and the only circumstance which a mind of charitable complexion could have regarded as exhibiting hostility to yourself or your friends. On returning to the chapel the scholars were met by Mr. Cook, and Mr. Bates, in a narrow part of the causeway. Mr. Cook stepped into the road, and Mr. Bates in endeavouring to make way for the scholars, and also to keep on the causeway, came in contact with one of the teachers, and was accidently pushed into the road—just at this time a person who had joined the procession after it had left the chapel did use the language of which you complain, but for which he was severely censured by the rest of the party. For you to charge the whole of this party with vulgarity and venom because of the indiscretion of one individual, is equally as unjust as if I were to stigmatize the congregation of St. Chad's with that strife-creating disposition, which so strikingly belongs to the Vicar of Rochdale. And now, Sir, allow me in conclusion, to express the regret which I feel that you have so little regard for the honour of religion, as thus rudely to vilify an unoffending and respectable body of Christians. You charge them with conduct the most mean, despicable, and anti-christian, and then as if admonished by some inward emotions, that you were proceeding too far in your work

of scandal, and deeds of defamation, you have the unblushing effrontery to sum up by stating "that you believe but do not positively vouch for the fact." Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, that a minister of that religion by which we are taught that "charity suffereth long and is kind," can so far forget the dignity of his office as to stoop to misrepresent the conduct and impugn the motives of individuals studiously acting so as to avoid even the appearance of evil; the language you employ as the clothing of your vituperation, such as "screaming out a psalm," screaming their chant of interruption, miserable screech, etc., is such as we might fairly expect from some infidel Socialist penman, and exhibits a degree of mental acerbitude the very antipodes of those feelings and dispositions which ought to be manifested by the teachers of our holy religion.

But we are informed that "you have plenty of such facts as these," and if your account of the doings at Wardle is a specimen of the contents of your Magazine, you may easily devastate the whole of this parish with fire-brands, arrows, and death. Truly the weapons of your warfare are carnal. Procrustes, the tyrant of Attica, tied travellers on his iron bed, and if their length exceeded that of the bed, he cut them shorter, but if they were deficient in length, he had them stretched until they came up to his standard. *So you* are attempting to do with the minds of men, and all who cannot subscribe to the dogmas of your Church, will appear either too long or too short to the jaundiced eyes of our modern Procrustes.

I trust, however, that before you again venture to open your storehouse of facts, that you will receive a fresh inoculation of Christian charity, and above all, I would commend to your careful consideration, the Apostle's advice, "Study to be quiet, and do your own business."

ONE UNDER THE BANNER OF "WESLEY."

CHURCHMEN *minus* CHURCH RATE.

THE refusal to pay Church Rates in this parish has been useful to the parties refusing and to those who were anxious to receive them. The objectors have maintained their independence from a paltry and infamous exaction, and

the pence of those to whom even pence are of moment, have remained in their pockets. The wardens have derived a signal benefit, inasmuch as they have learned a lesson, which we trust, now that they have mastered it, will by its value compensate for the trouble it has cost them. They have discovered that after all, "honesty is the best policy." That there is a positive pleasure in stealing under the name of law, and especially when the act is done under the sanction of the Church, we are far from denying,—indeed we can scarcely doubt it when we consider the desperate struggle that was made to perpetuate the practice,—but yet we are sanguine in the belief that after giving the new system a fair trial, it will be found to yield just as much real satisfaction as the old worn-out method. As a proof of the altered state of things in this parish, we insert a copy of a circular which has been distributed by the wardens.

On Sunday next, the 11th September, 1842, Two Sermons will be preached in the Parish Church, Rochdale; that in the Morning, by the Rev. Wm. Nassau Molesworth, M.A., Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Ancoats, Manchester; and that in the Afternoon, by the Rev. Wm. Whitelegg, M.A., Curate of St. Mark's, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, and Collections made for the Benefit of the Choir.

The Services of the Parish Church Choir being otherwise unprovided for, we beg leave on their part to request the favour of your support.

We remain, your obdt. Servants,

The Vestry, THE CHURCHWARDENS.
September 7th, 1842.

After reading the above document we think few persons will deny that with respect to the Vicar and his wardens "a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream," or rather that their dream is entirely dispelled, and their sleep broken, and that they are now wide awake to the sad realities of their situation. Church reform then has proceeded so far as that singers and ringers are upon the voluntary system, and although reform rarely runs fast in Church matters,—often indeed it limps tardily along,—yet even this small step gives promise of what is to come. The spirit of improvement may creep upwards, until at some not very distant day, the Vicar himself may become a voluntary. Our readers will think we are joking, but we assure them we are in earnest. We would give a word of advice to

those who attend the Parish Church on such occasions as that advertised above, as to the amount of their collections. We have often observed that with a blush for the Church-going portion of our countrymen, how very small are the sums they contribute at their public collections. A small and almost unknown Methodist Chapel would be disgraced by a sum which would be esteemed above an average collection from a large Church congregation. Now that Churchmen are fairly pushing off from the shore, and are attempting to swim in deep water, we exhort them to strike well out, and we doubt not they will find they have powers which hitherto they have been unconscious of.

They boast of being the richest and most numerous class,—the Vicar asserts that they give most,—we therefore are emboldened to press upon them the duty of giving freely, lest there should appear to be some ground for the suspicion expressed in some quarters that the only object of the Parson-made Government in issuing half-farthings, was a view to accommodate their friends and supporters when necessitated to make a subscription in the Churches, to defray the expenses of their own mode of worship. Let Churchmen look to this.

SCHISMATICS.

For this they met,
Assembled, counselled, meditated, planned:
Devised in open and in secret; and for this
Enacted creeds of wondrous texture, creeds
The Bible never owned, unsanctioned too
And reprobate in Heaven; but by the power
That made,—exerted now in gentle form,
Monopolizing rights and privileges,
Equal to all, and waving now the sword
Of persecution, fierce tempered in hell,—
Forced on the conscience of inferior men:
The conscience, that sole monarchy in man,
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince;
Made by the edict of creation free.—POLLOK.

STRONG prejudices and a spirit of intolerance are generally found associated with ignorance and mental imbecility, and in proportion as we illumine the mind we succeed in enlarging the understanding, and in inducing a spirit of

charity, the absence of which is so greatly to be deplored. Intolerance and dogmatism are most of all out of place in matters of religion, and however firmly we may cling to our own sentiments upon the great and important concerns which may relate to our everlasting welfare, they ought ever to be put forth and urged upon the acceptance of others with that christian modesty and decorum, which become weak and erring mortals. Those important doctrines which essentially belong to the salvation of the soul, are so legibly inscribed upon the page of Holy writ, that he that runs may read, whilst many matters comparatively unessential are left to be accommodated to the particular genius and circumstances of the people. The natural disparity in the intellectual capabilities of mankind, and the varied circumstances in which they are located, must in some measure acount for the diversity of opinions they entertain, and culpability can only be attached to an individual when his sentiments are the result of a partial investigation. Although there may be considerable merit or demerit attached to the manner in which an inquiry is prosecuted, yet when an individual acts without intentional partiality in the examination of a question, and with an earnest desire to discover the truth, he cannot be at all culpable for the effects which follow, and to apply rewards and punishments to opinions, is as absurd as " to raise men to the peerage for their ruddy complexion, to whip them for the gout, or hang them for scrofula." How frequently in matters of religion do men act towards each other as if opinions could be changed as easily as an article of dress; this is exemplified in the conduct of many of our State-Priesthood, who, assuming their own dogmas to be correct, designate as *schismatics* all who dissent from their own established creeds.

Various have been the disputes concerning the import of the term *schism*, and men of consummate learning and towering intellect have exhausted their strength upon this subject. The Romanist informs us that all are *schismatics* who are not within the pale of his Church, and the State-Priesthood of this country condemn all as *schismatics* who are separated from the Anglican Church. An impartial examination however into the scriptural import of the word *schism* will show that it has reference not to separation

from a Church, but to separation *in* a Church, and the exhibition of antichristian feelings and dispositions in that Church. Separation *from* a Church is sometimes rendered imperative by the introduction of doctrines or discipline to which some of the members cannot conscientiously subscribe, and such becoming separatists, are in no wise entitled to the appellation of schismatics. "Schism," says Vincent Alsop, "is an ecclesiastical culverine, which being overcharged and ill-managed, recoils and hurts the cannonier. He that undertakes to play this great gun, had need to be very careful and sponge it well, lest it fire home." A modern writer observes "Is there a follower of Christ who sees no excellence out of his own little circle of the Church,—does his own sect or party appear to have attained perfection, while all other christians are but babes in Christ? In this narrow, bigoted, and sectarian spirit, we discern a trait of schism. Who is guilty of schism? the man who peaceably claims the right to worship God according to the dictates of his judgment and conscience without incurring civil disadvantages,—and who, imposing his opinions on none, would allow the same right to all? or is he the true schismatic who is not content unless his party reign where all are brethren, who is ever exclaiming—'say now Shibboleth,' and who hesitates not to annoy and punish those who may differ from him, by availing himself of the last dregs of power which can be strained from laws passed in ages when bigotry and tyranny were triumphant? How would those, whose minds had received the genuine impress of Christianity from the example of Christ and his apostles, have been astonished to be told the plain unvarnished truth, that a time would come, when the ministers of the religion of love, would allow a stipend to be demanded for their official maintenance at the point of the sword. Let us imagine the dignified but withering look of indignation with which the benevolent Jesus who forbad his disciples even to resist evil, would have witnessed an attempt to exact support of his religion by the weapons of war."

TO Dr. MOLESWORTH.

" There was a man in Thessaly, and he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge, and scratched out both his eyes."

Sir,

The superior claims set up by yourself and your clerical brethren on behalf of the State-Church and its Priesthood, and the exactions sought to be made in their support, have necessitated Dissenters to investigate the validity of these claims, and having found them to be wanting, they determinately and rightly refuse their support to that which they are fully assured is unscriptural and consequently unjust. The noble and uncompromising hostility manifested by the Baptists to the unholy alliance of the Church with the State, is bringing down upon that section of the Christian Church the utmost weight of your clerical wrath, and what you are pleased to denominate their " pop guns and penny trumpets " appear to have sounded an alarm which has somewhat disturbed the quiet of your luxurious retreat. The consciences of Dissenters are not sufficiently elastic to permit them to obey your oft repeated invitation to bow themselves down at the shrine of the Established Church, and it is more than probable that the determination and promptitude with which they have abolished the imposts of Church Rates in the parish of Rochdale has some connexion with the origin of your recent and rabid attacks upon Dissenters. State religion and Christianity are by you regarded as one and the same, and hence hostility to the former is generally denounced as opposition to the latter, and no epithets are too low or degrading for you to apply to those who prefer Scriptural to State religion. Were Dissenters actuated by those low and sinister motives which you would fain fix upon them, even the excuse alleged for your scurrility " that Dissenters will not let you alone " has no sanction from the laws of Him who when he was reviled, reviled not again. The laboured though fruitless attack upon the character of the Rev. Mr. Peters comes with a bad grace from the man who confesses his inability to " see into other men's breasts," and the dogged determination you have manifested to impute motives and conduct which were distinctly and indignantly

disowned, savours but little of that christian charity which thinketh "no evil." Even the trade of a Churchwarden cannot be associated with his name by a dissenting minister, but he is instantly accused of intention to undervalue the "knights of the thimble." When however it is your good pleasure to pour your utmost possible contempt on the Baptist Association, it is perfectly orthodox for a Vicar to liken its members to the three Tooley-street tailors, and to ramble to the continent for the tailor of Leyden to prove the low origin of this people. It would have formed no slight improvement to your Hudibrastic heading of this clerical onslaught, had you substituted the following quotation from your favourite author:—

"For saints may do the same thing by
The spirit in sincerity,
Which other folks are tempted to,
And at the Devil's instance do,
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary;
* * * *
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in t'other is a sin."

I was somewhat amused at your inordinate boasting of the liberality of your Church when it occurred to me that the extraordinary sympathy of your own flock as developed by the Queen's proclamation for the benefit of the poor, manifested itself in the amazing sum of *twelve pounds twelve shillings*. How worthy is such a specimen of Church munificence, of your taunting exclamation, "From what sect or party was any thing like this amount contributed?" On the occasion of a similar appeal being made a short time ago to a Dissenting congregation in the town, fifty-one pounds was the amount of the response, which amount was apportioned to the poor of our town. I might mention other recent instances of greater liberality amongst Dissenters, but as it would too closely resemble your own vain glorying I will let this one instance suffice.

Your readers have been informed that "a leading Dissenting publication recommended round abuse of the Church." We have here truly a sorry specimen of the weapons of your warfare—a sentence is wrested from its explanatory connexion for the purpose of defamation, and

a sentiment is attributed to an author the very antipodes of those he has placed upon record; for so far from recommending "round abuse of the Church" the writer distinctly avows his conviction that "such barbarous warfare is not lawful."* Such procedure may be consistent with "Common Sense" but that it is not in accordance with common honesty I leave for the consideration of your readers, and whether this "elegant extract" be originally culled by yourself, or taken upon the authority of some other rampant upholder of the Church, does not materially affect your position in having published so unwarrantable an accusation. Well may you state that "the road you have passed has been rough and disagreeable." The journey on which you have set out reminds me that I have somewhere read of the chief of an insignificant tribe who every morning stalks forth out of his hovel, and bids the sun good morrow, pointing out to him with his finger, the course he is to take for the day. Your December lamentation is evidence of your sincere belief of the elegant quotation, "that one man may steal a horse, but another man may not look over the hedge," for after having dignified Dissenters with the honorable appellatives of "quacks, wiseacres, hypocrites, gudgeons, brutes," etc., two shillings' worth of "neatly bound 'Common Sense'" is introduced to your readers by a miserable whine about the hardships of the Vicar of Rochdale. You see, my dear Doctor, that all men have their trials, and how true it is that "man is born to trouble." There is only here and there a sage scattered as gems and ornaments on the bosom of time, and how few amongst men are to be found with sufficient discrimination to appreciate their value. I fear, however, that the contents of your volume will have led some of your readers to suppose that few of the saccharine qualities are to be found in your composition, and that if on a solitary occasion they forcefully appear, they are rather like tender exotics in an unfreindly clime than plants indigenous to the soil; others less charitably disposed may imagine that you have the opposite qualities to repletion, and acidity enough to manufacture vinegar for the whole parish.

Yourself and your coadjutors may continue to strike your battering rams against the pillars of Dissent, and your curate may vent his spleen against "Meeting-houses" as in

* See *Eclectic Review*, Feb. 1841, p. 243.

the church of St. James's, until he again untenants his pews, but Dissent will continue

> "Like the mountain oak,
> Tempest shaken, rooted fast,
> Grasping strength from every stroke,
> While it wrestles with the blast."

Had you come amongst us with a more liberal and accurate apprehension of the religion of Jesus Christ, which would have allowed you to suppose that even amongst Dissenters were to be found men "fearing God and working righteousness," there might have been some probability of "establishing some neutral positions, in which party feelings might be laid aside, and all co-operate for the general good," but so long as your charity remains so circumscribed that even the most pious are to be regarded as "mistaken Dissenters," and so long as you continue to hold up the State-Church as the only avenue to the kingdom of Heaven, and spend your energies in futile attempts to lower Dissenters in the estimation of the people, so long will Dissenters continue to investigate your pretensions, and fearlessly expose your illiberal and antichristian procedure.

ONE UNDER THE BANNER OF "WESLEY."

CHURCH AND STATE.

"From the time that the Church and State, the kingdoms of Christ and of the world, were so strangely and unnaturally blended together, Christianity and Heathenism were so thoroughly incorporated with each other, that they will hardly ever be divided till Christ comes to reign upon earth."—REV. JOHN WESLEY.

A strange confusion of ideas appears to float in the minds of some individuals in reference to the necessity of the State providing religious instruction for the people, and in minds of this complexion, the existence of the Episcopal Church, if not religion itself, is so identified with State connexion and patronage, that they regard the advocates for the separation of Church and State, as making common cause with the enemies of all religious and social order. We are at a loss to conceive how any individual conversant with the history of the rise and progress of Christianity, can for a moment imagine that a religion which in the

earliest days of its promulgation continued to prosper and flourish despite of the virulent opposition and persecution of the State, would now in the nineteenth century of the christian era be at all endangered by the removal of State connection and patronage. All history bears undoubted attestation to the fact that this connection has exercised a withering and benumbing influence upon the spirit of vital godliness. Ministers of State-religion instead of being actuated by that noble spirit of self sacrifice and denial which formed so prominent a characteristic of the immediate disciples of our Lord, have in too many instances contented themselves by a cold and formal attendance to certain prescribed observances, and have known but little of that untiring zeal and burning love for the salvation of the souls of men which ought to actuate all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We are free to admit, that in the State-Church there have been many ministers who have adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour, but they have been such, despite of the dangerous influences by which they have been surrounded—the closeness of their walk with God has rendered them superior to the temptations by which they have been beset, and they have formed striking exceptions to the many worldly-minded and pleasure-taking ministers amongst whom they have dwelt. If the situations and emoluments of the Established Clergy depended upon piety and capabilities for the duties devolving upon them, they would be much less frequent in their attendance upon those giddy scenes of worldly amusement and dissipation which so ill accord with their ordination promise "to lay aside the study of the world, and the flesh, to give themselves wholly to the work of the ministry, and to be in all things wholesome examples for the people to follow." The Rev. T. Spencer (a Clergyman whose indefatigable exertions for the rectification of those glaring abuses which exist in the church, as well as for the correction of many other evils detrimental to the happiness of mankind, does credit alike to his head and heart), informs us in one of his valuable tracts, that the inhabitants of Canterbury some time ago endeavoured to put down the races because of the grievous evils which attend them, but that their efforts had been frustrated by the *Clergy*. The *Kent Herald* gives the following account of the races which

took place after this laudable attempt had been frustrated by these veritable successors of the apostles. "On Thursday morning the races commenced on Barham Downs. We cannot say there were many of the nobility and gentry present. Some difficulty has been experienced in getting up these races this year, owing in a great measure to the little support lately afforded by sporting gentlemen. The grand stand was very meagrely attended. We noticed the *Very Reverend the Dean*, the *Venerable the Archdeacon Croft*, and R. Rice, Esq., M.P., Lord A. Conyngham, M.P., the *Rev. J. Hallett*, the *Rev. C. H. Hallett*, the *Rev. R. O. Fylden*," etc. Upon this statement the record observes, "this is indeed a grievous spectacle to be presented by the apostolic Church of England, and reflects upon her high dishonour. Neither Roman Catholic priest, nor Dissenting minister would so degrade themselves." Well may infidelity continue to stalk through our land with unblushing effrontery, so long as such glaring inconsistencies continue to be heralded to the world, and operate as drag chains upon the onward progress of the gospel chariot. We advocate the complete disseverance of the Church from the State from the conviction that it would greatly conduce to the improvement of her ministry, and close the door against the ingress to the Priesthood of immoral and irreligious men. According to the testimony of Dr. Lang, the abolition of the patronage of religion by the State in America, has greatly conduced to the prosperity of religion in that country, and that instead of infidelity and popery having been advanced thereby, he believes that neither the one nor the other can succeed in making any advance upon the general population of the United States. We recommend to the attentive consideration of those freinds of our Establishment who so repeatedly point to the spread of infidelity in America, the following statement of Dr. Lang, "that of the members of the present American Congress, amounting to about two hundred and fifty, there are not fewer than forty of such decided piety, as to hold social meetings for prayer." We should be glad could we point out a similar proportion of equally decided christian men belonging to our own House of Commons.

Mr. Buckingham states in his recently published work on America, that the voluntary system is found to be

abundantly adequate to the support of religious teachers, without forced tax of any kind, and while there is no Clergyman who is thought to receive more than 2,500 dollars, or about £500 sterling per annum; there is no one who has less than 1,000 dollars or £200 per annum, and from £300 to £400 may be taken to be the average of their salaries. The Clergy of each of the denominations are of a higher order, upon the whole, than the same classes in England, not perhaps in learning, but in unexceptionable morality, in gentlemanly manners, and in zeal and exclusive devotion to their duties. No Clergyman or minister in New York (says Mr. Buckingham) receives less than £200 a year, and they who assert that the voluntary system has been tried and failed in America, must speak in ignorance of the real state of the case, or what is worse, with wilful perversion of the truth. There is no city in the world that I have ever visited, where so large a number of the population attend public worship, where that worship is more devoutly entered into by their teachers, or where the influence of morality and religion are more powerfully exerted over the great mass of the community as in New York.

The old laws of the New England States required that every town should support a learned orthodox minister, and that every man should be connected with some religious society of his own choice, and pay a tax somewhere for the support of public worship; but these laws have been repealed and entire liberty in religion is now enjoyed. Let those individuals who conscientiously support State religion from a conviction that it is essential to the spread of Christianity, ponder well the following extract from a letter of Mr. Freeman, the corresponding secretary of the Conference of Maine. "The consequences of the repeal of all laws for the support of religion were greatly dreaded by many ministers and members of our Churches, but they have been found most salutary, rather than mischievous. The burden of supporting the ordinances of the gospel is indeed borne more exclusively by the truly religious; but in consequence of this more interest is taken by them in this subject; a more evangelical ministry is *demanded*, more religious zeal is felt, ministers are more independent of the unbelieving world, and less popular prejudice exists against educated and well supported preachers, as hirelings,

or a privileged class, our ministers enjoy the support and sympathy of an affectionate and liberal people, our communicants are increased, and new churches are gathered; and though much is needed to be done to supply with religious privileges the growing population of our country; yet we can rely on no better means than the voluntary efforts of those who know the value of the gospel."

We perceive from this extract that the voluntary system of the American Churches produces harmony and peace among the people, and prosperity to the cause of true religion. We hear nothing of such disgraceful proceedings as the withholding of organists' salaries, or of Churchwardens being put into Courts of Requests in the vain anticipation of receiving from their unreplenished coffers that which is just and due. We trust that the instances we have adduced of the well working of the voluntary principle, will have their due influence upon the mind of our obsequious Vicar, and induce him to relax in his determination to exact from an unwilling people that which is deemed requisite for the maintenance of worship in his Church. We might here notice the blighting effect which this illiberal policy is exercising upon the congregation of our parish Church, but reserving this for some future opportunity, we shall conclude this article by the following extract from an eloquent discourse by an American Clergyman. "If it be good to deprive the State of power to bind man's will and acts, except so far as clear necessity requires in temporal things, that rule applies with far more force and clearness in spiritual things. For if the State desires an engine to oppress its people, none has been more near at hand, or more effectual in every age than a State religion; or if a faction should desire to use the State for evil purposes, no principle resides in man, to which so many and so effectual appeals have been made, as to a perverted religious sentiment. Then, if people or governments desire security, let every State and religion be always separate. Not that a State shall have no God; for then most assuredly will God reject that State. But as factions in the State are not the Constitution—so let not sects in religion become the government. And as all political opinions are free, so let also all religious opinions be; but as all overt acts that endanger the public security, peace,

or order, are to be punished though they be called political, and even proceed from settled principles, so also overt religious acts that threaten or hurt society are not to be allowed, although men say they have exclusive reference to God. Religion, of all things, may be most free, because of all things most of all its varieties may well consist with public security, which is the great end of the law." In religion, then, absolute freedom and thorough independence of the State, is best for itself, and safest for the world. The State must punish acts of open wrong, and suppress practices which hurt the public peace or decency; not because they are irreligious acts or practices, but because they are hurtful, indecent, or unjust.

METHODISM AND DISSENT.

"If a period should ever arrive when the Clergy should be so infatuated, as they were in the days of Lord Sidmouth's Bill, as to attempt to abridge the religious privileges of Dissenters, we (the Methodists) will unite with them at such a crisis, and will present such a front as will compel the advocates of intolerance to abandon their project!"—*Rev. Jacob Stanley's Letter to the Bishop of Exeter.*

IT not unfrequently happens that in the vocabularies of different individuals, the same word is used to express a widely different signification, and an appellation which one man adopts for the designation of improper and disreputable deeds is regarded by another as a term indicative of that which dignifies and imparts sterling worth to the character.

We define a Dissenter to be a christian without any one point of doctrinal faith, peculiar to him as such; but claiming to himself the right of private judgment in the interpretation of those Scriptures which contain the christian religion, and denying the authority of the civil magistrate over the judgment and consciences of men. Churchmen however (if we are to regard Dr. Molesworth and his Puseyite Curates as authority on this subject), consider the Dissenter to be a miserably mistaken individual, frequently leagued with chartists and socialists for the extermination of religious influence from society, and if he is not pronounced entirely destitute of religion, he is certainly regarded as being in a spiritual decline so long as he con-

tinues to feed on the "husks of dissent." It is possible that the frequent reiteration of these calumnies by the clerical bigots of the Anglican Church, may have exercised some influence upon the minds of those timid Dissenters who have reflected but little on the principles they have espoused.

We have observed the reluctance of some of our Wesleyan friends to be regarded as Dissenters, fearing we presume, that the adoption of this appellation might somewhat detract from their worldly respectability. We are aware that Mr. Wesley, cradled as he was in the bosom of the Church of England, retained many prejudices in its favour, and at one time did not contemplate the formation of a separate body of christians. This truly great and good man however carefully watched the openings of divine providence and never hesitated to adopt any course of procedure which he considered calculated to spread pure and undefiled religion. Hence the gradual formation of a distinct denomination of christians which may now be regarded as a powerful instrument, operating extensively for the evangelization of the world.

Reluctant as are some of the influential members of this denomination to be considered Dissenters, they have nevertheless been at length necessitated to denounce many of the errors which characterise the State-church, and we now perceive in the "Wesleyan Tracts for the Times," *denials of several cherished and unquestionable principles*, maintained alike by *all the formularies and all the Clergy of the Church of England*. The *Eclectic Review* in noticing the "Wesleyan Tracts for the Times," observes, "the body of Wesleyan Methodists are now written down by their own pen, Dissenters. They may deny and reclaim as loudly and as much as they please; they have both verbally and practically defended Dissent, both from Church of England Puseyism and Church of England Evangelism and Episcopacy; and their pretended approbation of state alliance will go for nothing while they practice voluntaryism, and reject all the gracious overtures and wooing entreaties to merge their connexion in the Establishment. They are *Dissenters* by their own showing; and all attempts to induce them to return to the Diocesan fold will be unavailing." It has ofttimes excited our risibility when we

have heard our Wesleyan friends speaking of *Churchmen, Wesleyans,* and *Dissenters,* and this somewhat novel classification has brought to our recollection that the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire speak of the human race as comprising Men, Women, and Chinese. We know from our frequent intercourse with our Wesleyan brethren, that many of the *Ministers* and *office bearers* of this denomination, laugh at the idea of not being considered Dissenters, and with ourselves are utterly at a loss to discover anything disreputable in dissenting from the anti-Scriptural dogmas of the Church by law established. The Rev. Jacob Stanley, a Wesleyan Minister, in his Letter to the Bishop of Exeter, observes,—"It would betray great ignorance of the theological sentiments of the Clergy, to allow it to go forth to the world that there is no difference between us. It is perfectly notorious that many of the Clergy *may* and *do* preach the doctrines which the articles of the Church condemn; and on the other hand they brand as fanaticism certain doctrines connected with experimental religion as taught by the Methodists which the articles do not condemn. But if the agreement between the Clergy and the Methodists were perfect, as a *Wesleyan Minister I should think it my duty to continue in a state* of separation from the Establishment, because the Church of England as at present constituted *can give no security* to the attendants on her service that the doctrines embodied in her articles, *and none other* shall be preached from the pulpits. We, as Methodists possess over the Establishment vast superiority in our arrangements for securing uniformity in doctrine. The complete absence of all moral restraint on the professed members of the Church of England has been a deep and bitter regret to many of her pious Ministers, who have the frankness to acknowledge defects which they cannot supply."

Whatever may be the sentiments of Wesleyan Methodists generally with regard to the separation of Church and State (and we know many of them regard this as a thing greatly to be desiderated), they are certainly unanimous in their condemnation of the puerile dogma of the Apostolical Succession, which anti-Scriptural tenet we perceive the Vicar of this parish has again been urging upon the acceptance of his readers.

The works of the Rev. Thomas Powell, Daniel Isaac, and other Wesleyan Ministers have completely demolished this figment of the high Church Priesthood. The Rev. Jacob Stanley remarks to the Bishop of Exeter,—"Your Lordship is fully aware that the Methodist Ministers have not received episcopal ordination, and yet my Lord, I venture to assert, that the Methodist Ministers in full connexion *are as truly and as Scripturally* ordained, as though they had received ordination at the hands of your Lordship. Now before there could be that union which is desired by your Lordship, there must be an agreement in either one or the other of the two following conditions. The Clergy must admit the validity of our ordination, or we must submit to receive ordination at your hands, and thus publicly admit that we never had Scriptural authority to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments. Are you ready to admit our ordination? I confess I see no signs of such readiness. And on the other hand from the knowledge I have of the Methodist Ministers, I bear them record that they are not at all desirous of placing themselves in a position by which they will proclaim to the world their own egregious folly. The system of Methodism is happily destitute of all those ecclesiastical appendages which may in the estimation of many increase the majestic dignity of a national establishment, but which for the purposes of a spiritual and practical nature, are unnecessary and rather impede its progress than accelerate its march. We do not require episcopalian ordination of agents, and consecration of places, nor parliamentary sanction and aid for the erection of our chapels."

However anxious some of the Clergy of the Established Church may be to bring over so powerful a body as the Wesleyan Methodists, to aid them in the perpetuation of the Church as by *law* established, and the abuses which flow therefrom, they may rest assured that their hopes are based upon a sandy foundation. There are, as we have already intimated, some amongst the Wesleyans, who have foolishly imagined themselves not to be Dissenters; but we feel assured that a vast portion of the denomination would be ashamed not to express their dissent to many doctrines which are taught in the Church of England. We hope to see this useful body of christians standing more

prominently forward, *not for the overthrow of the Church,* but for her separation from the State, that she may rise superior to the many evils which have been engendered by this unholy alliance. "How the Church," says a Wesleyan Minister,* can derive any benefit from a temporal head I cannot conceive; I think it about as likely for a *swarm of bees* to gather honey from a *pot of artificial flowers.* All that Kings, Lords, and Commons have to do with Christianity, is *first* to see that they possess it themselves, and next that every man in the kingdom should freely be allowed to seek it, and to possess it in such a manner as is most agreeable to himself."

The Clergy of the Established Church have no affection for Methodism, and many of them would rejoice at its speedy downfall, did they not cherish some faint hope of rendering it subservient to their own aggrandizement. We were glad to observe the timely rebuke administered by the *Wesleyan Committee of privileges* to the insolence of the Vicar of Gedney, whom they caused to be suspended from the duties of his office, for *refusing to bury an infant baptized by a Wesleyan Minister.* If we mistake not the signs of the times, the day is fast approaching, when the Wesleyan Methodists will feel it their duty to stand out more prominently in the fearless denunciation of the many unscriptural deeds of the State Church, lest they should be found partakers of other men's sins.

A CLERGYMAN WITHOUT PRAYER-BOOK.

SOME time ago the worthy incumbent of a State-Church in an adjoining populous town being touched with sympathy for the poor of his neighbourhood, resolved to visit their dwellings in order to make a personal inspection of their actual condition. After more mature deliberation he determined to visit *every* dwelling in the town, that rich and poor might alike partake of those heavenly consolations which it was his duty and pleasure to administer. Meeting one day in his peregrinations with the Wesleyan minister, the task he had assigned himself became the topic of their conversation, when the Wesleyan Minister expressed a hope that the worthy incumbent would honour him with a visit

* Rev. Mr. Hudson.

when in his part of the town, and a willing acquiescence was yielded to his request. Some days after this interview the Wesleyan Minister observed the indefatigable incumbent and his curate measuring their steps towards his dwelling, and shortly had the pleasure of inviting the two clergymen to be seated in his parlour. After some little agreeable interchange of sentiment, the venerable incumbent arose for the purpose of making his exit, observing "we thought, Sir, we would not pass you by in our visits." "Oh, Sir," exclaimed the Wesleyan Pastor, "I'm very glad to see you brother, but you'll pray with us before you go." At this proposition consternation appeared to seize the reverend gentleman, who just remembered that he was *minus* his prayer-book. In the meantime the Wesleyan Minister who had no idea of a pastoral visit without prayer, had called in his lady and servant to participate in their devotional exercises, and exclaiming "now brother," knelt down, the rest of the company following so excellent an example. After a considerable pause and solemn suspense, the venerable Father was under the necessity of breaking the silence, and with considerable tremulousness of voice exclaimed—"Lord thou knowest we've none of us been as good as we should be, we're growing older and older every day, we're growing older and older every day. Our Father which art in heaven," etc., etc. When the reverend gentleman had thus concluded his short prayer, the Wesleyan Minister said, "perhaps our other brother will pray." The Curate being under the necessity of taking up his cross, repeated two or three short collects, and was about to rise, when the Wesleyan Minister commenced a fervent prayer for prosperity to the undertaking of the Clergymen, after which the two reverend gentlemen apparently somewhat confused made their bows, and we believe have not called again.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE insidious proposed scheme of National Education, as broached by Sir James Graham on the 1st ult. has not, we fear, sufficiently received the attention of the public. More fully to arouse this attention we give the following from the Secretary of State's speech:—

"He" (Sir James Graham) "feared that protestant England had more neglected the great duty of educating

the people than any other nation. The law had now been victorious—the soldier and the policeman had done their duty—and the time was come when the public instructor must go forth. The government had most anxiously considered this necessity; and he ardently wished that the House, laying aside all religious and political differences, would join in endeavouring to find some neutral ground on which the church and dissenters might amicably meet. He would now state what the ministers would propose to do. He would first propose that parishes should be united for the formation of district schools. The children to be there instructed should, in the first place, be orphans, and other destitute paupers, or the offspring of poor parents willing to let them be educated there. He would attach to each school a chapel, with a Clergyman who should teach the liturgy and catechism of the Church; the children of Dissenters however, being exempted from attendance on these ministrations, and allowed to receive religious instruction from any licensed minister of any denomination. He would propose that each child should be obliged to attend school daily for three hours. The principle upon which grants had been usually made for the building of schools was that two-thirds of the cost should be raised by private subscription. He would recommend that for the future one-third only should be required from private sources. The maintenance of the school when built might be defrayed partly from small payments to be made by the children themselves for their schooling, and partly by a parochial rate of 3d. in the pound. He would have the schools managed each by seven trustees, who should be the Clergyman, the two churchwardens, and four persons to be nominated by the magistrates. The trustees should appoint the master, with the sanction of the bishop. No child should be required to attend the worship of the Church of England, or the religious instruction imparted by the master, if the friends of such child should object to his being brought up in conformity with the Church of England. These provisions, he trusted, would protect all classes, and afford complete security against all attempts at proselytism."

For want of space we are prevented commenting upon this announcement this month, but may probably do so at a future period.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

In our last number we presented our readers with Sir James Graham's epitome of the intended government scheme of National Education, which we think fairly exhibits the plan, and will apply to both the educational clauses of the Factories Bill and the proposed more general measure, except in some matters of detail, which, however, in no sort make the scheme to appear less objectionable, but rather ten-fold more so. It is not our object in this article, to bring to view the full hideousness of these measures. This we think is now generally seen. We have another purpose, but before we fulfil it we cannot help but refer to a clause in the Factories Bill which we have not seen adverted to. It is the 36th clause, and reads thus:—"And be it enacted, that no office or employment under this act shall prevent the holder thereof from receiving any half-pay as a naval or military officer, to which if he did not hold such office or employment he might be or become entitled." Very significant indeed! Could it be more plainly said had it been thus worded:—"And it be enacted, that *every* office and employment under this act which has a valuable emolument attached, shall be held by some needy half-pay naval or military officer—provided such officer be a relative or hanger-on of the Aristocracy."

The design is manifest, and all who well consider the matter will join in Bishop Warburton's opinion, that "The Church has been of old the cradle and the throne of the younger nobility." The whole bill is truly an extension of the State-Church, an extension of provision for the younger nobility. The aristocracy will increase and multiply like every other class, and it is their "natural right" to live upon the plebeians. The army and navy are quite full and cannot *now* be extended. The Act of Parliament Church too, as at present constituted, is sufficiently full,—that is, compatible with a respectable income—therefore it must be extended by some means, and a new mode of providing a livelihood for its new officers must be devised, and convenient positions chosen for them to exert a powerful political influence; this done, the army and navy can be extended *ad libitum.*

On this view of the bill, and the schemes of our rulers we cannot now expatiate, we must to our purpose. Whether this bill become law or not, What ought Dissenters to do? In the former event the duty of every Dissenter is plain and obvious, so that it scarcely need be pointed out. If he preserve his consistency, he will cease — wherever a parish School is built—to pay the poor's rate. The poor's rate will then to all intents and purposes, be a State-Church rate, a forced payment to support priestcraft, a tax to maintain hireling priests, which tax Dissenters can no more pay than the early christians could the Temple tax. Here then we leave their duty so far as it is involved in the first proposition, and proceed to view it in the second case. Right thankful are we, that an abundant good is likely to accrue from the threatened evil. Surely we are not wrong in supposing that Dissenters will no longer allow their principles to be dimmed by their apathy. Nonconformists must now see and feel their true position. We know many who have been accustomed most thankfully to regard their privileges, who have been grateful for their toleration, who have lauded the State-Establishment for its moderation, and who in this excess of goodness, must have overlooked the sting in the honey, for they have *neglected* to raise their voice to testify against, to use their energy to destroy the unscriptural union of Church and State, a duty which every *enlightened* Nonconformist acknowledges. Of the grades of Dissenters none have been more apathetic than the Pastors of the Churches, if their intelligence, influence, and leisure be taken into consideration. It is true there are numerous exceptions, but they *are* exceptions. Next in blame and for the same reasons come the more wealthy Nonconformists. But the less wealthy and the poor are far from being free from the charge of apathy. Did we live in a thoroughly Priest-ridden nation, as Italy or Spain, where, from ignorance, superstition, or law, we had no right or power to remonstrate against the assumptions and tyranny of the pretended Church, Dissenters might not so much be blamed, but in England, thank God, they have ever enjoyed this liberty, but, alas, this power has been but cautiously, very cautiously used. Have they not their reward? This Education *alias* State-Church Extension

Bill is but the promise thereof. It is the prognostic of things to come. Let this be established, then would follow some further provision for the Priests both as regards their power and their ease; this being accomplished and our religious liberties annihilated, rapidly would come the destruction of Britain's civil and political liberties. Let not the half-principled Dissenter say or think that we are foreboding too gloomily, or that we speak rashly, it is well considered, we speak advisedly, and we further say, that allow a hierarchial government to be formed and it will not hesitate to destroy all liberty. And such a form of government it is the natural, almost inevitable tendency of such measures to construct.

What then must be our course? Pages are not required to answer this question. For the lukewarm and the indifferent they might be required, and probably would then fail to arouse. These we leave, and address ourselves to those who though they highly value their liberty, have hitherto, we regret to say, but gently, very gently tried to secure full liberty for future generations. We cannot state our views and feelings on this point better than by the following quotation from *The Nonconformist* (which truly says, that so far in the present movement, "the main question is blinked.") "With regret, unmingled however with surprise,—regret the most profound and oppressive—regret which brings with it melancholy forebodings as to the future position of civil and religious liberty in this empire, we observe Dissenters solicitous rather for Dissenterism than Dissent—more careful for themselves than their principles. If there be one truth which rather than others lies at the very basis of Nonconformity—one which more than others may be identified with the Christian scheme—one which Dissenters, as such, are bound by their own views, by a regard to their own consistency, by the responsibility devolved upon them by their position, by religious considerations of the most solemn character, to set forth, to insist upon, to adhere to, and to make the very end and aim of a movement like the present—it is that *Religion is a matter in which statesmen are forbidden* POLITICALLY *to meddle, and that the religious instruction of the young by the State, however unsectarian it may be in character, is a violation not merely of justice,*

as between man and man, but of allegiance, as due from man to God. We had thought this to have been a capital article of Dissenting faith—suffering to remain inoperative, it is true, but yet professed—and we had devoutly hoped that the recent attack upon this principle by the Government Factory Bill, would have been resisted by a manly, upright, christian assertion of this great truth."

Let Dissenters adopt this course of a "manly, upright, christian assertion of this great truth," in word and in practice, by pastor and people, at all times, by action and by suffering (if need be), and the triumph of Christianity so far as herein involved, will be accomplished, and that speedily.

A VISIT TO BAUM CHAPEL.

"A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."—BURNS.

To the Editor of "The Vicar's Lantern."

SIR,—Having been contented for some years past to feed on what our *charitable* Vicar denominates the "husks of Dissent," I cannot fairly be accused of any inordinate selfishness in having bent my steps a few Sabbath evenings ago to St. Mary's Church, in order to partake of the "sincere milk of the word," that if possible, I might "grow thereby." As I neared its sacred precincts, old associations rushed upon my recollection with all the vivid freshness which they presented at the period of their conception. "Baum Rabbit" and its terrific deeds were again conjured up by my imagination. I remembered well what the retailers of ghost stories had narrated in the days of my boyhood, concerning the evil influences of this supernatural quadruped, and I had not forgotten the days when not all the powers on earth could have induced me to travel in the absence of day, over the supposed theatre of its exploits—even now my steps seemed almost involuntarily to quicken as I trod upon the dust of bygone generations and approached the portals of the Church. The doorkeeper who was invested with a little brief authority by the ample folds of a black gown, paid to me all necessary and pólite attention, and I was soon comfortably

located within the consecrated walls of Baum Chapel. It had recently undergone sundry repairs and cleanings and upon the whole presented a comfortable and neat appearance. This being the only Established Church in the town where evening service was performed, there was a numerous and attentive congregation, in which were to be seen many sheep from the folds of the neighbouring shepherds.

Robert Schofield, the clerk, is one of the old school, a somewhat facetious and plodding old man, verging, I should suppose, towards three score years and ten. When he commanded us to "sing to the praise and glory of God," I remembered that I had somewhat against him. My mind recurred to the days of my juvenile pranks, when with my young associates I had wandered far from home to make myself merry in Baum Chapel yard. Ofttimes, when in all the thoughtlessness of childhood we were rolling upon the green grass, or scampering among the tombs, we have been horror-stricken by the upheaving of old Robert's sash window, and his well-understood vociferation of "neaw theere" thundered out from beneath his red wig, has caused such a scamper among the juvenile delinquents, as could not have been exceeded had the rabbit itself been at their heels. Robert Schofield, however, has said "Amen" as often and with as great credit to himself, as most of his profession; and when he is called to sleep with his fathers, his surviving friends will doubtless feel the applicability of the sentiments of the poet, to one who has served so long a servitude to Mother Church,

In Mary's Gate there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.
A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes,
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

The Rev. Mr. Inchbald, the resident minister, reads the prayers with a full and mellifluous voice, tolerably correct intonation, and scarcely perceptible lisp. The rotund corporation and well-fed aspect of the worthy pastor appeared to proclaim that "godliness is profitable for the life that

now is." I have ever found him affable and good tempered, and he appeared to be a living illustration of the practical well-working of the advice of our forefathers, which enjoined us to laugh and if we wished to grow fat. Mr. Inchbald is (and for aught I know to the contrary, deservedly) respected by his flock; he has the reputation of *minding his own business*, and has more *common sense* and respect for his office than to spend his time in a *busy meddling* with the affairs of others. There are among the worshippers at this church several old-fashioned tories, men born out of due time, half a century too late, and upon whose minds are stereotyped the crude notions common to bygone days—their mental vision is analogous to that of old Giles Jobson's, who noted that things had gone worse in this country ever since the improvements in turnpike roads, and who had also discovered, that no county had prospered after a canal had passed through it. The wealth of these gentlemen has led them to imagine they were born to command, but toryism being at a discount in the borough, they have been relieved from the onerous duties of political sway, and ought now to learn that

> " The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Dr. Molesworth occupied the pulpit, and

> " Now for the sermon.. O ye ruling powers
> Of Poesy sublime, give me to sing
> The splendours of that sermon ! "

The text was from the Bible;—the words—" And all the people shall say, Amen." The Doctor said he had chosen the words in order to remind us of the duty of attending at the Parish Church on Ash Wednesday, and endeavoured to remove the objections which he admitted some persons felt to *cursing their neighbours* on that day as *required* by the *commination service*, gave a critique on the word " Amen," and urged upon us the necessity of attending the ordinances of the Church in these dangerous days. The style of the sermon was very commonplace, and from the frequent lengthy pauses in its delivery appeared quite out of joint. The man who could dole out such a mess of ecclesiastical gruel, whether in or out of the succession,

ought for ever to hold *his* peace, concerning the "husks of Dissent." It manifestly made as little impression on the hearts of the hearers as would an aqueous drop on the back of a water fowl. It was, indeed, as to sterling matter, *vox et præterea nihil*, but *ex nihilo, nihil fit.* Well, thought I, when the Vicar had done

> ——————"the church, the church,
> He's always on the church,"

every time I had heard him preach, he had devoted his twenty minutes to the defence of the Act of Parliament Church. The Doctor must think the "old lady" in danger, and regarding himself as a sort of ecclesiastical Paganini, suppose that the dulcet sounds of his "sackbut, psaltery, and harp," will cause the people to fall down, and worship the idol which he has set up. I thought with the Poet that

> "Though man a thinking being is defin'd,
> Few use the grand prerogative of mind:
> How few think justly of the thinking few!
> How many never think who think they do!
> Opinion therefore—such our mental dearth,
> Depends on mere locality or birth."

After we had united in singing the evening hymn, and old Robert had pronounced the concluding "Amen," I left the Church with a firm resolve to "obey God rather than man," and being unable to reconcile the cursing of the commination service with the christian dispensation, determined to "bless and curse not," and consequently was *non est inventus* at the parish Church on Ash Wednesday. As I was plodding my way home, and ruminating upon this exclusive religion, I was led to exclaim, "O bigotry! how I hate thee!" When I look at her I am at a loss to trace any resemblance between her and Christianity. There is nothing amiable in her temper, nothing sociable in her disposition; she is as incapable of grandeur of design, as she is inimical to union of co-operation; where she goes she distils, not the milk of human kindness, but the venom of the serpent; her aim is not to gather together the children of God who are scattered abroad, but to throw among them the seeds of discord, and keep them in a state of mutual alienation, and finds herself breathing her native element, not beneath the tranquil sky of christian joy and

peace, but amidst the mists and fogs of noxious ignorance, or a rude dogmatism, which the pure light of truth is intended to dispel.

AN EVANGELICAL RAMBLER.

SCHISM IN THE STATE CHURCH.

"Dissenters take upon themselves the Ministry, unsupported by God's authority.

"Unless we are in our hearts and lives *Churchmen*, it will not avail us to have the Ark of Christ's Church in the midst of us, or to be dwellers in the camp in which it is placed."—DR. MOLESWORTH.

WE have frequently to introduce to the notice of our readers such anti-christian and bigoted effusions as those we have quoted above, and which monthly make their appearance under the fictitious cognomen of "*Common Sense.*" Our risibility has just been considerably excited by the perusal of a doleful lament of their author that he is not suffered quietly to persevere in his vain attempts to unchristianise and malign the characters of Dissenters. It is prefaced by a remark that the "Vicar of Rochdale ought to be proof against temptations to vanity;" and he lays "the flattering unction to his soul" that our exposures of his bigotry are proofs of the "effectual manner in which he deals destruction upon the devices of dissent." We promise the pugnacious Dr. to do our utmost to suppress any inordinate manifestations of his self-esteem, and we trust he will exhibit his gratitude in return for our attempts to ward off such a calamity, not only by a continuation of that patronage which he has hitherto extended to the *Vicar's Lantern*, but by increased efforts to extend its circulation.

We purpose in the present article to show that the dogma of "Apostolical Succession," which is the Cuckoo song of the Vicar of Rochdale, is repudiated by some of the most talented dignitaries and clergymen of the Established Church, and we think that some men would be much more usefully employed in endeavouring to secure unity in the State Church than in anathematizing Dissenters.

The State Church is almost rent in sunder by the various disputes by which she is at present agitated, she "reels to and fro and staggers like a drunken man."

Our readers are already aware of the suspension of Dr. Pusey, for teaching the heresy of transubstantiation, and a recent number of the *London Times* in alluding to the multitudinous though minor quarrels which distract the "true Church" speaks of "witnessing disputes almost below contempt between surplices and gowns; blacks and whites; whether a certain prayer should be read twice almost in the same breath, whether the parson or clerk should give out the Psalm 'Let us sing;' though the Clergyman having then generally retired for a moment's repose and a glass of water, is the only person that does not sing." The Editor (who by the way is a staunch Churchman) next alludes to the "illegal invasion of the property of the oppressed parochial poor, the produce of the offertory, and its transmission to distant lands, every farthing of which is recoverable by an action at law," and concludes by observing "God help the parochial poor of England, we pray; they are robbed every way. The Church has been hitherto thought their friend. It was called the Poor Man's Church, but alas!"

Such is a portrait of the State Church drawn by one of its friends. Dr. Whately, the learned Archbishop of Dublin, in his able work on "The Kingdom of Christ," observes in reference to the doctrine of "Apostolical Succession,"* "it has been maintained that the only way of affording complete satisfaction and repose to the scrupulous, and of repressing schism, is to uphold under the title of 'Church principles' the doctrine that no one is a member of Christ's Church, and an heir of the covenanted gospel promises, who is not under a ministry ordained by bishops descended in an unbroken chain from the apostles. Now what is the degree of satisfactory assurance that is thus afforded to the scrupulous consciences of any members of an Episcopal Church. If a man consider it as highly *probable* that the *particular minister* at whose hands he receives the sacred ordinances is really thus apostolically descended, *this* is the very utmost point to which he can, with any semblance of reason, attain; but *the more he reflects and inquires, the more cause for hesitation he will find. There is not a minister in all Christendom* who is able to trace up with any approach to certainty his own

* Essay ii., p. 181.

spiritual pedigree. The sacramental virtue dependent on the imposition of hands, with a due observance of apostolical usages, by a bishop, himself duly consecrated, after having been in like manner baptized into the Church, and ordained deacon and priest,—this sacramental virtue, if a single link of the chain be faulty, must, on the above principles, be utterly nullified ever after, in respect of all the links that hang on that one. For if a bishop has not been duly consecrated, or had not been, previously, rightly ordained, his ordinations are null; and so are the ministrations of those ordained by him; and their ordination of others (supposing any of the persons ordained by him to attain to the episcopal office); and so on without end. The poisonous taint of informality if it once creep in undetected, will spread the infection of nullity to an indefinite and irremediable extent."

"And who can undertake to pronounce that during that long pediod usually designated as the Dark Ages no such taint ever was introduced? Irregularities could not have been wholly excluded without a perpetual miracle; and that such miraculous interference existed, we have no historical proof. Amidst the numerous corruptions of doctrines and practices, and gross superstitions, that crept in during those ages, we find recorded descriptions not only of the profound ignorance and profligacy of life of many of the clergy, but also of the grossest irregularities in respect of discipline and form. We read of bishops consecrated when mere children;—of men officiating who barely knew their letters;—of prelates expelled, and others put into their places, by violence;—of illiterate and profligate laymen and habitual drunkards admitted to holy orders; and in short of the prevalence of every kind of disorder, and reckless disregard of the decency which the apostle enjoins. It is inconceivable that any one even moderately acquainted with history, can feel a certainty, or any approach to certainty, that, amidst all this confusion and corruption, every requisite form, was, in every instance, strictly adhered to, by men, many of them openly profane and secular, unrestrained by public opinion, through the gross ignorance of the population among which they lived, and that no one not duly consecrated or ordained, was admitted to sacred offices."

"Even in later and more civilised and enlightened times, the probability of an irregularity, though very greatly diminished, is yet diminished only, and not absolutely destroyed. Even in the memory of persons living, there existed a bishop concerning whom there was so much mystery and uncertainty prevailing as to when, where, and by whom he had been ordained, that doubts existed in the minds of many persons whether he had ever been ordained at all."

"It is no wonder, therefore, that the advocates of this theory studiously disparage reasoning, deprecate all exercise of the mind in reflection, deny appeals to evidence, and lament that even the power of reading should be imparted to the people. It is not without cause that they dread and lament 'an age of too much light,' and wish to involve religion in 'a solemn and awful gloom.' It is not without cause that, having removed the christian's confidence from a rock, to base it on sand, they forbid all prying curiosity to examine their foundation. The fallacy, by which according to the above principles, the christian is taught to rest his own personal hopes of salvation on the individual claims to 'Apostolical Succession' of the particular minister he is placed under, is one so gross that few are thoughtless enough to be deceived by it in any case where religion is not concerned;—where, in short, a man has not been taught to make a virtue of uninquiring, unthinking acquiescence."

Such is the condemnation pronounced by the learned and pious Archbishop of Dublin, upon a doctrine which men of not one tithe of his erudition are everlastingly attempting to foist upon the public.

We have great pleasure also in placing before our readers the liberal and enlightened sentiments of one of the metropolitan clergymen, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, B.D., who accepted an invitation to the last anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, May 1st. When called upon to address the meeting the Rev. gentleman observed, after alluding to the kindness which he had received from the Lord Primate, and from the Lord Bishop of London, "Why, it may be naturally asked, do I this day appear before you, to take a part

which I cannot but know will subject me to their displeasure?" My only answer is the following:—"One of those eminent and revered personages has in a charge recently delivered in St. Paul's, advanced, as scriptural, a doctrine which I believe to be most unscriptural, namely, baptismal regeneration, or rather baptismal justification; and has moreover declared his conviction that the Clergy of the Established Church alone are duly commissioned to preach the word of God, and to minister his holy sacraments. Now such *erroneous statements I would rather die than propagate.* I feel that the times call upon the Clergy who 'love our Lord Jesus Christ' to show that because they love him they love all that belong to him. When I heard my own dear, kind-hearted, high-minded Bishop tell us in St. Paul's that 'the Clergy of the Church of England are the only true ministers of Christ in England,' if it had not been that I felt it would violate public order, I could have stood up and said—'My Lord, I cannot receive one word of such a statement.' And here let me remark that it is the high Tractarian party who force us to come and declare such sentiments. The words which I am about to quote will, I hope, justify a member of one Christian denomination in coming and acknowledging the members of another:—

> 'Not by a party's narrow banks confined,
> Not by a sameness of opinions joined,
> But cemented by the Redeemer's blood,
> And bound together in the heart of God.'"

How striking the contrast between the sentiments of the two Clergymen to whom we have alluded, and the opinions of those bigoted exclusives who fancy they have stumbled into the line of the "true succession."

We scarcely know whether to wonder most at the inordinate vanity and self-gratulation which leads them incessantly to croak "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we," or at the amazing mental littleness which has led them to embrace one of the veriest absurdities which it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.

RELIGIOUS CONFORMITY.

So far from regarding the many religious sects which at present obtain in this country as an evil, we view them as a positive good, and feel convinced that were it possible to bring the whole nation to one uniform system of religion, that from that period we should find vital godliness would rapidly decline, and ignorance and superstition would take possession of the minds of the people. A spirit of enquiry and strict examination is engendered by that difference of opinion upon religious subjects which at present prevails, and the repeated collisions of sentiment are constantly eliciting sparks of truth. Upon those important doctrines however, which are regarded as essential to man's salvation, by far the greater portion of the religious bodies are agreed; the difference of opinion being mainly confined to those non-essential points upon which it is probable that there always will be a diversity of sentiment and which the genius of Christianity in no wise forbids. The comparatively trifling differences which characterize the Independents, the Baptists, the various sections of the Wesleyan family, and other religious bodies which might be enumerated, ought not to erect any barrier to their united co-operation for the spread of Gospel truths.

An entire uniformity and coincidence of sentiment and opinion, considering the power of circumstances over the mind, and their effect and influence in placing it in different states, and impressing upon it different feelings, are hardly to be expected upon any subject, except it be respecting those mathematical problems which admit of a succession of demonstrations. Where argument may be advanced on both sides of a question with some appearance of plausibility, doubts may of course arise, and different opinions be suggested and maintained. The old adage—"Many men of many minds," is supported by observation and experience; nor can we wonder if diversity of sentiment prevail upon many subjects, religious ones amongst others, when we consider how disposed we are in our youth and in early life to receive impressions, varying with the nature of our education, and with the narrow or more liberal sentiments of those with whom we then

associated, and whom from relative or other connections, we regarded with fear or love, dislike and contempt, or approbation and esteem. The places of religious instruction which we have frequented, the schools in which we have been taught, natural constitution and temperament, with many other excitements, separate and combined, have their effect in producing prejudice and partiality in favour of peculiar opinions. These circumstances, and their consequent diversity of states of mind would produce, however, contrariety of opinion to a certain extent only, and in matters of lighter and less essential importance, and would not affect those eternal and unchangeable truths of morality and true religion which offer themselves to our notice, and which are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. "The different estimate," says Professor Hoppus, "of mere externals which is peculiar to Christianity is constantly presented to our view in the New Testament, and enters largely into the spirit which breathes throughout the whole; 'For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature,' and 'faith worketh love.'"

"Hence we find that under the actual administration of the Apostles, the important principle was abundantly illustrated, that *the unity of the Christian Church* does not *depend on uniformity in outward observances.* A certain latitude in things external marked the first rise of Christianity; and an attempt to secure uniformity would often have produced a most serious sacrifice of genuine unity. Diversity was allowed, that edification, and charity, and unity might be preserved." The effects of universal conformity to an Established Church will be seen from the following quotation from Dr. Lang's "Norway." "Another cause which limits the cultivation of the mental powers is the total absence of religious dissent in the country. A difference of opinion upon religious doctrines among a people, is the most powerful stimulus to the human mind to investigate, to obtain knowledge, to exert the mental powers. The spirit of religious controversy adds nothing certainly to their domestic happiness, but much to their intelligence, acuteness, desire for education, and value for religion. Scotland and England, without their seceders and dissenters, would have been countries

in which the human mind slumbered. A land of universal conformity is necessarily one of universal apathy as to religious matters, or else of gross superstition. It is to expect effect without cause, to expect zeal or enlightened belief without enquiry and opposition, and the collision of mind against mind. There is something of this apathy and of this superstition observable in Norway, there is no stimulus awakening men from the passive state of mind produced by unenquiring conformity. Those who maintain that a nation should have but one religious code fixed by law, to the exclusion of all dissent, should look round and see whether there is a sound and true sense of religion in those countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, where the public mind has remained in this state. 'If ignorance be bliss' it has been said ''tis folly to be wise.' It is this bliss and this wisdom which universal conformity to the doctrines of an Established Church either in a nation or a parish will produce."

MOLESWORTH *versus* SMOKE.

DR. MOLESWORTH'S antipathy against the nuisance of smoke appears to be as deep-rooted as his hostility to the prevalence of Dissent, and knowing that it is good to be zealously affected in a good cause, he has laboured hard and long for the eradication of these two supposed grievous evils. It may be that the sudden translation of the Doctor from the balmy breezes that are wont to invigorate the citizens of Canterbury, to the murky atmosphere of our manufacturing town, has proved somewhat prejudicial to his physical well-being. Be this as it may, it appears that smoke and Dissent were the two colossal evils which first invited the attacks of our Vicar, and as we commend and heartily desire success to the Doctor's efforts for the purification of our atmosphere, we trust that the disastrous retreat from his campaign against Dissent will not disqualify him from rushing on to victory in the suppression of smoke. Dr. Molesworth's activity in this good cause, it appears, attracted the attention of the Parliamentary Smoke Committee, which sat towards the end of last session, and upwards of fifty gentlemen besides himself

gave testimony in the metropolis as to the existence and cure of this grievous evil. Some of these gentlemen travelled from four to five hundred miles, but only two of the whole number applied for and received any pecuniary consideration, the one, Mr. West, Lecturer on Chemistry, and the other, the Vicar of Rochdale, to whom was paid the sum of £6 11s. for travelling expenses. It did appear to us on first perusing this statement, that as Doctor Molesworth was so snugly nestled in the bosom of the State-Church with an income of three thousand per annum, he might have avoided this unenviable singularity, by relinquishing *pro bono publico*, as did all the other gentlemen save one, the item of travelling expenses, forming as it did merely about one 460th part of his princely income.

Further enquiries, however, discovered to us that the Doctor's duties had been of a somewhat different character to those which devolved upon his colleagues. He had, in fact, performed the arduous task of collecting near a thimbleful of real original Lancashire smuts, which he was able to vouch had descended from some tall chimney in his own locality, and the gathering of which must have necessitated a considerable outlay in the article of soap. As this examination was strictly divested of any party political aspect, we understand it was not even intimated whether these smuts were the offspring of whig or tory chimneys, a fact which the most bigoted politician was unable to divine from the strictest examination of the grim particles. To Dr. Molesworth, however, will belong the credit of having first introduced Lancashire smoke to the astonished gaze of the metropolitans, and notwithstanding some of his friends may consider that the onerous duties to which we have alluded, may have entitled the worthy Doctor to some pecuniary consideration, we are nevertheless of opinion that had this philosophical transaction been handed down to posterity divested of the little drawback to which we have alluded, a brighter halo would have encircled the brow of the Vicar of Rochdale.

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